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THE

CHILD'S FRIEND

VOL. VI.

LONDON:
GEORGE LAMB, SUTTON STREET,
COMMERCIAL ROAD, E.

1870.

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THE

CHILD'S FRIEND,

1870.

THE BRAHMIN BULL.

This animal is held in high estimation by the poor deluded Hindoos; some of the race are set apart as sacred animals, and they are protected and fed with great care. We are informed by the late Bishop Heber, "that these bulls are turned out when calves, on different solemn occasions, by wealthy Hindoos as an acceptable offering to Siva." It would be a mortal sin, in the estimation of the

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Hindoos, to strike or injure them. They feed where they choose, and devout persons take great delight in pampering them. They are exceeding pests in the villages near Calcutta; breaking into gardens, thrusting their noses into the stalls of fruiterers and pastrycooks' shops, and helping themselves without ceremony.

Like other petted animals, they are sometimes mischievous, and are said to resent with a push of their horns any delay in gratifying their wishes.

They have a large fatty lump on the shoulders, and in their several varieties differ much in size, and some other particulars.

How much cause, dear children, you have to praise God, that you were not born in a heathen country, where you might have been worshipping idols, animals, or the sun, &c. O do not forget your obligations to God the giver of all good, and give your youthful hearts to Christ, be faithful unto death, and then you will be received to heaven, and will be happy in the presence of the Lord, world without end.

NANIE'S RAINY DAY.

BY PANSY.

NANIE CLARE was having a terrible struggle with herself; rather she had hardly decided whether it was worth while to conquer her heart and her face, or to give up to them and act just exactly as she felt. What was the matter? Why, that was the very worst of it, Nanie didn't know; only it rained. A dull, drizzly, dreary rain, keeping her at home from school, and from sliding down hill on her new sled, keeping her from every single thing that she wanted to do, or could do—so she thought.

Presently she heard her father moving around in the study, and she hopped out of the great arm-chair, where she had been curled up with her feet under her for the last half-hour, and ran down to meet him.

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"Papa," she said, the minute she was within speaking distance, "I just wish that you would tell me what to do, or help me somehow; I feel dreadfully."

"You do?" said papa kindly. "Why, what's the matter—are you sick?"

Not a bit of it, Nanie hadn't an ache or a pain about her, and was obliged to confess it.

"What then?" asked her father.

"Why, I don't know, I havn't a thing to do, and I can't go out of the house. I was going to do so many things to-day; and I was going to try how very good I could be at school, and how much I could do for other people; and now it's all spoiled."

"Suppose you try how much you can do for other people, and how much good you can do at home?"

"Why, papa, there's nothing to do, and nothing to be good about."

"Don't you believe that!" said her father. "Here's this rain to be good about in the first place, then here I am ready to have any amount of things done for me."

"What things, papa?"

"Oh, pleasant things. I should like a bright, happy face to look at now and then, and I want to hear a glad merry voice around the house, instead of one which is a little bit sharp and cross."

"But, papa, these are such little bits of things, they aren't big enough to do, and they don't make me feel as though I had done anything, after all."

Mr. Clare pushed the last book which had lain in his way into its niche in the library, then sat down to his work.

THE PIED WAGTAIL.

This bird is common throughout this country, and is frequently to be seen by the side of ponds and small streams, where it probably finds insects, flies, worms, &c.,

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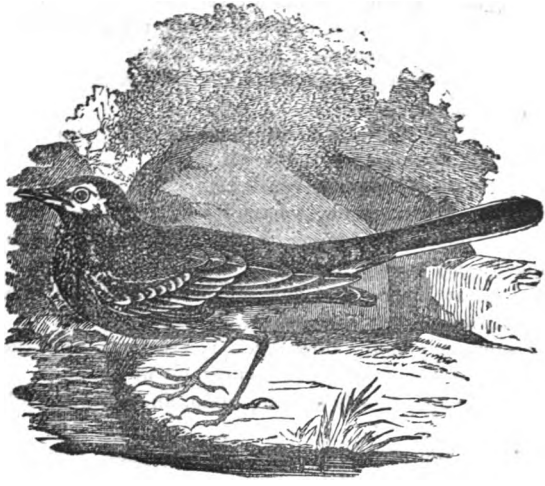

on which it feeds. Its flight is peculiar, dipping and rising alternately; and when it alights on the ground, or on a wall, it wags its tail very much, and this it frequently repeats. Contrary to most of the small feathered tribe, it does not hop but runs, and at times, when it is attempting to catch a fly, or seize an insect, it runs very quickly.

The head, back, and upper and lower side of the neck, as far as the breast, are black; in some, the chin is white, marked with a black crescent, the breast and belly are white, the quill feathers are dusky, the coverts black, tipt and edged with white, the tail is long, and almost always in motion—hence the name Wagtail.

In spring and autumn these birds frequently follow the ploughman, and as he ploughs furrow after furrow, the Wagtails feed on the insects which are turned up by the share.

These birds build their nests on the ground, among

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stones or in stone walls. Their eggs, four or five in number, are of a dusky white colour, spotted with ashy brown. The entire length of these birds is about seven inches.

They are very beautiful, and, we believe, quite harmless.

ROCK OF AGES.

A DYING youth, clasping in his hands the "Precious Bible," said, "I'm on the Rock, the Rock that is higher than I. There is a great cleft in that rock, and there am I hid." Children, this Rock is styled by Toplady, in that well-known hymn, the "Rock of Ages."

This Rock of Ages is Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God, cleft for you amidst the agonies of Gethsemane and Calvary. The blood and water which flowed from his wounded side—flowed for you. It can save you from the guilt, power, and punishment of sin. It can make you clean—and make you every whit whole. That you may be hid in the Rock of Ages yield to the Spirit—give up sin—pray to Jesus, and believe in him, then you will experience that Jesus is your hiding-place, your rock, and your eternal home. H. PORTNALL.

TWO AND ONE.

Two ears and only *one mouth* have you.
The reason, I think, is clear:
It teaches, my child, that it will not do
To *talk* about all you *hear*.

Two eyes and only *one mouth* have you.
The reason of this must be,
That you should learn that it will not do
To *talk* about all you *see*.

Two hands and only *one mouth* have you,
And it is worth while repeating;
The *two* are for work you will have to do,
The *one* is enough for eating.

—*Golden Harp.*

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THE COMMON SQUIRREL.

Is among the most handsome small quadrupeds with which we are acquainted; on the ends of its ears are tufts of fine hair, it has large lively black eyes, the back and sides of its body and tail are of a reddish brown, its breast and belly are white. It is said that in Sweden and Lapland it becomes grey in winter. In some parts of England there is a variety with white tails.

The Squirrel is a very active little creature, and is capable of taking prodigious leaps, this it frequently does bounding from tree to tree in quick succession, and frequently eluding its most inveterate pursuers. These animals make their nests generally between the smaller forking branches of trees, and are composed of moss and dried leaves, it has two holes to its nest, and it is stated that it stops up that which is on the side on which the wind blows. It lays in a hoard of winter provisions, such as nuts, acorns, &c. When eating it sits on its hind feet, and uses its fore feet as hands. It is amusing to see them eat, especially when eating nuts, which are dex-

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terously nibbled until it has made a small round hole, as regular as if drilled with an instrument, whence it extracts the kernel and then drops the shell. When the Squirrel is disposed to cross a river, its sagacity is frequently manifested by its often selecting a piece of wood as the medium of its conveyance, its tail forming the sail during its voyage.

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

DEAR CHILDREN.—Another year has fled and the New Year has appeared; and I hope you will look to the Lord in prayer to enable you to begin the New year in a manner that may be well pleasing to your Creator. None of you can tell what may be your lot before the New year has run it course. But whatever may betide you during the present year, I hope you will have grace to bear all and resign yourselves fully to the Lord, and all will be right in the end. The year 1870 may be one of prosperity or of adversity; of good health or of much sickness. Death may come to you or to your brothers or sisters, your schoolmates or companions. You may have many things which delight you, or you may be deprived of them. But whether you have pleasure, comfort or happiness, or you are denied them, you must trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour, and you will find that all the ways of the Lord are mercy and truth to such as love him and keep his commandments. The nearer you live to the Lord and the more you seek to honour him the better you will be prepared to go through life; and if faithful unto death you will go to the beautiful land beyond the river and unite to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. But to help you in making the New year a bright and happy one,

1. *Show your gratitude to the Lord for past mercies and blessings.*

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Look at the past year and see how the Lord has helped you and blessed you. He has preserved you while many have been removed by death; and whose spirits are now safe before the throne of God or lost beyond recovery. Your heavenly Father has helped you in thousands of ways that you have not known, and he still helps you and blesses you from day to day. Never forget that you could not get on at all if the Lord did not help you. "For you live in him, move in him, and from him you have your being." What gratitude you should show to your Heavenly Father who pours his blessings upon you and helps you in all that you do. "Whether you eat or drink, or whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God." Indeed you are commanded in everything to give thanks. It is said that a grateful heart is a receiving heart. Be grateful that you can read your Bible and attend the Sabbath-school; that you can hear a preached gospel, and bend your knees before the Lord in humble prayer, and that the Holy Spirit will help you to pray and to serve the Lord all your days. You may rest assured that the Lord will listen to your supplications, pardon all your sins and save your souls. And if you look to the Lord in all the trials of life he will help you to the end, and you may enjoy a happy New year.

2. *Depend on the Lord for grace to help you in all your duties through life.*

You are young, but you will have things to pass through at times which are not pleasant; but if you are good children, and love and obey the Lord he will support you by his grace and Spirit, so that you will be enabled to hold on your way to heaven. I hope that all of you who shall read this address will seek to have a happy and comfortable year. Be sure and be diligent in your attendance at the Sabbath school; obey your teachers and parents and strive to excel in everything that is good.

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Many children in different parts of the world have not such opportunities as you have, in knowing God and living prepared for death and eternity. You hear of Jesus' precious name and how he died to save all who repent and believe, and you ought to take heed to the things which you hear lest at any time you should let them slip. Do not depend on your own strength but look to the Lord, and he will give you grace to go through your varied duties in life. The Lord has helped you through the last year, and he can help you through this; and I hope you will be in earnest to secure your own happiness, and then you will be more likely to do good to others, to honour God and find your way to heaven. Strive to do as much good the New year as you can, and I have no doubt if you try you can do things much better than you did the last year. Let everything you think will displease God or hinder your progress in good things, be given up, and depend entirely on the Lord for grace and strength, and you will overcome all obstacles and reach in safety your bright and happy home in heaven. God bless you all and make you all good children.

I hope you have been much interested and instructed by reading THE CHILD'S FRIEND the last year. It is a *nice* little book, and I have no doubt it will be the means of doing much good. You must continue to take it, and also to recommend it to others. And I wish you all, my dear children, to pray for a revival of religion. Pray that the Holy Spirit may be poured out, and that hundreds of souls may be converted, and that it may be a happy New year to many as well as yourselves. Farewell till you hear from me again. T. KENDALL.

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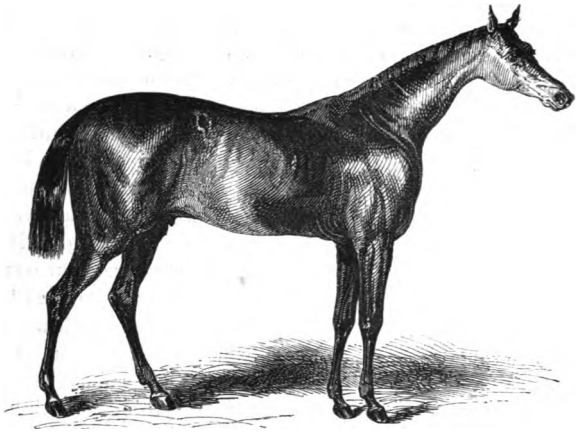

THE HORSE.

THE horse is a very elegant and useful animal. It has been highly prized by most nations of the earth. Some of the ancients used to worship the sun; and they consecrated the horse to him. This deity is represented as riding in a chariot drawn by beautiful and swift horses, and he is supposed to perform his journey from east to west every day to dispense light and heat to mankind. The Arab is so fond of his horse that he treats it as one of his family. It lies with him in his tent, and sleeps among his children, who tumble and play about it as one of themselves. The Arab hardly ever sells his horse. The Rev. A. Munroe relates that one of these men, the net value of whose dress and accoutrements might be calculated at something under seventeen pence halfpenny, refused all offers to purchase a beautiful horse on which he rode, declaring that he loved it better than his life.

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Some countries seem more favourable for the breeding of horses than others. Arabia is considered famous in this respect. The English race-horse is thought originally to have come from this country. Some of these fine animals have been known to race at the rate of nearly a mile a minute. Many of the dray-horses in the streets of London and other large towns are fine specimens of beauty and strength.

The temper of the horse varies. Some are very vicious, others are very quiet and docile. Much depends on the treatment they receive. Most animals may be very favourably impressed by kindness, or rendered spiteful and savage by ill usage.

Turn to Job xxxix. 19-25, and read that writer's description of the war-horse. P. P.

THE LINNET.

WHAT can be more interesting than the affection of the two linnets we are about to mention?

A nest containing four young ones, scarcely fledged, was found by some children, who resolved to carry them home for the purpose of rearing and taming the young birds. The old ones, attracted by their chirping, continued fluttering round the children till they reached the house, when the nest was carried upstairs to the nursery, and placed outside the window. The old birds soon afterwards made their appearance, approached the young ones, and fed them, without showing any alarm. This being noticed, the nest was soon afterwards placed on a table in the middle of the apartment, and the window left open. The parent-birds came boldly in and fed their offspring as before. Still further to put their attachment to the test, the nest and young ones were placed within a bird-cage. Still the old ones returned, entered boldly within the cage, and supplied the wants of their brood as before;

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and towards evening actually perched on the cage, regardless of the noise made around them by several children. This continued for many days, when an unlucky accident put an end to it. The cage had been again set outside of the window, and was, unfortunately, left exposed to a sudden and heavy fall of rain. The consequence was that the whole of the young were drowned in the nest. The poor parents, who had so boldly and indefatigably performed their duty, continued to hover round the house, and looked wistfully in at the window for several days, and then disappeared.—*Our Own Fireside.*

THANKING GOD.

When first the morning light we see,
  And from our beds arise,
We to our God should thankful be,
  Who every want supplies.

'Twas God who made the shining sun,
  That gives all day its light;
And it was God who made the moon,
  And stars, which shine at night.

The fish that in the water swim,
  The cattle on the land,
Were all created first by Him,
  And show His mighty hand,

The food we eat, the clothes we wear,
  'T is God alone can give;
And only by His love and care
  Can little children live.

Then let us ever warning take,
  His holy laws to keep,
And praise Him from the time we wake
  Until again we sleep.

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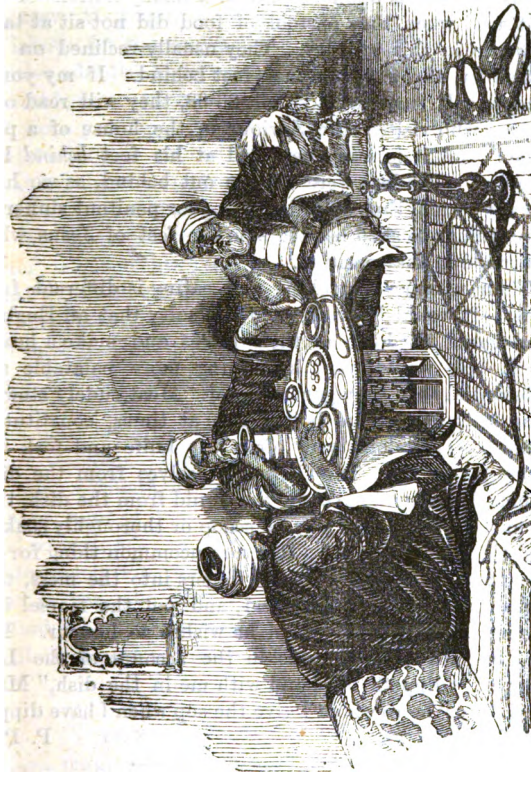

AN EASTERN MEAL.

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AN EASTERN MEAL.

THE people who lived at Jerusalem in the days when Jesus Christ was upon the earth, as many nations of the east now, when they partook of food did not sit at table as we do in this country. They usually reclined on the left elbow, throwing out their feet behind. If my young readers will turn to Luke vii. 36-38, they will read of a woman who visited the Saviour in the house of a pharisee; and it is said she stood at his feet *behind* him weeping. The legs were thrown out behind, as we have already stated, thus affording this poor penitent sinner an opportunity to shed her tears on the feet of Jesus while she stood in that position.

Their manner of cooking and eating is different from ours. It would be with great difficulty that an Englishman could sit down at their tables and make a hearty meal. He would want something more palatable and substantial than they generally eat. Meat rudely stewed, sour milk, or a little boiled rice at times, constitute a dinner. They don't very often use knife and fork and spoon, as we do. They help themselves from the dish. When they want to take up the liquid from the dish, they form their bread into a small scoop or thoroughly soak it, and so drain the vessel. It is no uncommon thing for the master of the house to put his fingers into the mess, take out a dainty piece of the meat, and put the morsel into the mouth of a guest whom he wishes to honour. This will explain some phrases in the account of the Last Supper, "dippeth his hand with me in the dish," Matt. xxvi. 23; "he to whom I give the sop when I have dipped it," John xiii. 26. P. P.

A LETTER TO OUR YOUNG READERS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.—Allow me to say just a word or two to you. I hope you are in the first place getting much good by reading your little magazine. I

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can assure you that I have felt great interest in reading the "CHILD'S FRIEND." I consider that the articles are very good, and on subjects which is of the highest importance, because they are biblical. Our kind editor, the Rev. P. Pugh, I am sure must have great desire to labour for the young, for he writes many nice little articles adapted to do much good, and also to impart considerable instruction to your minds.

I hope you are trying to extend the circulation, for it well deserves to be made known. I am sorry to see that great numbers of our young people will spend their money, and waste their time in buying light romantic literature, to the injury of their morals and souls; oh may this letter which I have penned for you stimulate you to great watchfulness, and to be on your guard against reading such sensational trash.

I have written a series of Bible acrostics for you. I hope you will try to find out the answers. "If at *first you don't succeed*, try *again*." Nothing like perseverance. You must try all your powers, study your Bible, listen to your teachers. I am sorry sometimes to see that our Sunday scholars do not behave in school as they ought. I hope none of you will act so, but "hear instruction, *and refuse it not*."

In conclusion, may you all seek Jesus now with faith and prayer, and thus have your sins pardoned by the blood of our blessed Lord and Saviour, and then you will be happy. May it be so. Amen.

THOMAS HEATH, JUN.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

JESUS CHRIST had performed many miracles, and great multitudes of people from Galilee, and from Decapolis and from Jerusalem, and from Judea, and from beyond Jordan, followed him (Matt. iv. 24,25). And seeing the

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multitudes, he went up into a mountain, and began to teach them that followed him. He then delivered that celebrated sermon which we find in Matt. v., vi., and vii. This sermon has been justly praised in all ages by all who have read it; and will be to the end of the world.

The Editor wishes to call the attention of his young readers to one verse in this great discourse, namely, the 9th of the 5th chapter. It reads thus: "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." Christ's kingdom is a kingdom of peace, and he is the Prince of Peace. Boys and girls should avoid those quarrels in which some children seem to take such

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delight, if they wish to have the blessing of the peace-maker. What an amiable spirit that dear little girl had who, when asked by a minister of the Gospel, how it was that everybody loved her, said, "I don't know, Sir, except it is because I love everybody." Let us all strive to get a spirit like this. The indulgence of a sour and quarrelsome temper is often attended by serious consequences. It was this that prompted Cain to murder his brother; and it has been the cause of thousands of murders since then. Some people seem to have no power to control their spirits. They have perhaps given way to fits of passion when young, and the evil has grown with them, and now often leads them into great difficulties. Solomon says, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," Prov. xvi. 32. P. P.

TWO.

Two buds plucked from the tree,
  Two birdies flown from their nest,
Two little darlings snatched
  From a fond mother's breast.
Two little snow-white lambs
  Gone from the sheltering fold,
Two little narrow graves
  Down in the graveyard cold.

Two little drooping flowers
  Growing in purer air,
Blooming fragrant and bright
  In the Gardener's care.
Two little tender birds,
  Flown far from fear and harm,
Two little snow-white lambs
  In the Good Shepherd's arm.

Two little angels more
  Singing with voices sweet,
Flinging their crowns of gold
  Down at their Saviour's feet.
Free from all earthly care,
  Pure from all earthly stain,
Oh, who could wish them back
  In this drear world again!

From *Sunday School Times.*

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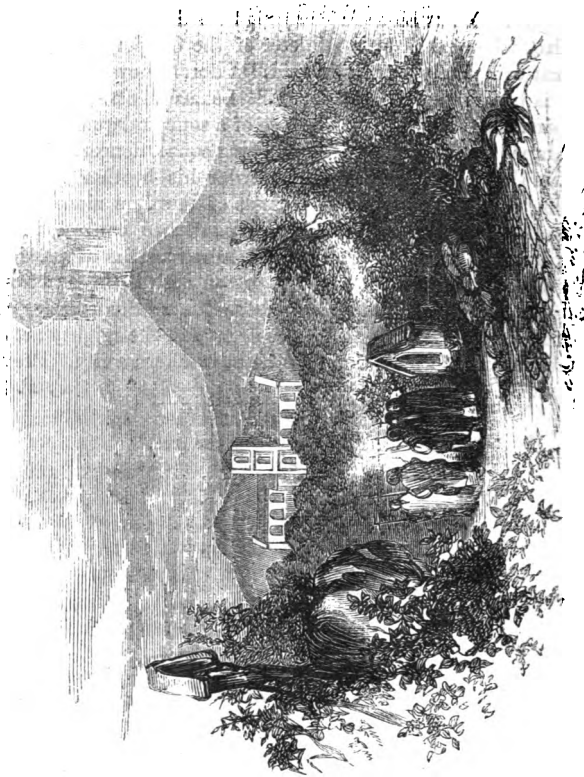

VESUVIUS.

VESUVIUS is the name of a burning mountain in the south of Italy, and stands about six miles to the east of the city of Naples. To go all round it at the bottom, you would have to travel about thirty miles. It stands about 3,500 feet high. It is an awfully grand sight to gaze upon it when it is active, that is, when it is throwing out its

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melted matter, large stones and showers of ashes. One of these scenes took place in the year 79; and such was the quantity of ashes the mountain threw out at that time, that three cities, called Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ, were completely buried, and thousands of people perished in a moment. Vast quantities of these ashes have lately been removed, and the people who died in that awful visitation have been found just as they were when that fearful storm of ashes overtook them. Since then, from fifty to sixty of these eruptions have taken place, many of which have been attended with great loss of life and destruction to property. I fancy some of the readers of the CHILD'S FRIEND are saying, "I would not live near so dangerous a place." Everybody does not think so; for all round this mountain there are towns, villages, and villas, in which live thousands of people, content and happy. There are several burning mountains in other places of this earth, and each has been appointed by God, and answers some great purpose in the government of the world, which you may learn when you get a little older.

P. P.

POOR JACK; OR, LOST AND SAVED.

IT was a dull day, in the end of September; the dark clouds seemed to touch the tops of the hills, and sudden gusts of wind and snow swept furiously the bare surface of the country. At the door of a farmhouse in Scotland, far away in the moors, was a woman of middle age, clean and strong-looking, and who was gazing compassionately on a poor boy standing before her.

"O, let me stay, Ma'am!" he said to her; "let me stay. I will do everything you wish,—split wood, draw water, and do your errands."

His eyes were filled with tears, and seemed to implore pity from her who listened to him. But the good woman was little disposed to grant the request. His torn and

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dirty clothes were a poor shelter from the wind, which swelled his limbs and made his skin red. He was trembling with cold, and seemed ill with fatigue and hunger. It was pitiable to see him; but upon his countenance there was such an expression of wickedness and vice, that the farmer's wife, in spite of her goodnature, still hesitated. At last her compassion overcame her.

"Come in, at any rate, until my husband returns. There, sit by the fire, and warm yourself."

Saying these words, she shut the door and made him sit down on a great bench at the corner of the hearth; then, casting upon him from time to time a look of suspicion, she proceeded to get supper ready.

Soon footsteps were heard in the yard, the door opened, and the master of the house entered. He at once scanned the figure of the beggar, and he also did not appear too well satisfied; however, he made him come to table, and was somewhat amused to see how quickly the boy caused the simple but substantial food placed before him to disappear. The next day he was put to work, and showed himself desirous to recompense his benefactors by his diligence and good conduct. So he remained.

Several weeks had passed, and our friends were living together in harmony, when one day a pedler, who for a long time had done business at the farm, came on his usual ground. While they were bargaining, he said,—

"I see you have a boy," and pointed with his finger to the yard where Jack (as we will call our outcast) was splitting wood.

"Do you know him?" "I have seen him before," said the pedler.

"And where have you seen him? Who is he?"

"A thief!" said the pedler, throwing his pack over his shoulder. "That boy I saw at the bar, and heard his sentence,—'Ten months' imprisonment.'"

And so he went on his way, looking furtively at poor

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Jack, who was working on without knowing what had passed. The good woman began to reflect; that is a terrible word, *prison*, and it is little credit to have a servant who deserves the name of thief. So she thought; then called Jack and told him what she knew of his history. How he suffered during this interview! He hung his head, confused and unhappy; the blood mounted to his cheeks, and anguish seemed depicted on his countenance.

"Very well;" said he, at last, with a sigh of despair; "very well! I will do all I can to go wrong at once. It is no use trying to be better. Everybody hates me! No one tries to do me good; I will do all I can to go wrong!"

"Tell me," said the woman to him, "how one so young as you came to be put in prison? Where was your mother then?"

"I have no mother? O, if I had had one, they would not have placed me as apprentice with a wicked man, who beat me and tormented me; and I should not have run away, nor stolen in order to live! I have no mother!"

While saying these words, he threw himself on his knees, half-choked by his sobs, and with both his hands wiped his eyes, red with tears.

What was the good woman thinking of all this time? Was she thinking of the best way to get rid of him? Some would, perhaps, in her place, have done so. They would have said,—"This boy is so wicked; he has been with such bad companions, and has learnt such wicked things, he cannot be kept in a respectable house!" But the good Scotch woman thought otherwise. She had read in her Bible these words: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy;" she had learnt from a compassionate Jesus to hate the sin, indeed, but to love the sinner; and she knew that "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction." It was clear what she must

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do. She bent down to poor Jack, and, putting her arms round his neck, said to him,—

"Poor boy! I will be your mother." And then tenderly and sweetly, like a mother, she wiped his tears, and consoled him as well as she could.

But, above all she began to tell him of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. From this moment Jack was a new being; he worked with fresh zeal, and became more and more attached to his benefactors.

* * * * * * * * * *

His adopted father is dead, and the good wife is now old and infirm; but Jack has not abandoned her. He is become a young man, honest, frank, and respectable. By his labour he supports her who first loved him, and spoke to him kindly, although she knew his sad history.

Reader, you, perhaps, know some who, like Jack, are are fallen very low, but who, like him, seek to make their past life forgotten by a regular and honest course of conduct. O, do not discourage them; forget what they have been; only see what they are! Seek to bring them to the Saviour, who alone is able to pardon their past life, and give them the power and grace to do better. Always remember that "He which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."—*Le Magasin Méthodiste.*

THE BURROWING OWL.

LARGE round heads and enormous eyes looking forward distinguish the owl family. Many sorts have two feathery tufts placed on the head resembling small horns. They are night birds. They prowl about in the night after prey and sleep in the day. The largeness of their eyes enable them to see their prey, and to take in every ray of light, and being fixed in a deep socket increases their power of vision. The watchmaker's glass is constructed on this principle. Being much about in the night they are ex-

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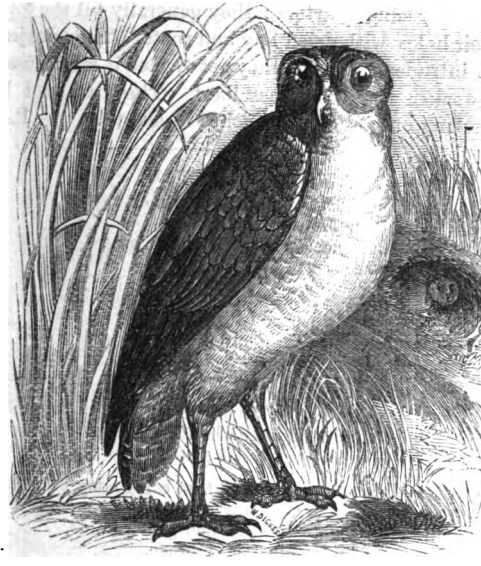

posed to the cold, but to protect them against this they have a deep coat of downy feathers.

There are various kinds of the owl family, as the Hawk-owl, the Snowy-owl, the Burrowing owl, the Scops-eared-owl, the Great-eared-owl, and the Barn-owl. The picture at the head of this paper is the Burrowing owl. It don't like to burrow itself; it would rather be excused the labour. So the idle creature accompanies the prairie dog, and takes possession of the hole made by this animal, finding this method of taking lodgings much more agreeable than to dig a hole for itself.

These little owls are very numerous. They may be seen in small flocks seated on the tops of the mounds in which the entrance of the burrows is formed. They have ideas of comfort; like most other living creatures they

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are fond of snug quarters; they generally fill the bottoms of their holes with dried hay and roots. They are jealous of an intruder. If ever they get ejected it is because they are weaker than their assailant. They are not large, measuring only about ten inches in length. P. P.

KATIE'S ADIEU.

"Dear Mamma, I'm going now,
For Jesus bids me come,
And angels wait at Heaven's gate,
To bear my spirit home.

"Their garments are of glistening white,
And crown'd is every head;
And hand-in-hand together stand
Dear Rose and little Ned.

"Mamma, when Rosie died, she said,
'Katie, I'm call'd to heaven;
But you will stay when I'm away,
Until your call is given.'

"Mamma, I've heard that call to-day;
Yonder I see my place,
Where Jesus folds, and gently holds,
Children in His embrace.

"And may the thought that we again
Shall see each other's face,
From off your brow, so mournful now,
All signs of grief erase.

"And then, when Jesus gives command,
And sends for you to come,
Your children three will waiting be,
To bid you welcome home.

"So kiss me once again, Mamma,
I feel I cannot stay;
For Rose and Ned their wings now spread,
And beckon me away.

"O listen how they sweetly sing,
'Glory to God on high,'
I go to raise that song of praise,
Good-bye, Mamma, good-bye."

ANNETTE.

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THE RED DEER.

WHAT a noble creature! Yes it is. As we have seen deer at leisure in the parks of our noblemen, we have very much admired their beautiful form and gracefulness. The Red Deer, or stag, is the largest of our deer. The males have horns, and these are shed every year, but they are renewed again. The manner in which they are renewed is very interesting. A skin filled with arteries covers the risings on which the horns rest. This skin, called the "velvet," is engaged in continually depositing bone on the foolstalks, which rapidly increase in size. As the budding horns increase, the velvet increases also, and the course of the arteries is marked on the horn by long furrows, which are never obliterated.

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When the horn has reached its full growth, it cannot be used, as the velvet is very tender, and would bleed very freely if wounded. The velvet cannot be suddenly removed, as the blood that formed the arteries would rush to the brain and destroy the animal. A ring of bone forms round the root of each horn, leaving passages through which the arteries pass. By degrees these passages become narrow, and finally close entirely, thus gradually shutting off the blood. The velvet, being deprived of its nourishment, dies, and is peeled off by the deer, by rubbing against a tree, leaving a white hard horn beneath.

Many gentlemen derive a good deal of sport from hunting these noble animals by packs of staghounds. What pleasure a human being can get in seeing an innocent and harmless creature run down and torn in pieces by a number of ferocious dogs, is to us perfectly mysterious, and does not tell much in favour of the humanity of those who indulge in this cruel sport.

THE BLESSED NAME.

During the late American war there were formed several regiments of negroes. The colonel of one of these relates the following touching anecdote :—

"I had in my regiment many black preachers, that is, brave men who conducted religious meetings, and gave exhortations. One of these was, perhaps, fifty years old. His hair was white, and his face wrinkled. Nor was his constitution of the strongest, for he had worked hard, and had been badly used. He was very anxious to learn to read, and made rapid progress. One day I seated myself beside him, to help him. He knew the letters, and began to spell slowly. I made him pronounce the words, while I showed him the things they represented. Soon we came to the name of God, printed in capitals. 'There,' said I, 'is the name of Him you sometimes

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preach.' At these words he put down the book, raised his hands towards heaven, and said, with indescribable emotion—

"'This is the name of God? And is it written like this?'

"'Yes,' I answered; 'this the name of our heavenly Father;' and took up the book, and once more pointed with my finger to the sacred word. But the eyes of the happy negro were full of tears of joy, and he had wiped them more than once before he could see the thrice holy name.

"'This, then,' said he, still much affected, 'is He whom I have preached for many years, and whom I have tried to serve all my life; and now, O happy day, He lets my eyes read his name!'"

THE SALMON.

THE sea is the proper residence of this valuable fish, but every year, prompted by instinct, it leaves the ocean and proceeds up a neighbouring river to deposit its spawn. It will go many miles for this purpose. Having accomplished its purpose, in the spring it returns to the sea. The river may be very rapid, but it breasts the stream with a perseverance that shows how indomitable is the resolution of this fish. It is even unchecked by falls. When it meets with one of these obstacles it prepares to leap it; heights of fourteen and fifteen feet are frequently leaped by the salmon. At length it has found a shallow part of the river; it immediately begins to scoop out furrows in the bottom among the gravel, and there deposits its spawn. The young are called "fry," and are hatched about March. The same instinct that prompted the mother fish to leave the sea and seek the quiet afforded by the shallows of a river now comes into operation in the young—immediately after they are hatched they

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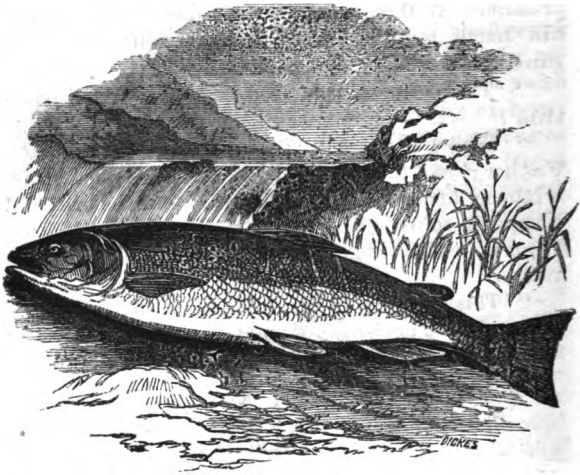

commence their retreat to the sea. By the end of May the young salmon, now called "smolts," have almost entirely left the rivers, in June not one is to be found in fresh water.

The salmon has many foes, human and otherwise. It has been found necessary to pass certain laws to regulate salmon fishing, or man in his hurry to make prey of this valuable fish would catch it at any time, and the race would hardly escape destruction. There are other foes that refuse to be bound by law, and that will not respect any regulation: otters and some large fish pursue them and destroy them.

The Psalmist piously exclaims, "The earth is full of thy riches: so is the great wide sea wherein are things innumerable." The air, the bowels of the earth, and the waters of the ocean teem with instances of the great goodness of God.

P. P.

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WHOM DO YOU LOVE?

Are there any little children
  Who have cost you many a care,
Who have forced with tiny fingers
  To the hallowed seat of prayer;
Who have many claims upon you
  Which have power your heart to move?
Are there any little children
    Whom you love?

Are there any poor and needy
  Costing you a constant tear?
Are there any weak and lonely
  Whom your kindly words must cheer?
Are there any who grow happy
  When beside their hearth you move?
Are there any you are blessing
    Whom you love?

Or from morning until midnight
  Do you only think of one
For whom good gifts are needed,
  For whom good deeds are done,
The only one who liveth
  Whom your heart can fairly prove
Is it self alone, self wholly,
    Whom you love?

Oh, this life's of little value
  If it makes us not a friend
Whom we love, and who will love us,
  Fondly, truly, to the end;
If no strong and pure affections
  Ne'er our deepest spirits move;
If there are not some around us
    Whom we love.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

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THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

WHAT an elegant bird! I fancy I hear my little readers say as they open the pages of the CHILD'S FRIEND. What a beautiful tail, the feathers are so long, fine, and delicate. It is not an English bird, we have nothing like it in this country. It is a native of New Guinea. Many fabulous tales have been told about the bird of Paradise, such as that it always lived in the air, where it was kept afloat by the lightness of its own feathers, just as a kite could be kept flying; that its shoulders were used as its nest; that the only rest it took was by hanging from the branch of a tree by the hair-like feathers of its tail; that its only food was the morning dew. Since the bird has become better known these foolish stories have dropped.

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The bird appears about the size of a jay. Its body, breast, and lower parts are of a deep rich brown; the front set close with black feathers shot with with green; the throat is of a rich golden green; the head yellow; the sides of the tail are clothed with a splendid plume of long downy feathers of a soft yellow colour."

The bird seems to be aware of its beauty. Hence it is proud of its feathers, and will not allow a speck of dirt to remain on them. It is constantly examining its plumage with a view to remove any soil or filth that may have got on it. When it sits or flies it keeps its head to the wind, lest its elegant plumage should get disarranged.

It is very fond of insects, and eats rather a large amount of them. When in confinement it relishes boiled rice, plantains, etc.

"WHO IS JESUS CHRIST?"

"WHO is Jesus Christ?" inquired a sensible-looking Burmese woman, who had been hearing about the Saviour the previous day. "Where can I find Him? Is He in Maulmain or Benares? Where did He die? Will He ever come again?" she continued, eagerly; and, when satisfied on these points, "Why," she exclaimed, "have I never heard this before? I believe in this Jesus Christ. My heart seems to light up a little." "And mine, too," joined in a lady of one of the chiefs. "How is this?" she continued. "You see me, an old woman. I began to look for Areemadaya when so high," pointing to a child some seven or eight years old. "I have been looking ever since, and have not found him yet. It's of no use to look any longer. I'll worship Jesus Christ." This woman's case was particularly interesting, she was so eager to learn of Christ. It was not enough for her to sit in the circle, but she bent forward as far as possible in the crowd as if she would devour every

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word. When the company retired, still there she sat, as party after party came and went, until nearly night. Several times her children came and called her; but she would reply, "Let me alone. I must hear. I am old. What is this world to me?"

THE LOST BALL.

Mrs. W. was passing the door of her sitting-room when she heard the voice of her little son. Looking in at the door which was partly opened she saw her little Harry kneeling by the sofa with his little hands placed together and his eyes closed, so she stopped to listen, and heard him say:—

"Oh, God, I have lost my ball and cannot find it. Please help me to find it, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

Then he opened his bright black eyes, arose, and continued his search. Just then the sun shone out from behind a cloud and came peeping in at the window, it cast its ray across the carpet and shone upon the ball, which was under some article of furniture. Harry took it up with great delight, saying as he did so—

"I knew God would help me to find it, if I prayed about it."

Harry was only a little boy, not four years old, but he had learnt to pray. Dear young readers, this is a simple little story, but I want you to learn two lessons from it.

1. That no prayer is too short or simple for God to answer, however young the child may be that offers it. God cares for little things. He feeds the birds, and clothes the little flowers with their bright and pretty colours, and when Jesus was upon earth He took the little children up in his arms and blessed them. Yes, He loves children now, and will always hear and answer their prayers. And then there is another lesson, that is, to do all in your power to get the things you pray for. Harry did not pray that he might find his ball, and then

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sit down and think it would come to him. No, he prayed that God would help him to find it, and then he arose and looked for it, and God sent the sunshine to show him where it was. So, young reader, always do your best, and God will do for you what you cannot do for yourselves if you ask Him.

C. L. Doe.

DOING BETTER THAN APOLOGY.

A wealthy, well-to-do farmer, had a Missionary Meeting held at his house. The meeting was good, collections liberal, but some who had been expected, were absent. The following day, the farmer's son John, met one of the absentees, who apologized for his absence, but at the same time took a two-shilling piece from his pocket, and said—

"May be it won't be too late to put that to the collection?"

The young farmer thanked him, and passed on. He soon after met another absentee; he too commenced an apology, but his friend John stopped him, with—

"Look ye here, lad, I have an apology worth two of yours," meaning the two-shilling piece before received.

The other smiling said—

"That's it, is it," and gave another to go with it.

One good deed is worth more than a whole dictionary of words. Children, "Go ye and do likewise." If you cannot give the Lord a two-shilling piece, one thing you can give, that is, your heart. H. Portnall.

THE GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKER.

This singular bird subsists on insects and grubs. These it seeks in the wood of trees. Its great Creator has admirably fitted it for this sort of work. Its bill is long, sharp and powerful. Its legs and feet are made to grasp the tree and hold firmly at the boughs, while the body swings to and fro as it pursues its work of excavating

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for its prey. When it has effected an entrance it would often be baffled did not the tongue of this hard working and diligent bird come in to do what the beak cannot perform. By a wonderful contrivance of the Divine Being it can thrust out its tongue a considerable distance. The end of the tongue is sharp and adapted to lay hold on any thing of which it is in search by piercing it, or when the object is too small to be pierced there is a gum on the tongue, and by this means the insect is picked up.

These birds are found in every part of the globe, except Australia. The Great Spotted Woodpecker is an inhabitant of England, but is seldom seen. It lays its eggs in a deep hole excavated in a tree.

P. P.

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THE LITTLE TEETOTALER.

In a certain school, "Ale and Beer measure," was given out to be learnt by the scholars. Next morning, when the first boy was called upon to repeat his lesson, he said—

"I don't know it."

"How is that?" asked the master.

The little teetotaler replied—

"Please, Sir, neither father nor I think it's any use, for we neither mean to buy, sell, nor drink ale or beer."

H. P.

THY WILL BE DONE.

The summer sun had already begun to play in at an open window of a small cottage at which sat an elderly person. She wore marks of care and sorrow, yet of submissiveness; before her was an empty cradle and some toys, but they were deserted; a small armchair, but like its neighbour, vacant.

Mary Harris had married a young man of high respectability. They had both been brought up by pious parents, but Mary had a very hard lesson to learn, she could not say "Thy will be done." Friends had died one by one, business failed, but Mary's heart still held out against her Maker. So her kind Heavenly Father saw fit to lay on her a very heavy stroke; but whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. A son was born, so that for a while she forgot her bereavements, in her darling. But she made him her idol, and so God in His infinite mercy took little Johnny to heaven, but Mary at this loudly rebelled against Him. Years rolled on, but Mary's lesson was unlearnt.

It was the dead of night, a visitor called at the cottage and took away her only earthly heaven, her husband. This was indeed a bitter trial, but her long-suffering Father did not forsake her, but enabled her to say "Thy will be done." Mary never forgets her lesson, and as she gazes

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on the empty cradle and armchair, she praises God for having brought her out of the furnace seven times purified, and from her heart ascends the prayer—

Renew my will from day-to-day,
Blend it with thine and take away,
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

EMILY MILLWARD.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

OH, what can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery.
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say.
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy book.
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
The hearts, if God his Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour, Friend.
Such grace to mine be given.

Though small is all that we can do
To please the King of heaven,
When hearts, and hands, and lips unite
To serve the Saviour with delight,
They are most precious in his sight.
Such grace to mine be given.

—*Juvenile Missionary Herald.*

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RAGGED SCHOOL.

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RESULTS OF RAGGED-SCHOOL TEACHING.

THE following is Dr. Guthrie's eloquent testimony to the good which these schools have been the means of accomplishing.

A ragged school helps to reconcile one to life and the world. So long as the object of its kindness were left to nakedness, hunger, ignorance, and brutal cruelty, and on their falling into crime, were caged up like wild beasts in a menagerie, or hanged by the neck with as little remorse as men hang a dog, there was such wrong done them as wrung our heart, and sometimes tempted one to cry with David, "O that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest!"

In the first place, we have good reason to believe that not a few poor children have been savingly instructed within our school in the knowledge of Jesus Christ; have found the Saviour there, and the path which conducted them to that heavenly home where they hunger no more, and thirst no more, and have exchanged their rags for robes fairer than angels wear.

Then it is by hundreds on hundreds we number those whom, with the blessing of God, we have rescued from utter ruin.

We have trained them up to be happy and profitable members of society—out of their rude, wild, and savage breasts evoking, through the influence of education, kindness, and religion, some of the gentlest and finest features of humanity.

For instance, one of our boys had committed an offence so bad that Mr. Gibb, his teacher, though rarely using the rod, felt it necessary to make an example of him. The punishment was to be publicly inflicted "that others might fear." But when the culprit, who had only been a few days in our school, was stripped, he was such a living skeleton that the master had not the heart to beat him.

At his wits' end what to do—for the crime must be

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punished—it occurred to him to make such an appeal as, to compare small things to great, reminds us of the mystery of Salvation, and the love of Him who "was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities, and by whose stripes we are healed."

Turning to the others—

"It goes," he said, "against my heart to lay a hand on that miserable creature. Will any one take his place and be punished in his stead?"

The words had hardly left his lips when, with tears of pity brimming in his eyes, a boy stepped bravely out, pulled his jacket off, and, pushing the culprit aside, offered his own back and shoulders to the rod.

A ragged school boy, he was a hero in his way, presenting an example of courage and kindness, of sympathy and unselfishness, rare in schools, or anywhere else.

THE COMMON FROG.

The appearance and habits of the frog are so well known generally, that but a short description is needed.

In the early stage of their existence those creatures are called tadpoles, in some places they are called bullheads. While the young frog is in its tadpole state, it lives in water, and although it has no fins it swims like a fish. After becoming a perfect frog, it can live and enjoy itself either on land or in water.

The animal in its change from the tadpole to the frog, not only loses its tail, but it changes from black to a beautiful yellowish colour.

Frogs are excellent swimmers. Striking the water with legance and force, they move very quickly. The tongue of the frog is curiously fixed almost at the entrance of the mouth; when at rest it points backwards down the throat. When, however, the frog comes within reach of a slug or insect, the tongue is darted out quickly, the

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object secured and carried to the back of the throat and swallowed.

The skin of these animals, it is said, has the property of imbibing water, so that if a very poor lean frog be put in a damp place, it will soon look quite plump.

The above circumstance partly accounts for what appears very strange, namely, that frogs are sometimes found imbedded in timber, and sometimes in stone. A doctor residing at Brough, in Westmoreland, had in his possession about the year 1831 or 1832 a beautiful frog that was found imbedded in a large block of limestone, dug from the side of a neighbouring hill, and when provided with his new home he seemed quite at ease and very comfortable.

Children should never behave cruelly to these harmless creatures.

A MISSIONARY STORY, FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES.

There was once a little black,
With no clothes upon its back,
By its mother's cruel hand,
Put alive beneath the sand.

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Wand'ring from a shady wood,
Came a Missionary good,
Who, as he was passing by,
Heard a faint and feeble cry.
Then he stoop'd, and turn'd the sand;
First he saw a little hand,
Then a little mouth and nose,
And such pretty little toes.
Then he turn'd the sand about,
And he took the baby out.
And he took it to his wife,
And preserved its little life.

'Twas a little girl I'm told,
And she was as good as gold.
And they kept her till she grew
Quite as big as some of you.
Then to England she was sent,
With the good and wise intent,
That when taught she might go back,
And instruct each little black.
If the Missionary good
Had not wandered in the wood,
Had not listened when it cried,
Little baby must have died.

And if this had been the case,
Then the news of Gospel grace
Would not those dear children reach
Whom that baby grown would teach.
Little girls and little boys
God the meanest thing employs,
To perform His greatest deeds,
And accomplish what He needs.
Let, then, every child to-day,
Turning to his neighbour, say,
Who can tell but you and I
May do *some* good, if we try?

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GOLD DIGGINGS.

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GOLD DIGGINGS IN AUSTRALIA.

When gold was first discovered in Australia, great interest was excited in this country as well as in those far-off regions. A great many people prepared to leave England, and indeed all parts of the world, to go in search of this precious mineral. In a few years very valuable nuggets were found in various places. These have been made into money to the amount of many millions of sovereigns.

When gold digging was in its infancy, men did not know how to go about the work as they do now. They often worked single-handed, or in parties of three or four; but now a large number will form themselves into a company, and so bring a good deal of labour, money, and machinery to the spot.

A great deal of suffering has been endured in the search for gold. The diggers have worked hard, and in all sorts of weather, undergoing hunger and cold in their thirst after the prize, until nature, exhausted and diseased, has had to give up, and death has come in to close the scene.

We fear that many, in their rush after gold, have forgotten and lost the true riches. Valuable as money is there is something more valuable; pure feeling, lofty and generous thought, and the favour of God, these are things that no money can purchase, yet every child may lay his hand on these treasures and say "those are mine." Allow me, then, to exhort my readers to seek these true riches.—"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding; for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold; she is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her; length of days is in her right

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hand; and in her left hand riches and honour; her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."—(Prov. iii. 13-17.) P. P.

ANNIE'S FAITH.

ANNIE was a little girl about seven years of age. One Saturday evening her mamma said to her—

"I am very sorry, Annie dear, but you will not be able to go to the Sunday School to-morrow. I shall not have time to finish your dress, and you cannot go out in your other dress, it is too shabby."

When Annie had heard what her mamma had said, she felt the tears coming to her eyes, but she tried hard to keep them back. She well knew her mamma always did her best, and she also remembered that her dear papa had been ill for a very long time, and that since his illness, her mamma had worked very hard not only to make their clothes, but also to help to support a large family. So she thought if mamma sees me weeping it will only add to her sorrow.

That evening Annie felt very sad, she loved her Sabbath School much, and could not bear the thought of remaining at home on the coming day.

When she had done all she could to help her mamma, she asked permission to retire to rest early. When Annie found herself alone in her bedroom, she could keep back the tears no longer. She sat down, and covering her face with her hands she began to weep bitterly. She then began to think of the many little troubles and cares she had taken to her Heavenly Father, and had received answers to her prayers. "And shall I not cast this care upon the Lord," she thought. "Yes, He knows how much I want to go to the Sabbath School to-morrow. He can open the way if it be His will. I will go and tell Him all about it," and falling on

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her knees she lifted her heart to her Father in Heaven. When she arose from prayer, her heart felt much lighter; she had been praying in faith, and she felt that God would answer her prayer, although she could not tell in what way; and with a mind at rest she lay down, and was soon fast asleep. She had not been sleeping long when she felt a gentle hand laid upon her, and looking up she saw her mamma standing by her—

"Get up for a few moments, my love," she said, and let me fit on your dress; I have finished my work much sooner than I expected, and now I shall try if I can finish your dress that you may be able to go to the Sunday School to-morrow."

Annie felt very happy, and when she was left alone again she thanked her Heavenly Father for answering her prayer, and prayed that He would strengthen her dear mamma while she was working so hard for her.

The next morning she awoke with a thankful and happy heart, as she saw the dress hanging in her room. It was a bright Sabbath morning; the birds were singing, and Annie could not help singing too. Oh how she enjoyed the Sabbath School that day! The hymns that were sung, the prayers that were offered, and the lessons that were read, she thought were all for her.

Annie is no longer a Sabbath scholar, but has been for many years a useful Sabbath School teacher.

Dear young reader, make Annie's faithful God your friend; pray to Him at all times, and He will answer your prayers; say with the Psalmist, "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

C. L. Doe.

THE STORMY PETREL.

This bird is called by English sailors "Mother Carey's Chicken." It is said that the sailor does not like its appearance as it comes just before a storm.

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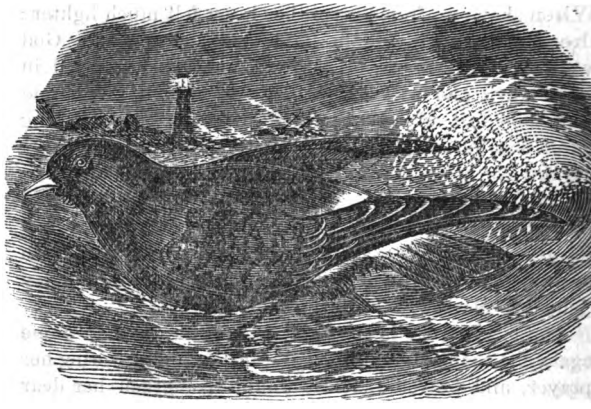

The petrel is perhaps the smallest of web-footed birds. It is exceedingly fat or rather oily in its flesh, so much so, that the inhabitants of the Faroe Islands draw a wick through the body, and use it for a lamp.

Petrels seem quite at home in a storm, and as they pursue the ship's track, they may be seen coursing over the mountain waves down into the water valley, then up again amid the foaming surf.

This bird can stand, yea even run, on the surface of the water, and this it performs with apparent ease. When any greasy matter is thrown overboard, these birds "instantly collect around it, and face to windward, with their long wings expanded, and their webbed feet patting the water; the lightness of their bodies, and the action of the wind on their wings enable them to do this with ease. In calm weather they perform the same manœuvre by keeping their wings just so much in action as to prevent their feet sinking below the surface."

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SOWING LITTLE SEEDS.

LITTLE Bessie had got a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about," said she "why does the boy throw seeds into the water?"

"O, I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book; "he is sowing the seeds of water-lilies."

"But how small the seeds look," said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow from such little things."

"You are just sowing such tiny seeds every day, Bessie, and they will come up large, strong plants, after awhile," said her father.

"O no, father, I have not planted any seeds for a long while."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled and said,

"Yes; I have watched you planting flowers, and seeds, and weeds to-day."

"Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."

"I will tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book, and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish that you knew that your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing the seeds of truth. When you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing the seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie. But I hope my little girl has been planting the great tree of 'love to God,' and that she

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will tend and watch it until its branches reach the skie and meet before his throne."

"And the weeds, father?"

"When you were impatient with baby you sowed the seeds of ill-temper. When you waited some time after your mother called you, you sowed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up. Do not let them grow in your garden."

"THE RULERS ALSO STOOD DERIDING HIM."

CAPTIVE, without the city's gate,
  To His dark death He went,
Casting aside all thoughts of life,
  On mercy still intent.
With spirit still unfaltering
  He gave Him to the grave:
"He savèd others," came the cry;
  "Himself He cannot save."

"He cannot," for on Him are laid
  The burdens of our race:
"He cannot;" He is bound to work
  The purpose of His grace.
Doomed by Himself, He patient hangs
  Upon the cursèd tree,
And offers up His spotless life,
  A Sacrifice for me.

Thou who hast given Thyself for me,
  O, open Thou mine eyes,
To see, with faith and penitence,
  Thy perfect Sacrifice;
That so, without one traitor thought,
  I may Thy servant be;
And, cheerful, give myself to Thee
  Who gav'st Thyself for me.

E. A. N.

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THE MIRACLE OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

JESUS CHRIST, when he lived on this earth, went about doing good both to the souls and bodies of men. He raised the dead, cleansed lepers, gave eyesight to the blind, strength to the feet of the lame, and did many mighty works besides.

The miracle of the loaves and fishes is recorded in Matt. xiv. 15-21. When John the Baptist was murdered by Herod, Jesus thought he himself had better remove from that part of the country over which Herod ruled, and he came "by ship to a desert place," near to Bethsaida. Here he was out of the reach of Herod. But a great multitude of people got aware of his movements and came out of the cities and towns to him. He was engaged in instructing them for many hours until all were in want of food. The disciples wished him to send them to buy food, but Jesus had compassion on them, and enquiring from the disciples what food they had, in answer they said five loaves and two fishes. The people sat down, and though there were five thousand men beside women and children they were all fed, and there was food to spare to the amount of twelve basketsful. The same power that makes our bread to grow in the fields and fills our waters with fish caused the bread and fish to multiply in the hands of the disciples as they gave to the multitude as they sat on the grass.

This pleasing and interesting scene reminds us of what the Saviour said to the Jews in the following words—"Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness and are dead. I am the bread of life, of which if a man eat he shall never die." I hope, dear children, you have all come to Christ to be fed with this bread of which he speaks, or that you will soon come to him for this spiritual food.

P. P.

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LITTLE FANNY CLARISSA ADAMS,

THE beloved daughter of Charles and Fanny Adams, of Sheffield, was a good child, and Jesus has taken her to live with Him in Heaven. She died January 30, 1870, in the seventh year of her age, and her parents, teacher, and school-fellows mourn because she has been taken so soon from them; but they rejoice at the same time, believing she has gone to a world of perfect happiness. I will tell you something about her which I should like you to imitate or copy. She had a great love to the Sunday School, and the House of God. When only three years old she was frequently taken by her uncle to the select class of girls in Stanley Street School. This filled her with delight. She would wake at five o'clock on Sunday morning, so anxious was she to be in time for school. I hope you will be like little Fanny in this respect. Always try to be in good time. This will please your teachers, and cause you to get on with your lessons. So anxious was this dear child for Sunday to come, that as early in the week as Wednesday she would begin to ask how long it would be before Sunday came again. And she was very careful not to break the Sabbath; when she saw people cleaning their steps on Sunday she would ask her pious parents whether it was not wicked to do so. Of course they told her it was, and she tried to avoid doing anything that would displease God on the Sabbath. It was right that she should do so, and I hope you will do so too. Keep holy the Sabbath-day. Do not play on that day, but spend the time in going to God's house, reading the Scriptures, and secret prayer. God will love you if you do this. She took great notice of what her teachers and the preachers said, and frequently talked about it afterwards. This habit was good, and would fix more deeply upon her little mind those good things which she had heard. She was delighted when the preachers spoke much about Jesus, her great

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and loving Saviour. She was fond of nice books. She not only looked at and admired the pretty bindings, and the beautiful pictures, but she loved the good things which the books told her of. She used to sing very sweetly both in the public worship and at home; and she loved prayer. This is more important than even singing, for we cannot get to heaven without prayer.

But though a good child she was heavily afflicted. She had one of her arms broken three times by accident, and once the doctor had to break it in order to set it properly. This gave her very great pain, but she was patient, and the Lord supported her.

In the midst of her afflictions she thought about the miseries of others, and worked hard as a missionary collector to spread that blessed gospel which tells of the great Physician who heals all our diseases and forgives all our iniquities. When she was smarting with a broken arm, and too weak to walk, her beloved uncle used to carry her and her missionary box about from street to street, and from house to house, soliciting aid for the missions; and when kind friends contributed you cannot imagine how her eyes sparkled, and how her little heart was filled with joy. I hope many little readers will follow her beautiful example, and do all they can to help the good cause of Christian missions.

She did not talk much while passing through her last affliction. She did not like to leave her dear parents, brother, and sisters. She did not like to die alone. If her dear mother could have died with her, she would not have feared. But she had One with her who is better than the best of mothers. This was Jesus, and having his presence, she appeared to die without knowing it; she fell asleep; she did not see death, for Jesus took from him his dreadful sting, and concealed him, and all his terrors from her view.

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Before she died she very affectionately asked the various members of the family to meet her in heaven. I hope, my dear little reader, that you and I shall meet her there also. We may, for Jesus can make us ready, and give us the kingdom. Let us pray earnestly to Him that He may save us, and make us fit for heaven.

J. BARFOOT.

A CHAPTER ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

Ascended the Throne in 1066, and died 1087, after a reign of twenty-one years.

1. *Who was William the Conqueror?*
   King William the Norman, a warrior bold,
   He long did the sceptre of England hold;
   At the battle of Hastings King Harold was kill'd,
   And William of Normandy soon the throne fill'd.
   When Harold was dead, he ascended the throne,
   And for twenty-one years the crown was his own.
2. *Did William enjoy a peaceable reign?*
   King William the First was proud, haughty, and vain,
   And he did not enjoy a good peaceable reign.
3. *What was the Curfew?*
   He ordered a bell, called the Curfew, at night
   To ring, that the English might put out their light.
4. *Where did William the First die?*
   William the Conqueror he died in France,
   Being thrown from his horse in the city of Nantes.
5. *What do you mean by Doom's-day Book?*
   Accounts of the lands in his kingdom he took,
   And these altogether were called Doom's-day Book.
6. *Had William any family?*
   Yes, William four sons and five daughters he had;
   Prince Robert, Prince Richard, and William so sad,
   And Henry the handsome, though cruel and bad."

Extracted by P. COATES.

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THRESHING WITH HORSES.

FARM work is very often referred to both in the Old and New Testament in many pleasing and instructive passages. One of the beautiful parables of Jesus Christ is on this subject. This is found in Matthew, chap. xiii. 3-9. Let me ask you, dear children, to read this interesting passage, and as you read pray that your hearts may resemble the good ground mentioned in the 8th verse.

What a kind Providence watches over us in causing the earth every year to yield meat for man and beast. May I ask you again to read a passage of Scripture. This time it is Psalms, chap. lxv. v. 9-13. The farmer may break his ground by his plough and harrows, and he may sow his seed, but unless God sent His showers and His warm sun upon his fields, there would be no fruit. God has sometimes withdrawn one or the other of these great blessings from man, and fearful famines have taken place. We read of one in the Book of Genesis, when the sons of Jacob went down into Egypt to buy food. While we write there is one threatened in Jerusalem, but news has arrived that it has been somewhat relieved by copious rains.

The time of harvest is a joyous occasion. The sheaves of corn are brought home from the fields, and put up in stacks, or kept in barns until short days and cold weather, and then they are threshed. This is done in various ways. In Isaiah xxviii. 27, 28, four methods are referred to. Our picture shows one of the four, namely, the treading of cattle. This method is a very ancient one, and is mentioned in Deut. xxv. 4. P. P.

GOD HEARS.

"MOTHER, will the Saviour hear
Such a little child as I?
He'll not heed my prayer, I fear;
All in vain my feeble cry.

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"Will he, mother, stoop to see
While I humbly kneel to Him?
Will he notice little me
When I say my evening hymn?"

"He both hears and sees, my boy,
When you kneel to Him in prayer;
All my darling's grief and joy
He is ever pleased to share.

"Then, ne'er think He will not hear
E'en your faintest whisper, love;
He will lend attentive ear;
Every prayer is heard above.

"Never fail, in joy or woe,
Jesus' ready aid to crave;
He will loving-kindness show,
And my child in mercy save."—*Dewdrop.*

"WILL YOUR SAVIOUR HAVE ME?"

THIS question was put by a dying man to a Missionary of the London City Mission, to whom is given the work of looking after poor foreigners, especially from India and other eastern lands, who have found their way to England.

The man who put this question had been born in India. He was now dying in London. He said, "I am in London; I cannot be taken to the Ganges to die there, like my father did. Will your Saviour have me? Can *I* be happy in the way you say?"

"I told him," writes the Missionary, "that the Saviour died for sin, and showed him in what state he must be to take the advantages of his death. He asked me to pray for him, and to instruct him how to pray; and I believe there was hope in his death."

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JOE, THE MISSIONARY COLLECTOR.

"WELL Joe, my lad," said a master to his apprentice, "have you been round with your collecting cards?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you can take an hour, but call first on Mr.—— give him my compliments, and tell him, as he is a respectable shopkeeper, he must give you half-a-crown."

The lad started, and delivered his message. Mr.—— said—

"Has your master given you anything?"

"No, sir," replied Joe.

"Well, go back to your master, and tell him, if he will give you half-a-crown, I will give you 5s."

Joe returned to his master, who gave him half-a-crown, from thence to the shopkeeper, and received the five shillings. This was a good beginning for the young collector. The master and shopkeeper are warm friends of the Mission cause, and this reminds us of Paul's precept "Provoke one another to love and good works."

H. PORTNALL.

THE CUCKOO.

"THE cuckoo picks up the dirt." So we thought in our childish days. But the meaning is that when this favourite bird appears the days get warmer and longer, and the dirt that usually lies on the streets in winter disappears, and the foot-paths and horse-roads become clean and inviting, and our thoroughfares that are almost deserted in cold, damp weather are again thronged with children pursuing their innocent gambols with bright merry faces and joyous shouts.

The cuckoo appears about April, and continues a short time, and then goes off till the following spring, and then it comes again, and by its happy notes tells us that summer is coming. Many boys and girls, who live in large towns and cities, like London, Manchester, Liver-

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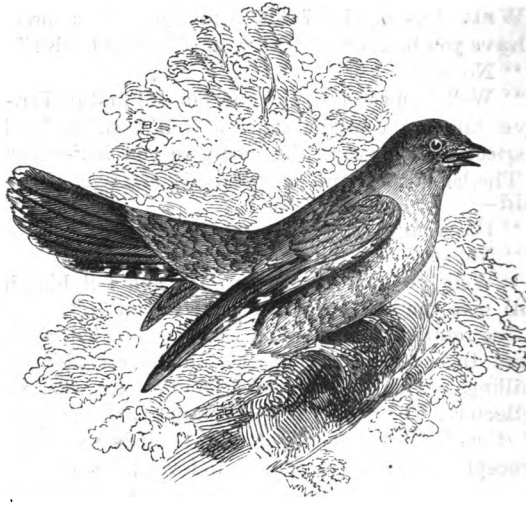

pool, Birmingham, etc., have never heard the voice of this bird crying cuck-oo, cuck-oo. But children born and brought up in the country have often heard it, especially early in the morning, making the hills and woods ring with its clear song.

The cuckoo is not so large as the pigeon. Its head and back are of a greyish colour, and it is speckled on the sides. It has long wings. Its beak is smooth and slightly bent.

The female cuckoo does not build a nest of her own, but lays her eggs in the nest of a smaller bird, generally in that of the hedge-sparrow. This little bird sits on them, and hatches them, and takes care of the young thus produced as if they were her own. If the egg of

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any other bird were introduced it would be instantly thrown out by the owners of the nest, and the nest itself forsaken. There is some design in this, ordered by God, which we do not see. Wordsworth thus sings of the cuckoo :—

"O blythe new comer, I have heard,
  I hear thee, and rejoice;
O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,
  Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass
  Thy two-fold shout I hear,
That seems to fill the whole air's space,
  As loud, far off, as near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
  Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
  Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
  Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
  A voice, a mystery.

The same which in my schoolboy days
  I listen'd to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
  In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
  Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
  Still long'd for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet,
  Can lie upon the plain,
And listen till I do beget
  That golden time again.

P. P.

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AN ORPHAN GIRL.

An orphan girl of Edgar county, Illinois, America, was an example of persevering industry. When twelve years old she knew not how to read. In a few weeks she learned, and during the summer repeated a considerable part of one of the gospels. The energy and activity with which she despatched her daily labour was remarkable. This energy and this activity she carried into the study of the Bible. While spinning, she fixed the open Bible upon the side of the log cabin, in front of her, and thus learned to repeat one verse after another, without stopping her wheel. Many scholars who are behind hand with their lessons, will do well to learn from this little girl; and like her, to be diligent in business, while they are also attentive to the study of the Bible.

Sent by J. Bell, Jun.

THE HEATHEN CHILD'S PLEA.

I'm a little heathen child,
  Sporting idly all the day,
While my savage parents wild
  Roam the woods to trap their prey,

Often it is hard to find,
  And with weary steps they come,
When the sun has long declined,
  Faint and weary to their home.

Then the place of daily bread,
  Roots and berries must supply;
On such scant subsistence fed,
  Many heathen children die.

Sad it is to pine for food!
  Yet the bread sent down from heaven,
For th' immortal spirit's good,
  Never to our souls is given.

Hideous idols we adore,
  And, in terror, bend the knee,
As our piteous prayers we pour
  To some senseless deity.

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OLYMPIC GAMES.

THE word Olympic is taken from a district in Elis in ancient Greece called Olympia. The Olympic games were celebrated every fourth year. Two reasons may have prompted the ancient Greeks to hold these games. First, they looked upon them as religious exercises, and thought their gods would be well pleased with them inasmuch as they dedicated this time especially to them. Secondly, they thought the exercises of these games imparted strength and activity to the limbs of those engaged, and gave manliness to the national character. The games consisted in running, wrestling, boxing, and throwing quoits. The picture at the head of this article shows four men in the race. The foot races were most esteemed and the greatest applauded.

While these games were being held, people from all parts of Greece, and indeed from many foreign countries, attended to see the sights. Thousands of spectators were there eagerly looking on, and taking deep interest in the contests. The winner received a crown, but not a golden one, nor a silver one. It was made generally of laurel, or parsley, or wild olive, or the pine tree. It was not worth much in itself, but the honour and distinction of winning in these games were to the Greeks more than gold and silver.

The Apostle Paul often refers to these games in his Epistles, and compares them to heavenly things. Read 1 Cor. ix. 24-27; Heb. xii. 1, 2.

Let me exhort the reader to enter the heavenly race without delay, and then at last he will be crowned as a happy angel in the presence of God. P. P.

A MISSIONARY'S SON.

ENOCH SALT was the son of an Indian missionary. He was injured by a big boy fifteen years old. Little Enoch

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was a good boy, but there were a great many wicked boys who lived near him, who abused him on account of his name. Enoch did not mind this. He loved Jesus. He loved the Bible. He had read there about holy Enoch, so he said to those rude boys, "There is an Enoch in heaven, and he went there without dying, and I bear the same name." Poor little boy, he little thought how soon he should be in heaven.

It was only seventeen days of great suffering after the great boy hurt him, that the Lord took him to Himself. Little Enoch was not six years old when he died. How young! Not too young to die, nor too young to love Jesus. He did not like being with wicked people. Before he was ill, he used to say, "Let us go away, these people are too wicked." When in health he talked about heaven. When dying he talked about the happy home to which he was going.

Once when very low, he said, "Papa, let us have prayer." He loved prayer. In his illness, he was resigned and patient. After kissing his mother he said, "Do not cry, mother. Soon dissolved this house." To his sister Sophia he said, "I love you; I am hardly living." He lost the power of speech, and after seventeen days' suffering, little Enoch died.

Children, avoid bad company; love the Bible, love Jesus, love prayer, then you will ultimately enter heaven.

H. PORTNALL.

OUR LITTLE DAISY.

DEAR little Daisy! oh, well do I remember her when she prattled about our humble home, her sweet voice lisping words of comfort in sorrow, and joy in happiness She named herself after the daisy, and truly she was like that light, loving flower which ever turns its golden eye towards the abode of its Creator. And so our little

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Daisy came only for a season to cheer our hearts and brighten our home.

But one day in winter when the ground was white, the angel of death struck a cruel blow on the head of our precious flower. Her parents and sisters were weeping around her cot expecting every breath would be the last. I shall never forget the look she gave us, it comes before me now so plainly. Yes, we love to think of her as she once was, but better still as she is now. Just before she died she took a fond, last look at us.

Her mother gently raised her in her arms. A smile lit up the face of our darling with such heavenly radiance; perhaps she had caught a glimpse of the New Jerusalem of which St. Paul says, "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Yes, our little Daisy is with the Saviour, her little head is now wearing a golden crown, and those little feet which have walked life's short pilgrimage are now pacing the golden streets in the unseen world of glory.

Then weep not, sorrowing parents, thy little one has been taken from thee in love, and although the cross is not pleasant, or the rod light, yet He who is the Good Shepherd, and has taken your child to rest in His own fold will help you to say, "Thy will be done." Yes, it is but a transplanted flower, gone from the garden of earth to bloom in the more congenial atmosphere of heaven. Soon shall you too join your darling in singing the praises of the redeemed in glory.

EMILY MILLWARD.

CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

WILLIAM II.

Ascended the throne in 1087, and died in 1100 after a reign of 13 years.

7. *Who succeeded William the Conqueror?*

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His third son, named Rufus, or William the Red,
So called from the tinge of the hair on his head.

8. *Why was not his brother Robert made King?*

By some means this son did his father offend,
And he only the Duchy of Normandy gained.
His next brother Richard was killed by a deer
Which he chased in the Forest call'd New, in Hampshire,

9. *What was the extent of the New Forest, and why was it made?*

For thirty long miles did this forest extend,
And for hunting King William this ground did intend.

10. *What was William's character, and what death did he die?*

This Prince was tyrannical, haughty, and vain,
And in the New Forest, in Hampshire, was slain;
By Tyrell, (Sir Walter) who, aiming a dart
At a deer, accidentally pierced the King's heart.

Extracted by P. Coutes.

WHY WILLY WANTS THE CURTAINS UP.

Cold wind, cold wind,
You may rumble shrilly;
Snug and happy in his bed
Lies our little Willy.

Round moon, round moon,
On the snow you glisten;
You may hear our Willy laugh,
If you will but listen.

"Bright stars, bright stars,
How the snow has drifted!
Mother, let the curtain stay:
Let me have it lifted.

"For I like to see the stars,
If awake I'm keeping,
And to have the stars see *me*,
If I am a-sleeping."

The Nursery.

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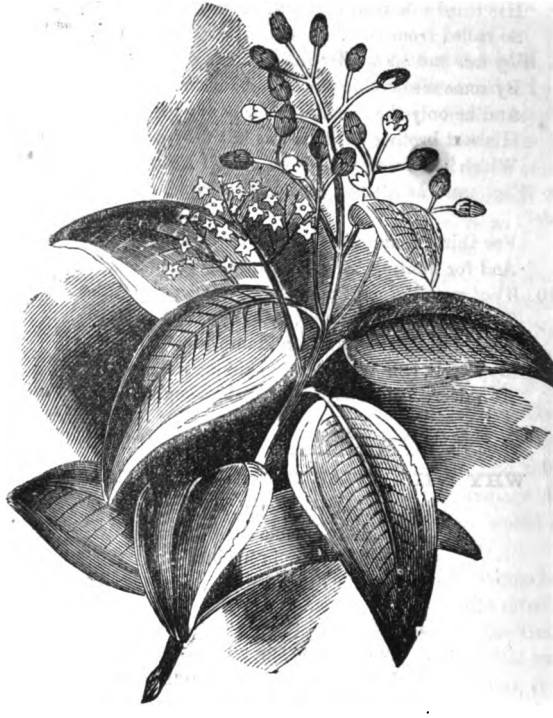

CINNAMON.

THE cinnamon-tree is a native of the island of Ceylon. It is said to be a small tree, of the height of the willow; but by some it is said to grow more than twenty-feet high. It has numerous branches, and is covered with a smooth, brownish bark. The inner bark is the spice commonly called *cinnamon*. The leaves of the *canella*, or *cinnamon-tree* are long; the flowers of a greenish-white colour, and

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grow in bunches; and the fruit is small, and shaped something like the acorn. At the season of spice gathering, this tree yields a sweet perfume, and spreads itself over the island of Ceylon, and, when the wind blows from the land, to a considerable distance at sea. This fact suggested the well-known lines of Bishop Heber:

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.

In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone."

The oil of cloves is made from the leaves of the cinnamon-tree, and the oil of camphor from the root. The inner bark, or cinnamon, is peeled from the tree, cut into strips, and dried in the sun, which causes it to curl up. This spice formed one of the materials of which the holy anointing oil was made, mentioned in Exodus xxx. 23. As there was no trade with Ceylon in the days of Moses, it is conjectured that cinnamon was brought from Arabia, or some neighbouring country, though Pliny states that a species of it grew in Syria.

A GOOD LITTLE BOY.

Dear Children, I am going to tell you a few things about a good little boy who has been stopping at my house during the Christmas vacation. His name is Fred, he comes from D——, and is a regular attender at our Sabbath School at the place where he lives.

Now while he was staying with me I was taken ill, and was confined to my bed a few days, but little Fred did not forget me; he often came to inquire how I was, and asked if I felt any better.

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One day, without anyone saying anything to him, he brought his New Testament to my bedside, and said he would read it to me. I told him he was a very good boy to think about me, and I should be glad if he would read to me the 17th chapter of John. He did so, and I felt that God was near. He also repeated some nice little hymns which he had learnt to sing at the Sabbath School. He then spoke about his kind teachers, and also of the preachers that he heard at their chapel, and how much he liked to hear them, and I sincerely hope that what he hears from the pulpit and in the school he will not forget, but it will be a blessing to him all his days. How much better for little boys and girls to be diligent and attentive to good things than to be careless and indifferent to what their preachers and teachers say to them.

Now, my dear children, I want you all to imitate the little boy Fred, for by so doing you will feel happy in your own souls, and may, by the blessing of God, assist others in the way to heaven. I hope you love to read the Bible, and other good books, and it will be better for you to do so, than waste your time in idleness, or after things which profit not. If you are attentive to everything that is good while you are young, you will find it to be a great advantage to you, and a help to you to resist the various temptations that may beset your path through life. Take a lesson from little Fred, and strive to do good. Many little boys delight to do evil, but I hope you will always shun the company of evildoers, and seek the society of those who love God and are seeking to please Him in all they say and do. The Lord loves good boys and girls, so that I hope you will seek to love and serve Him in return, then it will be well with you through life, in death, and for ever.

Little Fred was fond of singing, and one day he sang with all his heart, "And I shall get to heaven if I in

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Him abide." "Yes," he said, "if I abide in Him, I shall go to heaven when I die." And I wish you all who read these lines to abide in Christ, and you will get to heaven when you leave this world. Live to the Lord every day, and do right in everything, and the Lord will be with you and bless you. And be sure not to forget the good little boy, Fred. T. KENDALL.

FOR A SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY. A COLLECTION PIECE.

AGAIN upon this festal day,
Dear friends, I stand before you;
Oh listen to my simple lay,
I will not long detain you.

We plead for our dear Sunday School,
It needs your kindly helping,
Our funds are low our wants are great,
Help by your generous giving.

It is a noble cause I plead,
Our God himself hath blessed it,
Thousands in it have learned of Heaven,
They oft with joy confest it.

Thousands who stand before the throne,
And praise the Lamb for ever,
Have safely passed the rolling flood,
Death's darkly swelling river.

I will not ask you what to give,
That is at your discretion,
Farthings, or coppers, silver, gold,
Will quickly find admission.

And now, dear friends, I trust that I
Have gained your affection,
And earnestly I hope we shall,
Have a right good collection.

St. Austell, 1870. A. HAWKINS.

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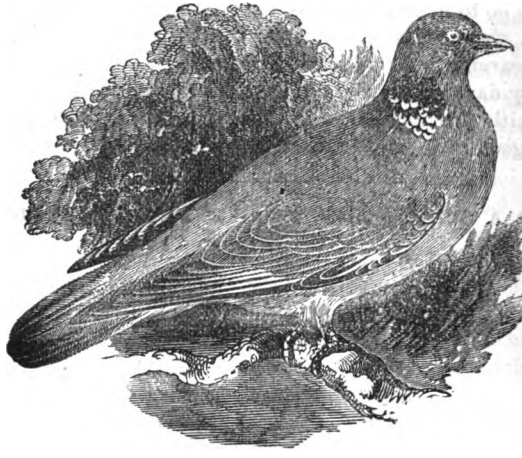

THE DOVE.

Doves are found in every quarter of the globe, except within the frigid zones, and in no class of birds do we meet with a plumage more delightful, either for diversity or brilliancy, than in that to which the dove belongs. It is, however, in tropical climates where their colouring is most vivid. There are great numbers of these birds in Palestine, where they fly in such immense flocks as to be compared to a cloud, Isa. lx. 8. When wild, they build their nests in holes in the rocks, or hollow trees, but when domesticated, in dove-cotes. The dove is first mentioned in Scripture in the account of the flood. Noah being wishful to ascertain the state of the earth, sent forth a dove, which soon returned to him bearing an olive leaf, from which he inferred that the flood was abating, but that the waters still covered the face of the earth. The olive leaf is now used as an emblem of peace. Under the Mosaic

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dispensation, doves were considered clean birds. Persons who could not afford to sacrifice a lamb, were permitted to offer two doves instead.

From this we have a proof of the poverty of the Virgin Mary; for when, after the birth of Jesus, she went to the temple to make the appointed offering, she brought two doves, which would not have been lawful could she have afforded a lamb. As it was difficult for persons coming from a distance to bring doves with them, the priests permitted the sale of them in the courts of the temple. When our Saviour entered the temple, and found them, he drove them out, Mark xi. 15. The Holy Spirit descended upon our Saviour at his baptism, in the form of a dove.

May all the readers of this Magazine be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. L. R.

LET THE CHILDREN LOVE THEE.

Let the children love thee;
  Make their morning bright
With thy words of kindness,
  With thy loving might.
Take unto thy bosom,
  In thine inmost heart,
These the little children
  Who shall joy impart.

Let the children love thee;
  Do not check their joy:
Life has many sorrows,
  Life has much alloy.
In their spring-tide gladness
  In their mirth of song,
Aid them with thy smiling,
  'Twill not last for long.

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Let the children love thee;
  Scatter words of love:
Pleasant words are sunbeams
  Little hearts to move.
Give them smiles in plenty;
  Let thy frowns be few;
Merry words and loving,
  Ever fresh and new.

Let the children love thee;
  They will bring a light
To thy darkest moment,
  To the longest night.
Tiny arms and clinging,
  Circling thee alway;
These shall bring a gladness
  To the roughest day.

Let the children love thee;
  They shall scatter flowers,
Beautiful and fragrant,
  In the coming hours.
Woo them by thy kindness
  To the pleasant road,
Filled with many footsteps,
  Leading up to God.

Let the children love thee;
  Bear them in thy love
Till thy God thou meetest
  In the home above.
Little ones will welcome
  Thy arrival there,
If thou now wilt lead them
  By thy love and prayer.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

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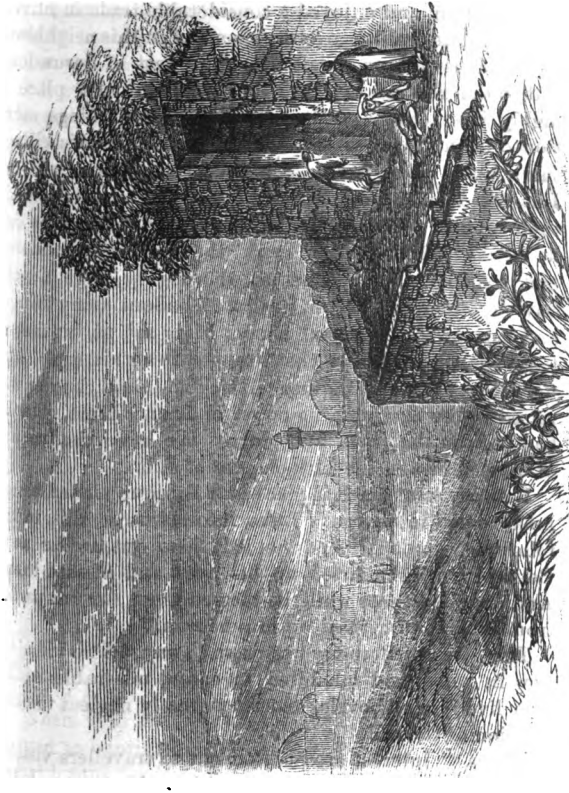

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BETHANY.

THIS village in the days of the Saviour was in a flourishing condition, and enjoyed a considerable trade in olives, figs, and dates, which are very plentiful in this neighbourhood. It is situate about two miles east of Jerusalem. But to the readers of the New Testament this place is highly interesting, as the scene of certain things mentioned in the pages of that blessed book. In this village there was a pious family of a brother and two sisters: Lazarus, Martha, and Mary. Jesus Christ often made their humble cottage his home; after the toils of the day he could retire hither with the utmost confidence and freedom. Here Martha, thoroughly alive to the Saviour's temporal wants, was careful about many things; and here in this peaceful abode, Mary sat at his feet to learn the usefnl lessons that dropped from his lips. And here it was that the brother fell sick and died, but he was raised to life again by the power of Jesus Christ, after he had been in the grave four days. We have the account of these things in the 11th chapter of John.

Bethany was the last place the Saviour visited before he ascended to heaven. Luke informs us of this in the following words: "And he led them out as far as to Bethany; and he lifted up his eyes and blessed them. And it came to pass while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven."

The glory of Bethany has passed away. The village is now in ruins, and inhabited by a few miserable Arabs, who live in mud hovels, and they greatly neglect the cultivation of the soil.

Places of interest are pointed out to travellers visiting Bethany as the tomb of Lazarus, his residence, and the house of Simon the leper; but a great deal of doubt hangs over these things, and the statements made to travellers must be received with caution. P. P.

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A HEATHEN PRIESTESS CONVERTED.

"TELL me, Abiena," said a missionary to one who had been a heathen priestess, "how is it that you, who were a short time ago so fierce an enemy of Christ's Church, are now wishing to become our Saviour's property?"

"I will tell you, my leriman" (teacher), answered Abiena, "I offered sacrifices to the devil, did all I could to please him, that he might be my friend, but I was constantly afraid. I knew I was doing wrong, and wished to change my state, but could not, because God was so far away from me."

"No," said the missionary, "you were far from God, and He wished to be near to you."

"Yes, that's true, teacher; it was I who had gone farther and farther from God. Then the missionary came and told us what God had done for his soul: that touched my heart, and my eyes were opened, so that I could understand all the deceit of the devil and his worship. I felt how happy the missionary was in his heart, and I desired to become happy too. God has conquered my heart, and I will now belong to Jesus, and Him alone."

"Don't you fear the devil, whose service you have renounced?"

"Oh no, teacher: did you not yourself say in the meeting that the Lord Jesus is stronger than Satan, and had overcome him on the cross? Then why should I be afraid of him?"

When told by the missionary that she would be admitted to baptism, her joy was very great; she said, "My heart jumps for joy; I am too stupid to tell you how I feel in my heart."

Afterwards, when the ceremony of baptism was administered, Abiena stepped forward, and, in the presence of all, spoke as follows:—"My brethren and sisters,

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listen. We are here in the presence of God. He hears and sees everything. He knows us all; He also knows me. I do not know much, but this one thing I truly know, that I am now a child of God and Jesus Christ, who purchased me, a poor, poor being, with His blood. I was a servant and slave to the devil, but—great, great praise be to God on high!—that is all past and gone. The Saviour has made me free. His death is my life. This heart of mine belongs to Him. I will cleave to Him. Thus I will live, thus I will die." This address was listened to with great attention, and left a deep impression on the minds of all.

PATIENT ELEANOR.

PATIENT Eleanor, at the age of ten years, gave her heart to Jesus. She was taken ill of a fever. She recovered, and resumed her studies. After a little time she was again taken with fever. The usual remedies were applied, but without effect. Medical aid was solicited. The fever baffled medical skill. Her sufferings were intense. Her cries with pain were heart-rending. She bore them with exemplary patience. During her illness her mind was engaged with spiritual and eternal things. On one occasion she said, "What a good God I have. God is love." Her father said to her, "Does God love you? Do you love God? Do you think God will take you to heaven?" She clearly answered, "Yes—yes—yes." Patient Eleanor is gone. God has released her spirit. Her Lord, whom she so dearly loved, has taken her to himself. Little reader, give your heart to Jesus. Love God, as patient Eleanor did.

"Sit at Christ's bleeding feet and learn
How freely He forgives."

HENRY PORTNALL.

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THE YOUNG SAILOR BOY.

A GENTLEMAN, walking along the beach, came suddenly in front of a little sailor boy, sitting on a jutting rock, all by himself, looking out on the great ocean.

"You like the sea life, my boy, do you not?"

"Yes, sir, and I hope to follow it, as soon as I get bigger."

"You will find that it is a hard life, besides being very dangerous," said the gentleman.

"Yes, sir; but Jesus Christ went to sea, and He knows the dangers; and sometimes he preached out of a ship; and I am sure He loves sailors."

"But that will not hinder you from meeting with storms, and perhaps getting shipwrecked."

"Jesus Christ rules the winds and the waves. He stopped a storm once."

"He does not now," said the gentleman.

"No, Sir; but He will help us when we trust in Him; and if we hold on to Him nothing can do us much harm," said the boy.

"You might be drowned."

"Yes, sir,"—the boy stopped—"but, you know, my soul would then fly up to God, and it is all fair weather there."

"Why, my good little man, you are quite a preacher," said the gentleman.

"Father and I often talk these things over," said the little boy; "and when he has gone out fishing, and leaves me all alone at home, his words are company for me."

"The sweet, quiet happy face of the little fellow pleased me," said the gentleman, "and I felt that he had the best of company."

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MOUNT TABOR.

THIS mountain is mentioned in the Scriptures. It is situated in Lower Galilee, about six miles from Nazareth. It is round, as shewn in the picture, and stands very high; but it is not difficult to climb to the top of it, as a good path winds round it.

When the traveller has climbed to the top he is delighted with the prospect that opens before him. He

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can see a long way all round; and many places of very deep interest are brought within his sight. The hills, rivers, highlands, mountains, vineyards, and smiling fields that present themselves to his view, show how rich the country is, and should raise the soul in contemplation to God.

It appears that some time back there were large buildings on the top of Tabor, as great quantities of ruins of walls, arches, dwelling-houses, and other buildings are found in various places here.

It is said that it was on this mountain that Jesus was transfigured. We have the account of this remarkable transaction in Matt. xvii. 1—9. But this opinion is doubted by a good many Christian writers. However, the monks of Nazareth, every year, visit this place to celebrate mass, ascending the mountain in solemn procession, accompanied by all the Christian population who live near this place. They remain here far into the night, and the time is spent in mirth and folly. If the people had a pure Christianity they would be taught better, and they perhaps would act differently. We hope the time is not far distant when these delightful regions will be filled with better forms of religion than those the people now have. P. P.

CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

HENRY I.

Ascended the throne in 1100, and died 1135, after a reign of thirty-five years.

11. *Who succeeded William the Second?*

His young brother Henry the throne did obtain,
Though Robert was promised that he should then reign.

12. *Where was Robert at the time of William's death?*

At this event Robert from Palestine came,
In hope before long that the throne he should gain.

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13. *What happened upon his arrival?*
His brother to give him a battle prepared;
But at length so much bloodshed was actually spared,
By Robert's consenting to give up his claim;
Expecting that he should a substitute gain.

14. *How was it settled?*
His brother consented to give him each year,
Three thousand gold marks, which were current coin here.

15. *Did Henry pay his brother this pension?*
When Robert came over from France to complain,
King Henry obliged him to give up his claim.
He next besieged Normandy, to put the young King,
In the Welsh Castle, Cardiff, and there shut him in.

16. *Had Henry any children?*
This King had two children, a son and a daughter,
But Prince William the son was wrecked on the water.

17. *Did William perish?*
Oh yes; we are told that his young life was lost;
In a ship that on rocks was there driven and tost,
By attempting to rescue a lady of rank;
But the boat was so full that it instantly sank.

11. *Was not Henry very unhappy at his son's death?*
Though afterwards survived fifteen years,
He spent all his time in mourning and tears.

19. *Where did Henry the First die?*
In France, but his corpse as we often have heard,
To England was brought, and at Reading interred.

20. *What were Henry the First's qualities?*
He in person was handsome, for learning was famed,
And Beauclerc, or the Scholar, most justly was named.

Extracted by P. COATES.

THE LITTLE COMFORTER.

SOME years ago a Christian mother was suffering from depression of mind. During one of her severest attacks, in hope of arousing her to a better state of mind, her

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husband absented himself from home, without any one knowing whither he had gone.

Finding her husband gone from her so unexpectedly, and not knowing where to find him, her distress was increased, and she poured forth wild and foolish complaints. Her repeated cry was, "Nobody cares for me; nobody cares for me."

Her youngest child, a mere boy, drew near to her side and said, "Yes, mother, somebody does care for you."

"Who cares for me?" said the distracted mother.

The little one said, "Mother, Jesus cares for you."

The mother's agitated mind was calmed, and her complaints ended by the little comforter.

"Have you never read, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" Matt. xxi. 16.

JOHN WAITE.

THE JACKAL.

THE jackal is similar in size, appearance, and most of its habits, to the fox, only the latter likes to live alone, and jackals are generally found in packs of from forty to a hundred or more. Dr. Kitto says, "This animal is well enough depicted as something between the wolf and the fox, whence some naturalists are disposed to describe it as the 'wolf-fox.' It is about the size of the former animal. The upper part of his body is of a dirty yellow; a darker mark runs upon the back and sides, and the under parts are white. The jackals associate together like the wolves, and form large packs, sometimes, in Palestine, of about two or three hundred; differing in this respect from the fox, which is not gregarious (does not live in packs). In such packs they prowl at night in search of prey, which chiefly consists of carrion. The jackals, like the foxes, live in holes, which they form in the ground; they are particularly fond of establishing themselves in ruined towns." It is now generally supposed that the

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word "foxes," in the following passages of Scripture, should read jackals. In Ps. xliii. 10, it is said, "They shall fall by the sword; they shall be a portion for foxes" (jackals). Their fondness for grapes, and the havoc they make in vineyards, are alluded to in Solomon's Song, ii. 15, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes (jackals), that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." Their dwelling in ruined cities is referred to in Lam. v. 18. "Zion is desolate; the foxes (jackals) walk upon it." Their fondness for going in packs is shown by Samson taking three hundred of them, in order to send them with fire-brands to their tails, among the standing corn of the Philistines, so that he might be avenged on them for the injury they had done him.

LEANING ON JESUS.

A PIECE of ivy lay on the ground. It looked very helpless as the wind blew it hither and thither, for it seemed

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to have no strength in itself to withstand the gusts that sported with it, bending and twisting its slender stem. One more blast swept along the path in which it lay, and this time carried it shivering to the foot of a tree, leaving it there beneath the shelter of its huge trunk.

The weak ivy, as if it had found a firm friend at last, began to climb the tree. Then it grew and flourished, threw itself around the trunk, and wound itself about the branches. Nothing could harm it now; no blast could tear it from its strong hold.

A boy had just left his couch of suffering, on which he had passed many weary days and nights. He attempted to walk, but his knees trembled, his strength failed, and he fell; but ere he reached the ground, a strong arm encircled him, and he was raised to his feet; and now, supported by his father, he could walk without weariness, for his weakness was lost in the strength that upheld him.

A little girl lay near death. She had been brought low by a sad and painful disease. Not long before, her step had been as light, and her heart as joyous and gay as any of her companions; but now her body was racked with pain, the icy hand of death had touched her, and she was about to go into eternity.

"Does my little one feel sad at the thought of death?" asked her papa, as he watched the look of pain on her face.

"No, dear papa," said she, smiling, "my hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and he will not let it go."

"Are you afraid, dear child?" asked her minister at another time.

"No I cannot fear while Jesus supports me," she replied, quickly.

"But are you not weary with bearing pain?"

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She said, "I am leaning on Jesus, and don't mind the pain."

And so this one of Christ's lambs went to the fold above, leaning on the good Shepherd who "gathers the lambs in his arms."

We too must all die. Shall we each be found leaning on Jesus, so that we shall not mind pain or fear death?

As the ivy cleaves about the tree, and as the weak cleave to the strong for support, so let us cleave to Jesus, trust in him, and lean upon him.

"WELCOME, PAPA!"

THREE little forms, in the twilight grey,
Scanning the shadows across the way;
Six little eyes, four black and two blue,
Brimful of love and happiness too,
Watching for 'pa.

May, with placid and thoughtful brow,
Gentle face, beaming with smiles just now;
Willie, the rogue, so loving and gay,
Stealing sly kisses from sister May,
Watching for 'pa.

Nelly, with ringlets of sunny hue,
Cosily nestled between the two,
Pressing her cheek to the window-pane,
Wishing the absent one home again,
Watching for 'pa.

Oh! how they gaze at the passers-by!
"He's coming at last!" they gaily cry.
"Look again, my pets!" exclaims mamma;
And Nelly adds, "There's the twilight star
Watching for 'pa."

Soon joyous shouts from the window-seat,
And eager patter of childish feet;
Gay, musical chimes ring through the hall,
A manly voice responds to the call,
"Welcome, papa!"

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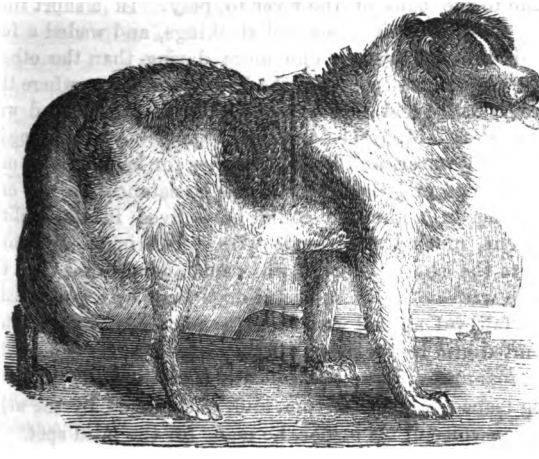

NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

The dog is a great friend to man, and has often shewn much sagacity in defending his person and property. The figure standing at the head of this page represents that well-known breed called the Newfoundland dog, called so because it was brought from Newfoundland to this country. Some of these dogs grow to a very large size, and are very much prized and admired by their owners. It has great strength, and is very knowing, playful, and kind in its disposition. It is fond of water, and can readily swim in dangerous floods, and has often been useful in saving children and grown up people from drowning. A long while ago, nearly fifty years since, the river Severn had overflowed its banks, and a large body of water was rushing down its course with great strength and violence. At that time, one Sunday, two boys were going to a Wesleyan Sabbath School; but instead of going straight to school as good boys should, they turned

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aside to the bank of the river to play. In a short time they took off their shoes and stockings, and waded a few yards into the water; one more daring than the other, went too far, and got into the bed of the river, where the stream had great power; he lost his foothold, and was carried off. Many persons saw the poor boy struggling in the angry water, and heard his cries for help, but no one dared to go into the water to his assistance, as not one swimmer in a hundred could have lived in the boiling current, much less struggle with and bring a drowning lad to the shore. But it was remembered that hard by there was one of these useful dogs kept by a gentleman. The faithful animal was there in a moment; his master pointed him to the boy, battling as well as he could with the foaming waters; without any hesitation the generous dog leaped into the stream, and, encouraged by the well-known voice of his owner, he made for the fatal spot. It was a critical moment, not a sound was heard, all was hushed by the solemnity of the scene, except the kind tones of the gentleman to his brave dog. "He has got him," said the spectators. So he had, and would have brought him to land, but the boy, terrified, it was thought, at the huge appearance of the dog opening his jaws to take firm hold of him, shrank from him, and before the animal could adjust his movements to make a second effort, the lad had sunk. The dog swam about the place where the boy went down, some time, but seeing nothing but the lad's hat, he seized that and brought it to his master. P. P.

MISSIONARY TALE.

A CORONATION IN TAHITI.

"TAHITI and Eimeo were now Christian islands," said Mrs. Raymond, "though many heathen still remained, and many of those who professed to be Christians were only so in name, as is the case everywhere. But the

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state of the country was wonderfully improved. You remember that at first, the friends and foes of the missionaries alike stole anything upon which they could lay their hands: now, it was not even necessary to lock the doors, so honest had the people become. Formerly the Kings had done whatever they pleased, but now laws were made which King and people were both obliged to obey. Once the little King's mother wanted some wood, and, instead of buying it, she desired her servants to cut down a bread-fruit tree, growing in a poor man's garden. Greatly to her Majesty's surprise, she was desired to appear before the Judges. She did not dare to disobey; and accordingly early the following morning, for trials were conducted at sunrise, she arrived accompanied by a great train of servants, under the spreading tree where the magistrates were sitting. The chief Judge, who was distinguished from the rest by wearing a bunch of red and black feathers in his straw hat, desired the poor man to state his case; and when that was done, turning to the Queen he asked if she did not know that there were laws? 'Yes,' she replied, 'but I did not know they applied to me.' The Judge then inquired where it was said that Kings and Queens should not be as obedient as their subjects; and finding that she could not answer this question, she sent for a bag of money, which I suppose she must have obtained from the crew of some ship, and threw it down before the poor man. 'Stop,' said the Judge, 'we have not done yet.' The Queen then fearing that she might be punished, began to cry bitterly, and acknowledged that she had been very wrong. The man then said, 'If the Queen is convinced that it was not right to take a poor man's tree without his leave, I am sure she will not do so again. I am satisfied; I require no other recompense.' So the Queen was allowed to go; and we will hope that she never offended again in the same way. She afterwards sent a present to the man."

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"What sort of punishments did they have, mamma?"

"Murder and rebellion were the only crimes punished by death. For theft, the culprit was obliged to restore four times the value of the stolen article; or, if he were unable to do this, some other punishment was appointed. Once, two young men, who had stolen some bread-fruit, were sentenced to build twenty-four feet of a wall round a garden. In the island of Raiatea the prisons were two pits, about fifteen feet deep, much smaller at the top than at the bottom. Once a missionary was very much surprised to see *two legs* hanging from a large basket fastened to the roof of a native house. He was told they belonged to a naughty boy, who had been put there by his father until he should be sorry for his fault. So you see, Minnie, they had different kinds of prisons. Some time after the death of Pomare II., it was decided to form a Parliament, on the same plan as our English one. All the chiefs in Tahiti and Eimeo were to attend it, and two persons of a lower rank from each division of these islands, who were to be chosen every three years by the inhabitants. They were to meet once a-year, and consult together upon different matters; but nothing was to be done without the consent of the King."

CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

STEPHEN.

Ascended the throne in 1135, and died in 1154, after a reign of nineteen years.

21. *Who succeeded Henry the First?*
Stephen, Adela's son, who reigned nineteen years,
Though the crown he possessed, 'midst disquiets and fears.

22. *Did Henry leave his crown to Stephen?*
No, Henry appointed his own daughter's son
(Plantagenet named), to succeed to his throne.

23. *Did Stephen reign undisturbed?*
No, a battle was fought, near to Lincoln, between

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Stephen's troops, and those of Matilda the queen,
He a prisoner was taken, but quickly was freed;
That the crown should be his till his death they agreed,
And then Henry Plantagenet should him succeed.

HENRY II.

Ascended the throne in 1154, and died 1189, after a reign of thirty-five years.

24. *Who succeeded Stephen?*
Plantagenet Henry, did this Prince succeed,
And in government duties he soon took the lead;
But Thomas à Becket, ambitious and vain,
By his insolent conduct disturbed the king's reign.

25. *Who was Thomas à Becket?*
This man was the son of a tradesman in town,
And was raised by the king, to the mitre and gown.

26. *What became of this prelate?*
Some facts of his conduct so troubled the king,
To remove him by murder, he deemed the best thing,
And therefore some men for this purpose did bring.

27. *What remarkable events happened in this reign?*
The English did conquer Hibernia strong;
Which at this very time does to England belong.

28. *What was the cause of Henry's death?*
The bad course of his sons, their ill-humour and strife,
Threw him into a fever which ended his life.

29. *What was the character of Henry the Second?*
For learning and wisdom, King Henry was famed,
He was one of the best that on the throne reigned.

Sent by P. COATES.

THE HYÆNA.

THE Hyæna is a very fierce and savage creature as the picture shows it to be. It is found in various parts of Asia and Africa, and the towns and villages are often thrown into a state of alarm in the night season by its savage attacks. It is said that it has a strong liking for

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the flesh of young children. A gentleman writing from Africa states that in the night they often approach in so gentle and cautious a manner, as to take the children from the side of their parents in bed; and the mother and father have not been aware of the loss until the cries of their little innocents have reached them from without, when close prisoners in the jaws of the monster. He then gives two instances of this sort that he knew himself. One was a boy of two years of age, and the other a girl of eight, who were dreadfully mangled, but who through the exertions of this gentleman and his friends were recovered.

This beast has very strong jaws, and a most greedy appetite. Dr. Buckland gives us an account of the feats of a Cape Hyæna, which he saw at Oxford in the travelling collection of Mr. Wombwell. "I was enabled," says that gentleman, "to observe the animals mode of proceeding in the destruction of bones. The shin bone

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of an ox being presented to this hyæna, he began to bite off with his molar teeth (the grinders) large fragments from its upper extremity, and swallowed them whole as fast as they were broken off. On his reaching the medullary cavity (the place where the marrow lies) the bone split into angular (having corners) fragments, many of which he caught up greedily, and swallowed entire. I gave the animal successively three shin-bones of a sheep; he snapped them asunder in a moment, dividing them in two parts only, which he swallowed entire without the smallest mastication. On the keeper putting a spar of wood two inches in diameter into his den, he cracked it in pieces as if it had been touchwood, and in a minute the whole was reduced to a mass of splinters. The power of his jaws far exceeded any animal force of the kind I ever saw exerted, and reminded me of nothing so much as a miner's crushing mill, or the scissors with which they cut off bars of iron and copper in the metal foundries.

It is evident that the hyæna is a very formidable enemy, and that in an encounter, without weapons of defence, man would have but a poor chance of escape. P. P.

COUNT ZINZENDORF'S CHILDREN.

COUNT ZINZENDORF was a good man who lived more than a hundred years ago in Germany, and spent his life in seeking to bring sinners to the Saviour whom he loved. He had twelve children. Six of them died while quite young, but with the first opening of their minds they seemed to feel the love of Christ.

M. Bost tells us about them in his "History of the Church of the Brethren." Little Jane died when only five years old at Herrnhut. If she was at all out of temper, or seemed inclined to disobey, it was quite sufficient to tell her that the Saviour would be displeased, and she yielded in a moment. She had much religious knowledge

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and experience for one of her age. During her illness she often said how joyful it would be to go to Jesus, and on the last evening before she died, when some friends were singing around her bed, she asked them to sing some verses of her own choice. Just before her spirit fled, she told them to bid her father and mother good-bye (for they were both away from home), and said she wanted to go to sleep, and then sank sweetly to eternal rest while the hymn she loved was being sung.

Spangenburg, a friend of Count Zinzendorf, who was an eye-witness, gives an account of the others who died, and though they are extraordinary, he was too truthful and exact to leave any doubt as to the facts. Caritas died in 1731. Her parents offered many prayers for her before her birth, and from her earliest days took the utmost care that she should neither hear nor see anything but what sprang from the love of Christ, or tended to promote it. She could speak prettily before she was a year old; and soon after that she took the greatest delight in what she called the Saviour's hymns, and used to sing them of her own accord. She had learned a great many verses and even hymns, simply by hearing her sisters sing them. One day her mamma who had missed her, asked where she had been. "To the Saviour, and to papa," she replied. "Have you been with the Saviour?" said her mamma. "Yes," she said, "papa was just talking to him." She had gone into the Count's room, and found him in prayer. In her last illness, when she was two years old, she began singing the words that were generally sung at the funeral service of a child as the body was being lowered to the grave—

"Jesus, let me come and rest,
Cradled on thy gentle breast!
Jesus, whom I dearly love,
Take me to Thy home above!"

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But she was too weak to continue; when obliged to be silent, she lay patiently and peacefully like a little lamb, casting sweet looks of childish love on all around her, and drawing tears from every eye. On the 26th November, she appeared to be near her end, and her father sang some farewell words at her bedside. They feared the child would die before her mother, who was absent, could reach home. But Zinzendorf asked the Saviour to spare her, adding that he knew not what he was asking, and that he left it entirely in the Lord's hands. The violence of the symptoms abated, and did not return till after the arrival of the Countess, five days after. When her father went to her cradle, she lifted up her right hand, and put it over her face, as she used to do when she wanted to go to sleep; the Count placed his own hand upon the little one's, and was offering a prayer, when her happy spirit fled. She was just two years and six weeks old.

Half a year before, while the Count was in deep sorrow, although resigned and full of ardent love to the Saviour, he had lost another child, Ernest John, of whom things of the same kind are narrated. When he was dying, one of his little sisters, four years old, asked an elder one who was weeping, "why Ernest was going to die?" "No," Ernest said, "I am not going to die, though they say so; it is only pain that dies." The day before his death, when he was in great suffering, his little sister Caritas, of whom we have spoken before, then only eighteen months old, turned round in her cradle, and sang in her soft clear voice,

> "Sweetest Lamb! the clouds are clearing
> As my life's last day is nearing;
> Thou art going far from sorrow,
> It will all be bright to-morrow."

—From the French, "*The Banished Count*," by Felix Bovet.

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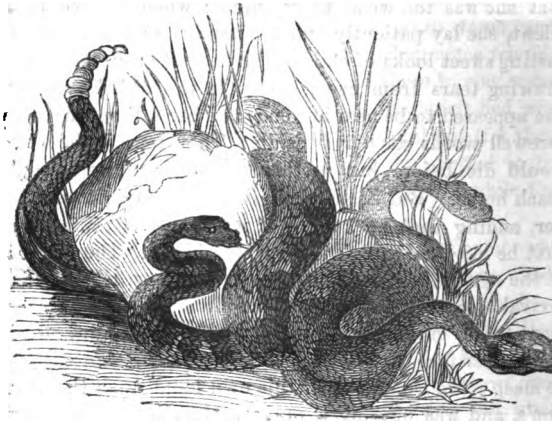

THE RATTLE-SNAKE

Is a native of America. The name of this reptile is derived from the loose bone structure at the end of the tail, called the rattle, and which, by the sound of its movements, gives timely warning of the nearness of this terrible creature. The rattle-snake is very sluggish, and when irritated, it always sounds its rattle, affording, to those who have approached it, an opportunity of flight. The bite of the serpent is mortal, and death always follows in a few hours after the poison from the bite has entered the body.

A short time ago, an American physician was exhibiting a caged rattle-snake to his friends; he placed his hand too near the irritable reptile, which immediately inflicted a wound, and although the utmost efforts were used to preserve the life of the sufferer, the bite proved fatal in a few hours.

When a person sees a serpent gliding towards him, which seldom happens, he should turn to one side, and

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he may be assured the animal will not follow him. Should a person stand still, and the snake be of a very large kind, capable of consuming a man at a meal, in such case the snake would pursue its course, and when sufficiently near the person, it would raise the forepart of his body, and then dart at him and seize him. A man may pass with safety within a yard of a rattle-snake, provided he goes quietly, but should he irritate the creature, or tread upon it, he would certainly receive a wound from its fang. The length of the rattle-snake seldom exceeds seven feet.

SAM, THE MISSIONARY COLLECTOR.

SAM was a little Sabbath scholar. He lived in a large sea-port town. He had a missionary collecting card given him. The very next day, as soon as he returned from school, he started off on his work of charity. Sam was very successful at first, met kind looks, received kind words, and many cheerful givers. His success pleased him. He ventured to go into a large inn, but he found that "there was no room for them in the inn" (Luke ii. 7). The people at the inn refused to give Sam anything for the missionaries. They took his card from him, and threw it into the fire. Our little collector went home almost broken-hearted. He thought, because he had lost his card, all the money he had collected was lost. His father knew better, comforted him, and applied for another card. He laboured on with fresh vigour, greater zeal in the missionary enterprise. To the readers of the FRIEND, who are missionary collectors, consider the following lines :—

"Little labourer, wonder not,
If thus they deal with thee.
Precious Name! they wish it not
To sound o'er earth and sea;
They love darkness more than light,
For their deeds are deeds of night.

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But there's One who sees them cast
That look of scorn on thee;
'Bear it, little one,' He says,
'They did it unto me;'
Count it joy, my darling child,
When for Jesus thus reviled."

H. PORTNALL.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

A SHEPHERD'S dog had found his way
Into a manger filled with hay,
And pleasantly reposed.
Refresh'd with the delightful smell,
He rolled about and liked it well,
And now and then he dozed.

A cow, attracted by the scent,
Up to the manger gently went,
Nor thought the dog would stir;
But so it was, by sad mishap,
She pulled his bed—disturbed his nap,
And waked the surly cur.

The dog sprang up to bark and growl,
And with a most uncivil howl,
To scold the cow began;
The cow then said, "Unhappy elf!
You cannot eat the hay yourself,
Yet won't let *me* who can!"

And thus some envious people do
The same ill-natured ways pursue,
Another to distress;
And (like the selfish dog) they strive
Their fellow creatures to deprive
Of means to gain success.

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A WORD IN SEASON.

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A WORD IN SEASON.

MANY years ago a certain minister was going one Sunday morning to his school-room. He walked through a number of streets, and as he turned a corner he saw assembled around a pump a party of little boys playing marbles. On seeing him approach they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow, not having seen him as soon as the rest, before he could succeed in gathering up his marbles, the minister had come to him and placed his hand upon his shoulder. They were face to face, the minister of God and the poor little ragged boy, who had been caught in the act of playing marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? That is what I wanted you to notice.

He might have said to him, "What are you doing there? You are breaking the Sabbath. Don't you deserve to be punished?"

But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said, "Have you found all your marbles?"

"No," said the boy, "I haven't."

"Then," said the minister, "I'll help you." Whereupon he stooped down, and began to look for the marbles; and as he did so he remarked, "I liked to play marbles when I was a little boy very much, and I think I can beat you; but," he added, "I never played marbles on Sunday."

The little boy's attention was now arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. Then the minister said,—

"I'm going to a place where I think you would like to be; will you come with me?"

Said the boy, "Where do you live?"

"In such and such a place," was the answer.

"Why, that's the minister's house!" exclaimed the

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boy, as if he did not suppose that a kind man and a minister of the Gospel could be the same person.

"Yes," said the man," "I am the minister myself; and if you'll come with me I think I can do you some good."

Said the boy, "My hands are dirty, I can't go."

"But," said the minister, "here's a pump—why not wash them?"

Said the boy, "I'm so little I can't wash and pump at the same time."

"Well," said the minister, "if you'll wash I'll pump."

He at once set to work, and pumped and pumped; and the boy washed his hands and face till they were quite clean.

Said the boy, "My hands are wringing wet, and I don't know how to dry 'em."

The minister pulled out a clean handkerchief, and offered it to the boy.

Said the boy, "But it is clean."

"Yes," was the reply, "but it was made to be dirtied."

The boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday-school.

Twenty years after the minister was walking in a street of a large city, when a tall man tapped him on the shoulder, and looking into his face, said, "You don't remember me?"

"No," said the minister, "I don't."

"Do you remember, twenty years ago, finding a little boy playing marbles round a pump? Do you remember that boy's being too dirty to go to school, and pumping for him, and speaking kindly to him, and taking him to school?"

"O!" said the minister, "I do remember."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "I was that boy. I rose in business and became a leading man. I have attained

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a position in society, and on seeing you to-day in the street, I felt bound to come to you and say, that it is to your kindness and wisdom and Christian discretion—to your having dealt with me persuasively—that I owe, under God, all that I have attained, and what I am at the present day."

CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

RICHARD I.

Ascended the throne in 1189, died 1199, after a reign of ten years.

30. *Who succeeded Henry the Second?*
His son Richard the First, whom the people surnamed
Cœur de Lion, as he for his courage was famed.

31. *What was the first act of Richard's reign?*
On ascending the throne (for a kind son was he,)
From prison, his mother, the queen, he set free.

32. *Did he not publicly show his sorrow for his conduct towards his father?*
Yes, a proof of his sorrow he publicly made,
By quickly commencing a holy crusade.

33. *What were the crusades?*
They were wars, which in Rufus's reign were begun,
In attempts to get Canaan the Saracens from.

34. *What happened to Richard while abroad?*
Richard gained many victories o'er Saladin,
But returning to England, the ship he was in
Was wrecked, and ere long he in prison was put,
By an Austrian Duke, and was bound hand and foot.

35. *Did Richard ever recover his liberty?*
After fifteen long months he did gain his own grounds,
By paying the duke many thousands of pounds.

37. *What was the cause of Richard's death?*
A nobleman having a large treasure gained,
It reached the king's ears, and by him was claimed:
He besieged this man's castle—the claim was denied,
Where, shot by an arrow, he soon after died.

Extracted by P. COATES.

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THE ABORIGINES OF AUSTRALIA.

This is a great world in which we live, and its various parts are known by different names. Hence we have Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia. This last name signifies to the south of Asia; and comprehends several large countries and small islands, as New Zealand, Tasmania, Queensland, New South Wales, etc., etc.

Until lately these countries were unknown to the rest part of the world. In the 16th century discoveries began, and down to the present century have been carried on by Portuguese, Spaniards, Dutch, French, and English navigators. A great part of the interior of this large country is yet unknown; but the progress of discovery is going on, and in the course of years it will be as well known as England is, and will be dotted all over with cities, towns, and smiling villages.

The country is exposed to droughts, and these are succeeded by heavy rains. The farmers experience very great difficulty from these variations. When the droughts come on the settlers have to drive their flocks and cattle a long way for water, and their herbage and crops so far fail as to bring ruin and disaster on hundreds of industrious families.

The Aborigines or natives are of two classes—the Malay, and another, which is called the Austral Negro, and which bears a strong resemblance to the African negro. This latter class is very low in its habits. Cannibalism or the practice of devouring human flesh was common among them, and is, perhaps, still observed among them privately. When pressed by hunger they devour grubs, snakes, stinking whales, and even vermin, with eagerness.

They have hardly any sense of religion; and in this respect are far below the Asiatic and African races. They, however, believe in a great spirit, *Koyan*, and an evil

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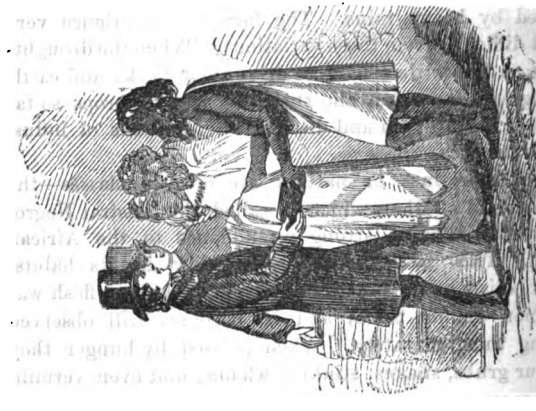

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one, *Potoyan.* The former is thought to watch over and protect them from the operations of the latter, and to assist them in recovering strayed children, whom the other is supposed to decoy for the purpose of devouring them.

When these regions were discovered, ships went from various parts of the world to trade with the inhabitants, and in course of time missionaries were sent to preach Christ to those poor people and to the settlers who had found their way thither. The group on the left in the picture, shows you a missionary, who is the best friend of the heathen, offering the Bible; while that on the right represents a trader presenting a bottle of spirits to those about him. The white man has not only taken his civilisation to Australia, but his vices also, and has farther degraded those whom he ought to have elevated.

Many years ago the Primitive Methodists sent out missionaries to this part of the world. These devoted men are labouring there yet, and many of the people have been converted. We hope to meet many of these in heaven at last. P.P.

MISSIONARY TALE.

A CORONATION IN TAHITI.

(*Concluded from page* 88.)

"I wish you could tell us some story about the little King, mamma," said Minnie.

"I think you will like to hear about his coronation, which took place soon after the first meeting of parliament, when he was nearly four years old. The Kings and chiefs from the neighbouring islands came to Tahiti to be present at it. A long procession was formed, in the midst of which the little boy was carried in a chair by four chiefs. About eight thousand people accompanied it to the field where the ceremony was to take place. When all were quietly arranged, a hymn was sung; and

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after prayer, Mr. Nott read over the laws to the people, and asked whether they were willing to promise obedience to the King? When all had held up their hands, to show their willingness, another missionary said to Pomare, 'Do you promise to govern your people in justice and mercy, in obedience to the Word of God, and these laws, and any other laws upon which the Parliament may agree, with your consent?'

"The little boy answered, 'I do, God being my helper.'

"Then Mr. Henry poured some oil upon his head, saying that that represented the Holy Spirit of God, which could alone enable him to act as a Christian Prince; and after another prayer, Mr. Nott placed the crown on his head, saying, 'May God grant you prosperity, health, length of days, and grace to rule in righteousness and in the fear of the Lord!' Then all the people shouted, 'God save the King! Long live the King!' Does this remind you of any story in the Bible?"

"Oh, yes, mamma!" answered Edith. "Of King Joash; but he was three years older than Pomare."

"And for that reason, I suppose, you consider Pomare far the most interesting of the two. However, to continue my story. The Bible was presented to the King, and then pardon was proclaimed to all prisoners, and the banished were permitted to return to their own lands. After service in the large church, which held about six thousand people, there was a grand dinner, and the day was observed with great rejoicings throughout all the islands.

"But little Pomare's life was not destined to be a long one. When he was six years and a half old, he was attacked by a disease which was very common at that time, and, after three weeks' illness, he died in the arms of one the missionaries."

"Poor little boy. Oh, we are so sorry!" exclaimed all the children.

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"It was a great grief to the missionaries, as well as to the people, but we may be sure that it was ordered rightly by God. He was succeeded by his elder sister, who was then about fifteen. While she was young, she did not set a very good example to her subjects, for she made friends of the wildest and most worldly people in the place; but as she grew older she improved, and became, I hope, a true Christian. During her reign there was another rebellion, which lasted some time, but at length it was put down. This was a great trouble to the missionaries; but there was another thing which distressed them still more. When they first came to Tahiti they found that much wickedness was caused by the natives drinking a spirit which they made themselves, called *aoa*, because when intoxicated with this, they committed deeds of cruelty which they could not have done had they been in their right senses. Pomare II. made a law by which this spirit was forbidden to be made; but as more and more European ships came to Tahiti, they brought other spirits with them, which the sailors sold to the natives; and, at the time of which I am now speaking, drunkards might often be seen lying senseless on the sea-shore, or fighting and quarrelling with each other in the most shocking way. Even those who had once been most attentive at school and church, and even attended the sacrament, sinned in this way."

"I don't wonder the missionaries were unhappy, mamma. What did they do?"

"They felt sure that this rebellion would never have occurred had it not been for this sin; and as the people seemed convinced of the same thing, they agreed to sign a paper, promising themselves never even to taste spirits, and they asked their congregations to do the same. You may be sure that the truly good people were only too delighted with this plan. The Queen's mother and aunt,

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and many of the Christian chiefs, did so immediately; and before long, the Queen herself followed their example. After this a law was made that if any person was found with even one glass of spirits in his possession he should be severely punished. Thus was this great sin put down." S. N. Y.

A CHILD AT PRAYER.

PRAYER is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

So sang a Christian poet many years ago. He knew that the quality of prayer does not depend upon a number of fine words put together in beautiful order, nor yet upon lofty thoughts of God. That poor African who said "Me fall flat on the promises and look up," expressed in his simple way the nature of prayer as truthfully as the wisest man living.

The prayers of children have often been very useful to grown-up people, as the following anecdote will show:—"Tawai was a fierce and terrible chief; his presence had been everywhere the precursor of bloodshed and misery. Early one Sunday morning the whole station at Kaitaia was thrown into dismay by his unexpected arrival. When the missionary inquired what he wanted, he replied, 'I am a Christian.' He wished to be more fully instructed in the way to heaven. He had been brought to the foot of the cross. The account he gave was this. Like Naaman of old, he had, in one of his many battles, brought away a little maid, and she, too, waited upon her master's wife. But, though a slave, this girl, who was a Christian, did not forget the God whom she had been taught by the missionary to love. Day by day she offered up her prayer not only for herself but for her captor and his wife. She

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was one day discovered on her knees, praying. Tawai was enraged, and positively forbade her praying again, but she persisted. He then threatened to shoot her, but she said she must pray: she could not live without prayer. The chief's anger was now changed into curiosity. What could induce the girl to endure threats and punishment rather than to cease to pray? He made her repeat her

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prayers and texts in his presence. The life-giving Word came with power to his soul, he was awakened and converted. The missionary afterwards baptized him : one of his first acts after making a profession of faith in Jesus was to visit his old enemies and entreat them to seek the Saviour who had made him so happy."

Boys and girls should not get angry with each other. Some children are very prone to lose their tempers and speak harshly to each other. To enable children to avoid this, a gentleman once told a boy that whenever bad feelings arose in his heart, before he spoke he should repeat the alphabet or count ten, and before he got to the end of his task he thought his passion would be cooled down.

We like the following advice given by a little girl much better :—

"Moses, Moses !" cried Mary. He did not directly answer. "Moses," she cried, "why don't you speak ?"

"I was counting ten," he answered gently.

"What for ?" she asked. "Have you dug up ten worms, I wonder ?"

"Because some good man says 'Count ten if you are in danger of speaking an angry or hasty word, and that will give you time to think.' I am often hasty to you, Mary, and I want to correct myself."

"I know a better way," said the girl humbly ; "I go and tell Jesus, and he helps me."

I hope that all the children who read the CHILD'S FRIEND pray. The Saviour has said, "Suffer little children and forbid them not to come to me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." P. P.

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THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE RAIN.

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THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE RAIN.

DEAR EDITOR,—On the 12th of May we had a beautiful rain, and although it was very much needed, being half-day holiday for children, some of them were not pleased to see it. On the same afternoon I read the following, which I thought might prove a valuable lesson for the children who read the pages of your Children's Friend.

"Mother, it rains," said a little girl, who was looking out of the window. "I am sorry not to make a visit to Emma; she invited me twice before, but it rained, and now it is raining hard again."

"I hope you will not be unhappy, my dear," said the mother. "I think I notice the tears upon your cheeks. I will not say it is a little thing, for the troubles of children seem great to them, but I trust you will be patient, and wait pleasantly for good weather."

"Mother, you have told me that God knows everything, and that he is always good. Then he certainly must know that there is but one Saturday afternoon in the week, and that all this time I have to play with my little friends. He must know that it has rained now these three holidays, when I wish so much to go abroad; and can he not make sunshine whenever he pleases?"

"We cannot understand all the ways of God, my child, but the Bible tells us that He is wise and good. Look out into your little garden, and see how happy the rose-buds are to catch the soft rain in their bosoms, and how the violets lift up their sweet faces to meet it, and as the drops fall into the quiet stream how it dimples with gladness and gratitude. The cattle will drink at the stream and be refreshed; should it be dried up they would be troubled; and were the green grass to grow brown and die, they would be troubled still more, and some of them might perish for want of food."

Then the good mother told her daughter of the sandy

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deserts in the East, and of the camel who patiently bears thirst for many days, and how the fainting traveller watched for the rain cloud, and blessed God when he found the water; and she shewed her the picture of the camel and of the caravan, and told her how they were sometimes buried under the sands of the desert. And she told her a story of the mother who wandered into the wilderness with her son, and when the water was spent in the bottle she laid him under the shade to die, and went and prayed in her anguish to God; then how an angel brought the water from heaven, and her son lived. She told her another story from the Bible, how there fell no rain in Israel for more than three years, and the grass dried up, and the brooks wasted away, and the cattle died, and how the great prophet prayed earnestly to God, and the skies sent their blessed rain, and the earth gave forth her fruit. Many other things this good mother said to her child to teach and entertain her. Then they sang together a sweet hymn or two, and the little girl was surprised to find the afternoon so swiftly spent, for the time passed pleasantly. So she thanked her kind mother for the stories she had told, and the pictures she had shown her, and she smiled and said, "What God pleases is best."

The mother kissed her child and said, "Carry this sweet spirit with you, my daughter, as long as you live and you will have gathered more wisdom from the storm than from the sunshine." P. COATES.

HOW TO FORGIVE.

IN Greenland, when one man had wilfully killed another, the nearest relation of the murdered man might avenge his death. Once a boy saw his own father killed before his eyes. He was then but thirteen years of age, and was considered too young to avenge himself. He was, therefore obliged to flee; but revenge was in his heart.

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Fifteen years passed by. He had grown into a fine young man, and one day set out on a long journey—to return to his native place. He did not expect to reach it for a week. What was his object? To kill the man who had killed his father!

When he arrived at his old home, he could find no lodging but in the house of the Missionaries; and though he would have preferred living with his countrymen, he accepted their invitation. Every one knew why he had come; and his enemy knew it too. The Missionaries did not talk to him about the wickedness of the deed he was going to commit; but they were very kind to him, and invited him to family-prayer. One morning he went to the Missionary, and said, "I want you to read me some more of that Book which tells about Jesus. I wish I could read it myself."

The Missionary read to him the account of the rucifixion. When he had finished, he said, "I do love Jesus; I would do anything for Jesus. How kind of Him to die for me!"

Missionary. Are you sure you would do anything for Jesus?

Young Man. O yes! I would do anything for Him. Tell me what I can do.

M. This Book says, "Thou shalt do no murder."

Y. O, but that man killed my father, and drove me from a happy home.

M. Jesus says, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." This is one of them.

Y. O, I do love Jesus; but—but—I must, I——

M. Be calm, young man: go out and think about it; then come and tell me your decision.

He went out. When he came back, he said, "I cannot decide. One moment I will, the next I will not. O, help me to decide!"

The Missionary replied, "When you will, it is your

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own wicked heart trying to gain the victory; and when you will not, it is the Spirit of God striving in you."

The result was, he gave up the murderous intention, which had been cherished for years.

The converted Greenlander sent a message to his enemy, inviting him to come and meet him as a friend. The man came; but with treachery in his heart. He gave the young man an invitation to visit him on the other side of a river, and treated him with apparent kindness; but, on returning to his boat, a hole was discovered in the bottom of it, made by that very man. The youth speedily stopped it up; and, on raising his eye, saw his defeated enemy greatly enraged, for he had gone up to a high rock to see his victim perish. Preserved from destruction, the young Christian exclaimed, "I forgive you; for Jesus has forgiven me!"—*Early Days.*

A MONASTERY.

This is a picture of the ruins of the Benedictine Priory, stands about a mile from the City of Lincoln. here are many such ruins in England. When most of people in this country professed the religion of Popery we had a great number of priests in this land, and thousands lived in these houses, which were called Monasteries, and the priests, monks. They professed to spend their days, and oftentimes a great part of their nights also, in prayer and other acts of devotion. They were not supposed to have anything to do with the world. They ate and drank and slept within the walls of the monastery, and all they had was provided for them by the people outside, who made grants of money to these places, supposing them to be very useful institutions in preserving religion in the country and procuring the favour of God Like houses were built for women who were called nuns, and the buildings nunneries. Both monks and nuns

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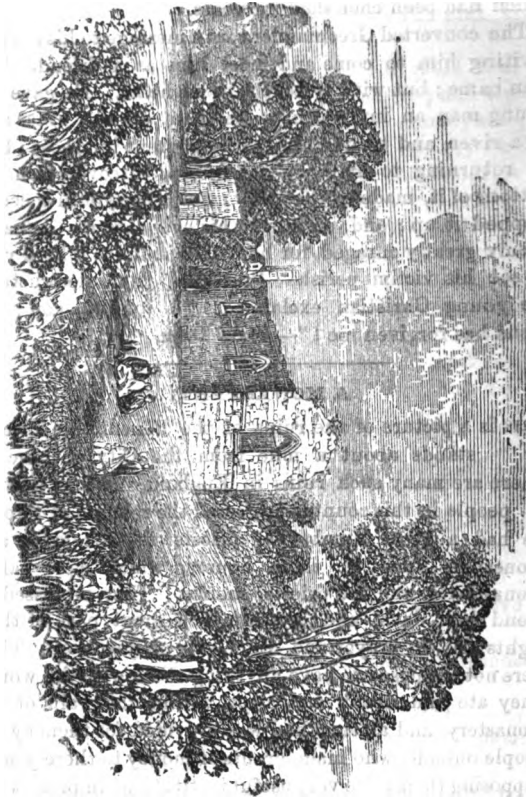

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remained unmarried; indeed, they would have considered it very sinful to marry after the vows they had taken.

At the time of the Reformation, in this kingdom monasteries and nunneries were forbidden, and the property, which was oftentimes very large, was taken by the country and used for other purposes, and various laws were made to discourage the growth of Popery. But latterly these orders of religious men and women have again sprung up in the land; but they will never get that influence they had in the dark ages. P. P.

THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

A little downy chicken one day,
  Asked leave to go on the water,
Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,
  Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed, she began to peep and cry
  When her mother wouldn't let her:
"If the ducks can swim there, why can't I?
  Are they any bigger or better?"

Then the old hen answered, "Listen to me,
  And hush your foolish talking;
Just look at your feet, and you will see
  They were only made for walking."

But chicky wistfully eyed the brook,
  And didn't half believe her;
For she seemed to say, by a knowing look,
  "Such stories couldn't deceive her."

And as her mother was scratching the ground,
  She muttered lower and lower,
"I know I can go there and not be drowned,
  And so I think I'll show her."

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Then she made a plunge where the stream was deep,
And saw too late her blunder;
For she hadn't hardly time to peep
Till her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show
The child my story reading,
That those who are older sometimes know
What you will do well in heeding;

That each content in his place should dwell;
And envy not his brother;
And any part that is acted well
Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper sphere below,
And this is a truth worth knowing,
You will come to grief if you try to go
Where you were never made for going.

The Children's Hour.

TWO LITTLE BOYS.

Now the long summer evenings are come, and little readers of the CHILD'S FRIEND can no longer play out of doors, but are obliged to sit by the fire, I would advise them to store their little minds well. To learn some pretty hymns, and like the busy industrious bee,

"Improve each shining hour,"

remembering that it is quite true,

"That Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

They must learn to read their bible, then they will find that Jesus would like them all to love Him,

"He hath bid the lambs to come,
To His ever bright and happy home,
Up in heaven."

I knew a little boy once, who used to say and sing also, all that little hymn. He has gone to be with Jesus. It

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was George Warner. He went to heaven when about six years old. Dear little readers, if God were to take you from your home on earth, would you go to the br ight and happy home of Jesus up in heaven? You will if you give your little hearts to Jesus, and get washed in His precious blood.

I knew another little boy who died on the 18th of February of this year, who also has gone to the "Jerusalem, for ever bright." He lived and died in Aylesbury. A night or two before he died about one o'clock he aske his dear mamma to read to him. "What shall I read, my dear boy?" she asked. "One of the jewels out o my prize, mamma." A few weeks previous he had had "Bible Jewels" by Dr. Newton, given him as a Sabbath school prize. She went down into the drawing-room, fetched the book, and returned to the bedside of the dear sufferer. "Which one shall I read, my boy?" "The one on prayer, mamma." She complied with the request, and as she read explained everything he did not quite understand. After reading two hours she said, 'Shall I pray with you, my dear John?' "Oh yes, do, mamma." She then knelt by the bedside and commended him to Jesus. When rising from her knees, John said, "Thank you, mamma," turned round and fell asleep. On his awaking shortly after his mamma found he had become delirious. The dear boy continued so until his death, with only one brief space of consciousness. His papa then said to him, "Do you wish to go to Jesus?" A meek reply came with a bright smile, "Yes, oh yes." And in less than an hour he passed off amidst extreme mental agony and physical suffering. He is interred in a beautiful spot in the Aylesbury Cemetery awaiting the resurrection morning.

Brinkworth. ANNIE L. PORTNALL.

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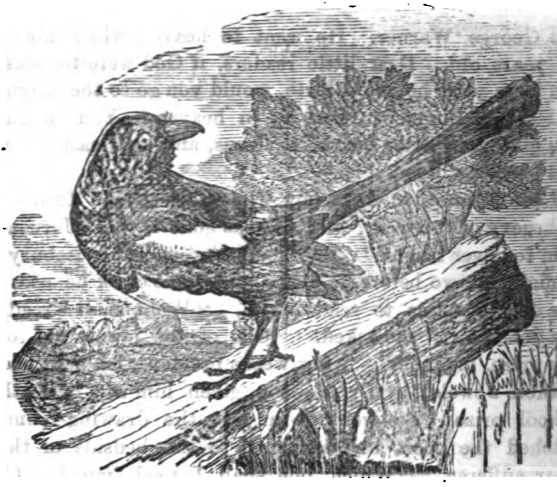

THE MAGPIE.

The Magpie is found in every country in Europe, in the temperate parts of Asia, and in some parts of North America. This bird is about eighteen inches in length. The head, neck, and breast, are of deep black, while the under parts are of snowy whiteness. One of our poets has thus described its manners :—

"So I have seen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpie bright,
Majestically stalk,
A stately, worthless animal,
That plies the tongue and wags the tail,
All flutters, pride, and talk."

The magpie is a very crafty bird. A gentleman travelling in Scotland, was one day amusing himself with the objects within his view. On the road between Hantley and Portroy, he observed two magpies hopping in a peculiar manner round a gooseberry-bush in a small

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garden, and flying out and into the bush. He stepped aside to see what they were doing, and found, from the poor man and his wife, that, as there were no trees all round for some miles, those magpies for several succeeding years had built their nest and brought up their young in this bush; and, that foxes, cats, hawks, etc., might not interrupt them, they had barricaded not only their nest, but had encircled the bush with briars and thorns in a formidable manner; nay, so completely, that it would have cost even a fox, cunning as he is, some days' labour to get into the nest.

Here we see great care lest the nest should be robbed of its eggs and young. Many boys are very fond of taking nests; but it is a cruel practice. We have often wondered how they would like their houses broken into by robbers, and everything taken out of them, and their home levelled with the ground, and all the inmates sold off into slavery or killed. This is really what many thoughtless boys do to the poor birds whom they rob of their young. If any of the readers of the CHILD'S FRIEND have indulged in this unfeeling sport, the Editor hopes they will not do so any more. P. P.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

"MOTHER," said little Isabel,
"When I am fast asleep,
The pretty grass and lovely flowers
Do nothing else but weep.

For every morning when I wake,
The glistening tear-drops lie
Upon each tiny blade of grass,
And in each flow'ret's eye.

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I wonder why the grass and flowers
  At night become so sad;
For early through their tears they smile,
  And seem all day so glad!

Perhaps 'tis when the sun goes down
  They fear the gathering shade,
And this is why they cry at night,
  Because they are afraid.

Mother, if I should go and tell
  The pretty grass and flowers,
About God's watchful love and care
  Through the dark midnight hours.

I think they would no longer fear,
  But cease at night to weep,
And then, perhaps, would bow their heads,
  And gently go to sleep."

"What seemeth tears to you, my child,
  Is the refreshing dew
Our heavenly Father sendeth down,
  Each morn and evening new.

The glittering drops of pearly dew
  Are to the grass and flowers
What slumber through the silent night
  Is to this life of ours.

Thus God remembers all the works
  Which He in love hath made;
O'er all His watchfulness and care
  Are night and day displayed."

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THE HAPPY NEGRO.

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THE HAPPY NEGRO:

ELIZA PETER was a little negro girl. Her father and mother worshipped idols. The Missionary had taken the Bible to their country, had told them the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, and they became Christians. Eliza learned to love Jesus when she was very young. She went to class at four years old. She was taken ill. At first her mother made light of it, but one morning after, when her mother had got her ready for school, little Eliza was unwilling to go. Then her mother knew she was sick, because she was fond of school and anxious to be there in time. Her mother sent for her leader to come and see her. The doctor was sent for, he came and gave her some medicine. The little negro became worse. At midnight she said to her mother, "Mamma, I feel in dreadful pain." Her mother said, "Look to Christ, tell him of all your pain, and He will help you." She then said to her mother, "Don't you hear singing?" "No," said her mother, "I don't, where?" Little Eliza then began singing—

"I cannot tell why, I cannot tell why,
King Jesus so love me, I cannot tell why."

After she had sung she said, "Mother, don't you see the angels?" "No, my child," said her mother. She then began singing—

"I've glory, glory in my soul, sing glory."

The little happy negro then said, "I will shout glory—with a crown of glory on my head, I'll shout glory—with a palm of victory in my hand, I'll shout glory." She then wanted her Bible, her mother told her she could not have it. She then folded her arms together, and prayed the Lord's Prayer. Her mother then said, "Eliza, why do you talk so much?" She replied, "I don't talk but what I feel, mamma." Her mother stood weeping by her side. "Mother," said the little dying girl, "you must not cry, for I am going home." To her brothers she said, "Don't

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ery, I am going home." To all present she then said, "Good bye," and expired. Her age, only eight years, four of which were given to the Lord. Reader, love Jesus then you like her,

"Shall sing the song of praise in glory,
With Jesus Christ your hiding-place in glory,
And spend a long eternity in glory,
In praising on the heavenly key, sing glory."

H. PORTNALL.

HOSPITALITY.

ONE day Tommy rushed into the kitchen quite in a breeze crying out, "Mother, mother, there is an old man down in the road sitting on a log; shan't I set Pompey on him?"

"Set Pompey on him?" said his sister, "what for?"

"Oh, because," answered Tommy, looking a little ashamed, "because—perhaps he'll come and eat us up."

"A foolish reason of a foolish boy," said his mother; "Go out Esther and see if the man wants anything. Perhaps he's tired with a hard day's travel among the mountains."

"Perhaps he's somebody's grandpa," said Esther. "Would you like to have a naughty boy set his dog on your grandpa, Tommy?"

Esther ran down the green lane, and peeping through the gate, saw him resting under the shade of an old oak tree.

"Would you like anything?" asked Esther. "Will you please to come in and rest yourself in our kitchen?"

"Thank you, chicken," said the old man. "I should be very thankful for a drink of water."

Esther scampered back to the house laughing.

"He called me chicken," said she; "and chicken will draw him some cool water from the well, with her own little claws."

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Her mother gave her the pitcher, and she drew the water from the well, and hastened with the cooling drink to the poor traveller. Pompey marches ahead, smelling the way, and Tommy slinks behind, as well he may, after harbouring such cowardly thoughts about the old man.

How pleased he is to see them! He is tired and dusty, for he has come a long way.

"I thank you," he said, after drinking; "I thank you. It tastes very good. Do you know what the Lord Jesus once said about a cup of cold water? I will tell you. He said 'Whosoever shall give to one of his people a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, he shall in no wise lose his reward. May the Lord bless you, little girl, as I am sure I do."

And a happy feeling stole into the young child's bosom at the man's words, for the blessing of the poor and the stranger fell upon her. *Sent by* J. S. SYMONDS.

CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH HISTORY,

JOHN

Ascended the throne in 1199, died 1216, after a reign of seventeen years.

38. *Who succeeded Richard the First?*
This Prince was succeeded by his brother John,
(The brother of him surnamed Cœur de Lion.)

39. *What particular events happened in John's reign?*
The Normandy Duchy was lost by King John,
Which since the Conquest did to England belong,
He offended the Pope and did out of his grounds,
Pay an annual tribute of two thousand pounds.

40. *Was not King John engaged in disputes with the Barons?*
Yes, the Barons enraged at his weakness and pride,
Compelled all the people to fight on their side,
They made the King grant them as if 'twas a barter,
A new Bill of Rights which they called Magna Charta.

41. *Did John's difficulties end here?*
No, the people were vexed at the conduct of John,

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And invited the Dauphine to come to the throne.

42. *Did the Dauphine accept the invitation?*

Yes, he landed at Sandwich, where he did soon gain
All the nobles, and these did the Kingdom obtain.

43. *What became of John?*

In crossing the Lincolnshire washes he lost
All his baggage, and thus all his projects were crossed,
And having reached Newark, he did there remain,
And died in the seventeenth year of his reign."

HENRY III.

Ascended the throne in 1216, and died 1272, after a reign of fifty-six years.

44. *What did the English do on John's death?*

On the death of King John, they the realm did divide
Into two distinct parties, and both of them tried,
The one side to raise the French King to the throne,
And the other maintained Henry's right to the throne.

45. *How old was Henry at the time of John's death?*

Ten years old was this Prince when he came to the throne
For his party prevailed and the crown was his own.

46. *What was Henry the Third's public character?*

This prince was possessed of a very weak mind,
In his reign House of Commons was established, we find.

Extracted by P. COATES.

HOUSE TOPS.

THE houses mentioned in the New Testament are altogether different from the houses we see in this day, and in this country. "House tops" are often mentioned in such a way as to mislead us, unless we bear in mind the manner in which the Jews built their houses. The houses in this country have steep roofs, so that it would be with difficulty a person could stand on them; not so with the houses about Jerusalem; their roofs were flat, as the engraving will show us. At certain times of the day the Jews resorted in great numbers to these eminences. Here

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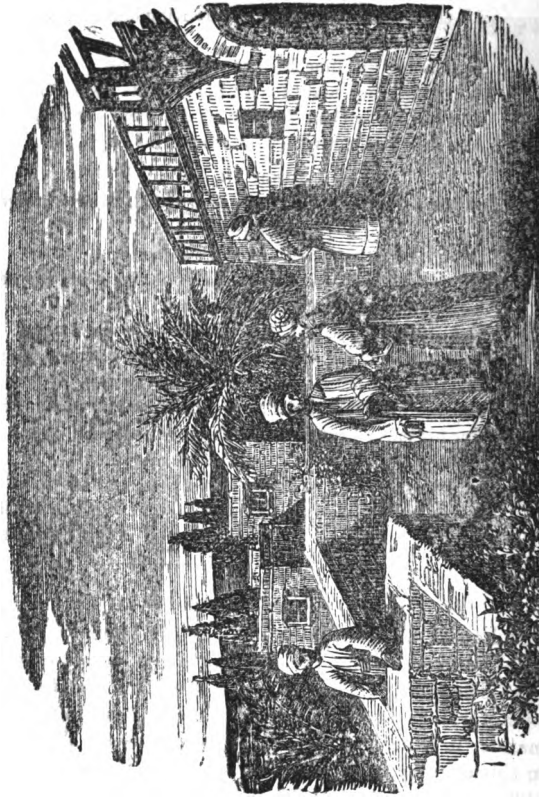

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they walked about for fresh air, meditated and prayed; here also they dried their figs and flax.

In Joshua ii. 6, we read of Rahab hiding the spies among the stalks of flax which she had laid in order on the house top. In Luke v. we have a very interesting account of the power of Jesus Christ to heal. And the people brought a man that had been taken with the palsy. The multitude pressed about the door of the house where Jesus was, and they that brought the poor man not being able to go into the house through the crowd, bore him to the house top, and let him down through the tiling with his couch into the midst where Jesus was, and Jesus healed him and pardoned his sins.

In the Acts of the Apostles, we have an account of Peter going to the house top, no doubt to meditate and pray, and while here he fell into a trance, and he saw a vision, a sheet was let down from heaven, and all manner of beasts appeared to be painted thereon. In this vision the Lord taught this apostle that it was right to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles.

We have many other references to this question in the Holy Scriptures, but our space will not allow us to refer to them; but when our youthful readers meet with them, what we have written will enable them to see the bearing of the passages. P. P.

CHILDLIKE SYMPATHY.

The sun has risen in glory. The music of happy birds is filling the air. The green fields are radiant with their brightest hue. The corn fields are waving with golden grain. Amid this scene of beauty, there wander forth a company of joyous children, shouting and singing as an expression of delight. They climb the hill—scamper down the vale—plucking the daisy—ascending the trees—gathering the strawberries—chasing the butterfly, and splashing the stream. Every heart is happy—as happy,

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as if grim care had died, and "joy unspeakab e" had ascended his vacant throne. The scene would have been almost worthy of paradise, but for one defect. That defect, was a sightless boy, standing lonely and silent. His eyeballs roll in vain to catch one gleam of the sun, or to feast on the beauty of the flower. Down his young cheek the tear steals its noiseless way, full of wordless eloquence. My young reader, think for a moment. Is that boy despised or neglected for his blindness? No, no. There are young hearts in that company, full of compassion. Their hands are offered to lead the blind boy on his way, and thus blindness itself is made bright under the radiant smile of sympathy. Lessons were taught by that sad sight. The boys cannot forget it, for, as they record the day's deeds, and joys, on reaching home, they exclaim—

"We asked why he wept, mother,
Whene'er we found the spots
Where periwinkle crept, mother,
And wild forget-me-nots.

"'Ah me!' he said, while tears ran down
As fast as summer showers,
'It is because I cannot see
The sunshine and the flowers.'"

"Oh, that poor sightless boy, mother,
Had taught me I am blest;
For I can look with joy, mother,
On all I love the best.

"And when I view the dancing stream,
And daisies red and white;
I'll kneel upon the meadow sod,
And thank my God for sight."

May each reader learn some lesson from this narrative, not forgetting Him who opened the eyes of the blind, even Jesus.

Brinkworth. H. PORTNALL.

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CARRY'S TEMPTATION.

LITTLE Carry, a bright-eyed, cheerful girl, six years old, was gazing upon some pretty-looking scissors in a glass case. At length an urgent request is made to mother for a pair. "No, Carry dear, by and by; a little older and you shall."

A few days after, Carry was observed by her mother, looking at the scissors wishfully. "Carry, do you know that Satan is tempting you? Did not mother say no?"

In the course of a few days the child was left alone in the shop, and was drawn to the glass-case. The mother overheard her saying, "Go away, Satan. Don't you know it is very wicked of you to tempt me? Mother said I was not to have any." *Sent by* J. BELL.

THE GNOO.

THIS graceful animal is a native of Southern Africa. It is difficult at a hasty glance to tell whether most of the horse, the buffalo, or the antelope, is seen in the active and sprightly gnoo. It is armed with large horns, which grow on the top of its forehead, as seen in the print, and then sweeping downwards over the face, turn boldly upward with a sharp curve. The neck is graced with a mane like that of a horse, and the legs are like the legs of a stag. It is a swift animal, and when provoked is very dangerous. When it attacks an opponent it drops on its knees, and then springs forward with such force that, unless he is extremely wary and active, he cannot avoid the shock. When a hunter approaches the old bulls, they commence whisking their long white tails in a most eccentric manner; then springing suddenly into the air, they begin to prance and caper, and pursue each other at their utmost speed. Suddenly they all make a stand, and carefully watch the movements of the intruder. Then two of the bulls will often commence fighting in the most furious manner, dropping on their knees at every shock; then

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quickly wheeling, they kick up their heels, whirl their tails with a fantastic flourish, and scour across the plains, enveloped in a cloud of dust.

The size of the gnoo is about that of a well-grown ass. The flesh is in good repute among both natives and colonists.

DINNER-TIME.

As I sat eating my dinner to-day, and enjoying the good things with which my table was spread, I began thinking of the many different circumstances under which people dine.

I had just returned from a visit to the neighbouring workhouse, where I had seen several scores of poor people sitting down at long deal-tables, to a plentiful meal of leg-of-beef soup and bread, to be followed by so many ounces of suet-pudding. The dining-hall was scrupulously clean; the pewter plates and basins were as bright "as a new

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pin ;" and the food, though plain, was good and wholesome.

In coming along the lane which leads to our village, I passed a gipsy tent; and there, too, it was dinner-time. The dinner, however, was not on the table, but in a large iron pot, which had just been lifted off the fire, and placed on the grass under the hedge.

A couple of dirty-looking men, with half a dozen women and children, sat round the savoury hotch-potch ; and, with an odd assortment of basins and broken plates, pocket-knives, and two-pronged forks for dinner-service, were getting their mid-day meal in a fashion which set at nought all the regulations of polite society.

Then, nearer home, old Harry Scott, who is employed by the parish to keep our roads in order, was seated on a bank, carving a great hunch of bread and cold meat, which his grand-daughter Rosa had brought carefully wrapped up in her little basket ; whilst "Pincher," the terrier who looks after his master's coat when he is at work, sat wagging his stumpy tail, and snapping up the morsels which were occasionally thrown to him.

And so we all dined, and many thousands besides : some in workhouses, and others in palaces ; some by the roadside, and others with every comfort and luxury ; some with a scanty supply, and others at a bountiful feast.

Did you ever think how regularly dinner-time comes round every day, and what vast multitudes have to be fed, and yet how very few are left without their dinner ? Let us not forget that God provides for all. He gives us "day by day our daily bread." Not a year's supply all at once, but "day by day," just as we want it. So let us daily praise Him ; and at dinner-time, and all our meals, before we eat, first offer thanks to Him—

"Who pours His blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies."

—*Child's Companion.*

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AFRICA.

Heard ye not harmonious strains,
  Wafted by the whispering breeze,
From dark Afric's torrid plains,
  O'er the vast and stormy seas?
Once a fierce and bloody race,
Now unite in hymns of praise,
Magnify the Saviour's might,
Glorify the Spirit's light.

Loud hosannas rise around,
  Thousand voises sweetly blend;
Rocks and hills repeat the sound,
  High as heaven the notes ascend;
Dark of visage though they be,
See them humbly bend the knee!
Simple earnest words they say,
O, how sweet to hear them pray,

Blessings on the preacher's head!
  Many swarthy sons of Ham,
By his deathless zeal, are led
  To embrace the bleeding Lamb;
Numerous nations, barbarous bands,
Tribes that traverse sultry sands,
Yet shall wake from mental sleep,
And emerge from darkness deep.

Ethiopia shall behold,
  In the south, a flaming star,
Egypt view its rays unfold,
  Beaming brightly from afar;
Purged from vile and pagan dross,
By the conquests of the Cross,
Africa through all her coasts,
Shall extol the Lord of hosts.

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THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG AND THE DROWNING CHILD.

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THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG AND THE DROWNING CHILD.

RETURNING from a visit in New Orleans, we were fortunate enough to secure passage in a line steamer, with but few passengers. Among the ladies, one especially interested us. She was the widow of a wealthy planter, and was returning with only one child to her father's house. Her devotion to the child was very touching, and the eyes of her old black nurse would fill with tears as she besought her mistress "not to love that boy too much, or the Lord would take him away from her."

We passed through the canal of Louisville, and stopped for a few minutes at the wharf, when the nurse, wishing to see the city, walked out on the guard, at the back of the boat, where, by a sudden effort, the child sprang from her arms into the terrible current that sweeps towards the falls, and disappeared immediately. The confusion which ensued attracted the attention of a gentleman who was sitting in the fore part of the boat, quietly reading. Rising hastily, he asked for some article the child had worn. The nurse handed him a tiny apron she had torn off in her efforts to retain the babe in her arms. Turning to a splendid Newfoundland dog that was eagerly watching his countenance, he pointed first to the apron, and then to the spot where the child had gone under. In an instant the noble dog leaped into the rushing water, and also disappeared. By this time the excitement was intense, and some persons on shore, supposing that the dog was lost as well as the child, they procured a boat and started off to search for the body. Just at this moment the dog was seen far away with something in his mouth. Bravely he struggled with the waves, but it was evident that his strength was failing fast, and more than one breast gave a sigh of relief as the boat reached him, and it was an-

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nounced that he had the child, and that it was still alive. They were brought on board—the dog and the child.

Giving a single glance to satisfy herself that the child was really living, the young mother rushed forward, and sinking beside the dog, threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears. Not many could view the sight unmoved, and, as she caressed and kissed his shaggy head, she looked up to his owner, and said :—

"Oh, sir, I must have this dog! I am rich; take all I have—everything—but give me my child's preserver."

The gentleman smiled, and patting his dog's head, said :—

"I am very glad, madam, he has been of service to you, but nothing in the world could induce me to part with him."

The dog looked as though he perfectly understood what they were talking about, and giving his sides a shake, laid himself down at his master's feet with an expression in his large eyes that said plainer than words—"No, nothing shall part us." *Sent by* P. COATES.

A HAPPY DEATH.

MISS EMMA TATHAM loved Jesus with all her heart. To her, Christ was all in all. When dying, heaven was opened to her vision. On seeing her friends weep, she earnestly said, "Do not weep, do not weep. Oh, no! See how happy I am! I cannot help telling you. Blessed Jesus! He is with me; with me. He is here. Tell my dear father that,

"Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
Whilst on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Reader, love Jesus. Live to Him. Then you will die like this young Christian. H. PORTNALL.

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THE LEPER KNEELING TO THE SAVIOUR.

THE account of the transaction represented in the engraving is recorded in the eighth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. In the three former chapters we have the sermon which our Saviour delivered on the Mount. De-

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scending from the mountain, accompanied by a multitude of his hearers, he was met by a leper, one of those afflicted men who, in the days of our Lord, were deemed incurable. Lepers were separated from their friends and relatives, and compelled to dwell alone, lest the contagion of their disease should spread to others. The leper represented in the drawing, and mentioned by St. Matthew in the above-named chapter, had heard of the fame of Christ, and resolved to crave the exercise of his compassion. Falling prostrate before him, he cried, "Lord, if thou *wilt*, thou *canst* make me clean." He had *faith* in the *power* of Christ, and some hope of his mercy. Happy was it for him that he met the Saviour, implored his aid, and confided in his power and goodness. Jesus heard his prayer, compassionated his case, and to show his power over the infectious disease of leprosy, he touched the afflicted man, and said, "I will; be thou clean." Power attended his word, and *immediately* the leper was cleansed. The doctrines the Saviour had just taught on the Mount, were now confirmed by this striking miracle, of which many who had listened to his sermon were the witnesses.

A CHRISTMAS PETITION

Kind children of merry England,
  Before your pleasure, and your play,
Remember the workhouse children,
  And make them a happy day.

Turn out your toys and treasures,
  Consider what you can spare,
The poor little workhouse children
  Have no pretty playthings there.

Ah! there's an old doll, and a waggon,
  A whistle, a top, and a ball;
Send some to the workhouse children—
  They'll thank you for any—for all.

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And look up some patchwork pieces,
Scraps, pictures, send every one;
Remember, the workhouse children—
The poor workhouse children have none.

And have you no apples and raisins,
Nuts, toffy,—or something to spare?
Oh! hasten with these to the workhouse,
There's many a little mouth there.

And when you have witnessed their pleasure,
Then shut too your drawing-room door,
Enjoy your own bountiful measure,
With pleasure untasted before.

The dear Lord, who came down at Christmas,
Is waiting to sweeten your share,
When the poor, and widow, and orphan
Have tasted your pity and care.

Sent by J. S. Symonds.

TRUTH UNWITTINGLY APPLIED.

"Jemmy," said my father to a half-witted neighbour, "dost recollect us jumping with long poles on the moor when we were lads?" "Aye," said Jemmy, "I recollect. Next jump we take, Joshua, will be in the grave." And so it happened; for in a short time my father died, and Jemmy, in no very long time after, followed him. Thus, thoughtlessly, fools may become the teachers of the wise. —*Early Days.*

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THE RAVEN.

THE raven is a bird of prey, resembling the common crow in size, shape, and colour. It is a very crafty bird, and can with difficulty be approached. It delights in deserted and solitary places. The raven seems to fear no storms, and to be deterred by no inclemency of weather from seeking its prey. It flies high, scents carrion at a distance of several miles, and feeds on fruit and small animals. When it is about to feed on a dead body, it is said to seize first on the eyes. It has a great capacity for imitating sounds, and can be taught to pronounce whole sentences, or sing songs with wonderful accuracy. The young of the raven leave the nest early, before they are able to supply themselves with food; in fact, the old ones drive them away. Although formerly plentiful in Eng-

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land, it has now become almost extinct. The nest is a large irregular structure of heath, grass, wool, and feathers, and seaweed if built near the sea-shore. It lays from four to seven eggs, of a pale green colour, spotted with greenish brown. The length of the bird is two feet two inches, and the expanse of wing four feet eight inches.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

What can I give to Jesus,
  Who "gave himself for me?"
How can I show my love to Him
  Who died on Calvary?

I'll give my *heart* to Jesus
  In childhood's tender spring;
I know that He will not despise
  So mean an offering.

I'll give my *soul* to Jesus,
  And calmly, gladly rest
Its youthful hopes and fond desires
  Upon His loving breast.

I'll give my *mind* to Jesus,
  And seek, in thoughtful hours,
His Spirit's grace to consecrate
  Its early opening powers.

I'll give my *strength* to Jesus,
  Of foot and head and will;
Run where He sends, and ever strive
  His pleasure to fulfil.

I'll give my *time* to Jesus;
  Oh that each hour might be
Filled up with holy work for Him
  Who spent his life for me!

I'll give my *wealth* to Jesus;
  'Tis little I possess,
But all I am, and all I have,
  Dear Lord, accept and bless!

And if, O dearest Jesus,
  Long life to me is given,
Thy missionary let me be,
To win some precious souls for Thee,
And with them, through eternity,
  To praise Thy name in Heaven.

Juvenile Missionary Herald.

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THE

CHILD'S FRIEND

VOL. VII.

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1871.

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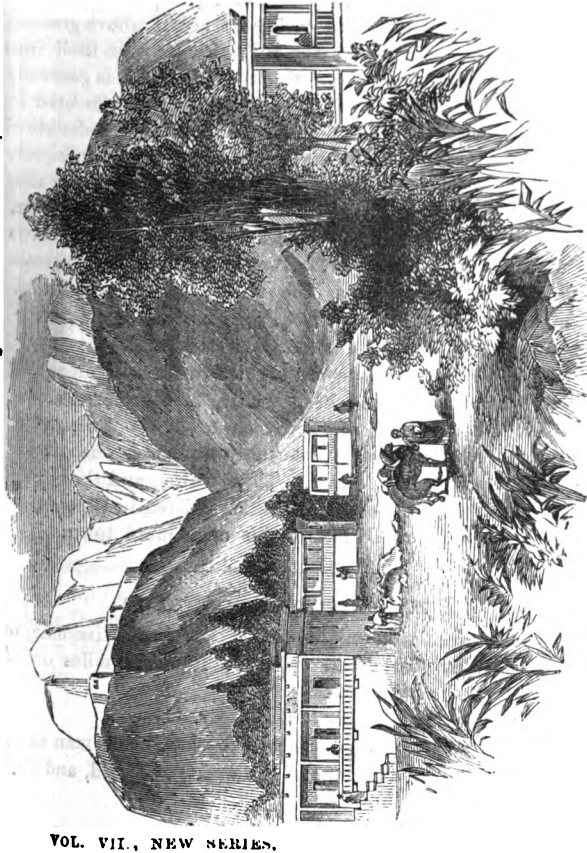
1871.



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COLOSSE.

The city of Colosse was situated in the south of Phrygia. The part of the province in which it lay is pointed out, as well as its former greatness asserted, by Herodotus, the Greek historian, when he says that it was a great city of Phrygia, standing where the river Lycus, running under ground, disappears; but rising up again above ground, at the distance of about five furlongs, empties itself into the river Meander. From this statement, it is generally believed that the ancient city of Colosse is represented by the modern village of Khonus. This village is described by Mr. Arundell as being situated very picturesquely under the immense range of Mount Cadmus, which rises to a very lofty and perpendicular height behind the village, and which is in some parts clothed with pines, and in others bare of soil, without chasms and caverns. The approach to Khonas, as well as the village itself, is beautiful, abounding in tall trees, from which vines of most luxuriant growth are suspended. In the immediate neighbourhood of the village are several vestiges of an ancient city, consisting of arches, vaults, and squared stones, while the ground is strewed with broken pottery, which so generally and so remarkably indicates the sites of ancient towns in the east. These ruins, and the epistles sent by Paul to the church which existed in Colosse, are now the only memorials of this once noted town.

HAVE YOU THE BIBLE?

Two men came, one night, to Mr. Ellis, the Missionary to Madagascar. They had walked a hundred miles out of their way to visit him.

"Have you the Bible?" asked Mr. Ellis.

"We have seen it, and heard it read," one man said; "but we have only some of the words of David, and they

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do not belong to us; they belong to the whole family of man."

"Have you the words of David with you now?" asked Mr. Ellis.

They looked at each other, and would not answer. Perhaps they were afraid; but Mr. Ellis spoke kindly to them. Then one of the men put his hand into his bosom, and took out what seemed to be a roll of cloth. He unrolled it; and, after taking off some wrappers, behold, there were a few old, torn, dingy leaves of the Psalms, which had been read, passed round, lent, and re-read, until they were almost worn out. Tears came to Mr. Ellis's eyes when he saw them.

"Have you ever seen the words of Jesus, or John, or Paul, or Peter?" asked the Missionary.

"Yes," they said; "we have seen and heard them, but we never owned them."

Mr. Ellis then went and brought out a Testament, with the Book of Psalms bound up with it, and showed it to them.

"Now," said he, "if you will give me your few words of David, I will give you all his words, and all the words of Jesus, and John, and Paul, and Peter besides."

The men were amazed and delighted; but they wanted to see if the words of David were the same in Mr. Ellis's book; and when they found they were, and many more of the same sort, their joy knew no bounds. They willingly gave up their poor, tattered leaves, seized the volume, bade the Missionary good-bye, and started off upon their long journey, rejoicing like those who had found great spoil.

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A PRAYER HUT.

PRAYER is such an important part of divine worship, that the temple was called *the house of prayer*. When the Jews lived in places where they had no synagogues, they erected places for prayer; usually uncovered buildings, but containing seats as in an amphitheatre. Synagogues were mostly built in towns or cities, and were covered buildings, but their proseuchæ, or places for prayer, were mostly out of cities, and on the banks of rivers, and had no coverings except the shade of trees, or some such like imperfect protection from the inclemency of the weather. It is supposed that there was a building of this kind by "a river side" near Philippi, "where prayer was wont to be made," and to which Paul and Silas went, to unite with the worshippers in their devotions, and proclaim the glad tidings of salvation, when

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Lydia, a seller of purple, was divinely enlightened, and believed the gospel of Christ. It is a blessed privilege to meet for prayer, either in a regular place of worship, or in a more humble dwelling. God is always present where devout worshippers are found.

I DO NOT MEAN THAT.

A GENTLEMEN who had been active in aiding a missionary collection, was met the following day by one of different habits, who chided him for the folly of which he deemed him guilty, in giving to such an object, and in such profusion.

"It was folly," he said, "to be sending heaps of money abroad to be spent no one knew how, while there were so many unemployed starving poor of ——."

"I will give £— to the poor of ——, if you will give an equal sum," said the Christian friend.

"I did not mean that," replied the objector; "but," continued he, "if you must go from home, why so far? Think of the miserable poor of Ireland."

"I will give £— to the poor of Ireland if you will do the same."

"I did not mean that either," was the reply.

No, it is neither this nor that, which this class of objectors exactly mean; but simply to veil their covetousness by blaming the proceedings of liberal men, whom, if they could not condemn, they must, for very shame, in some degree imitate. *Sent by* W. TONKIN.

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A SERAPH.

SERAPHS, or seraphim, are mentioned in Isaiah vi. 2—7. The term *Seraph* is supposed to be derived from the Hebrew word *saraph*, which signifies *to burn*. It is employed in the above-named passage to an order of angelic beings thought to burn with zeal for the divine glory. Whether seraphim and cherubim are different names of the same order of angels, or whether they refer to two distinct orders, it is difficult to say. Seraphim occurs nowhere else in the Bible than in the passage in Isaiah already mentioned. If they are called seraphim or seraphs, because they burn with zeal for the glory of God, how well would it be for us to imitate them in this particular!

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A WORD TO MY YOUNG FRIENDS.

My Dear Young Friends, I wish you a Happy New Year, and if my wishing this would make you happy, I am sure you would be very happy indeed; but neither my wishes, nor your own, will bring happiness if they are not followed with proper doing. Idleness will never lead to happiness, but to discontent, poverty, sickness, and wretchedness; therefore never be idle. I dare say you have often repeated the words:—

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower."

If you would be happy you must be like the little bee, always busy. Some are always busy at mischief, but that does not lead to happiness. If we would be happy we must be busy doing good, and doing good in a right way, and from right motives. It takes a good heart to do good in this fashion, and a good heart is a new heart—

"A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
And where he reigns alone."

If any of you have not yet got such a heart, Jesus will give it you if you ask aright, and such a heart will always lead to good doing. Then seek it earnestly, my dear young friends, it will be the best New Year's Gift that you ever got; no Christmas box like it.

I should like to know whether you succeed; perhaps you will tell me, will you? I should like to pledge you all in good doing, aye, in the best doing. Now there are many good things I dare say you would like to do this year. There is one thing I should like you all to do, I should like you to work for our missionaries. Will you ask your teachers to allow a collection once a week, or

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once a month, in your Sunday School for the missionaries? Often you have a half-penny given you for sweetmeats, and when you have spent your money, and sucked your toffey, you have nothing to show for your money thus squandered. Now I am sure if you get a new heart it will lead you to give your pence to help missionaries in their work; that will make you happy.

If you would ask your teacher he very likely would tell you some interesting tales about our missionaries at Fernando Po; and shortly we hope to be able to tell you something about our missionary who has gone to Southern Africa, where there are lots of diamonds, and precious souls worth much more.

Pray tell me whether your teachers will let you have regular school collections for the missionaries.

UNCLE JAMES.

HEATHEN LANDS.

"I often think of heathen lands—far away!
Where many a pagan idol stands—far away!
And there each hapless child is led
To bow to idol gods its head,
Whilst many a muttering charm is said—far away!

"Oh, how I pity children there—far away!
Although the clime be passing fair—far away!
I would not leave my humble home,
In fields of richest fruit to roam,
If there no Gospel sound should come—far away!

MISSIONARY ANECDOTES.

A LITTLE girl in Gloucestershire used to subscribe one halfpenny per week to an Auxiliary Missionary Society; but by the failure of employment where she had been used to work, she found herself unable to continue her subscription; yet, being unwilling wholly to decline her

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contribution, she devised the following method :—The farmers being in the habit of allowing the poor to glean in their potatoe fields, she went one morning, and with no small labour, procured a basket full of potatoes. These she carried to the collector who used to receive her subscription, and begged of him to accept of the potatoes instead of money.

The collector objected, that he never received anything of this sort for a subscription, and that he could not accept them, for they belonged properly to her mother.

The child went home much disappointed, and told her mother the whole. The mother immediately returned with her daughter to the collector, and requested him to accept the potatoes, saying, "Sir, I was once a poor blind Papist; but now, blessed be God, I know the value of the Gospel, and wish everybody to know it too; and I thank God that I have a child who feels this concern for the poor heathen."

About this time a neighbour came, and wishing to gratify the good woman and her child, purchased the potatoes, and gave the full value of them to the collector.

When Dr. Williams, of Stroud, related this little anecdote at the late anniversary meeting at Bristol, a person rose and said, "And I am the person who bought the potatoes." J. S. SYMONDS.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

MY dear young friends, while passing through life, events have often happened in connection with our history, which at the time of their occurrence, were sources of bitter disappointment and trial, but have eventually proved to be blessings to us. And though we were sorrowful and cast down, yet all the time our loving God was delivering us from worse trials and troubles than we poor, short-sighted mortals could see or imagine. And

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many of those things which we have strongly desired, it has pleased our heavenly Father to withhold from us, which had they been granted, would have been unto us the origin of many evils, and perhaps the source of life-long sorrow. We ought, then, always to be deeply grateful, and very thankful to God, for his past care and mindfulness of us; and we should repose implicit confidence and trust in his wisdom and goodness for the future, ever remembering the words of St. Paul, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Rom. viii. 28.

We will illustrate the above by an anecdote from the life of Bernard Gilpin. Bernard Gilpin was a very good man. He had the title of "the Apostle of the North," because of his earnest and incessant and successful labours in the counties of Westmoreland, Cumberland, Northumberland, and York. Whenever he had any particular trial or trouble, he would say, "Ah! well, God's will be done; it is all for the best."

He lived in the time of the reign of Queen Mary (of England). He was accused of heresy before Bishop Bonner, a Papist, was apprehended, and fully expected to die at the stake; but even at this trying time, with a martyr's death staring him in the face, he could say, "It is all for the best." He told his servant "to provide him a long garment, that he might go the more comely to the stake, at which he would be burnt." When on his way to London, through some accident he fell, and broke his leg. This circumstance for a time, put a stop to his journey. The officers who had him in custody began to taunt him. They tauntingly asked him "Is this all for the best?" He very readily and meekly said, "Sirs, I make no question but it is," and so indeed it proved to be; for before he was able to travel, the persecuting Queen Mary died, and with her death the persecution ceased,

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and consequently Bernard Gilpin was restored to his liberty and friends. W. TONKIN.

"IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE."

"WHAT is my text for to-day?" said Clara Taylor to her Mamma one morning in the beginning of winter.

"Your text Clara is, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"But, mamma, I do not understand it; does it mean that it is better to give than to take?"

"Yes, my dear, when we give from real charity, we are copying our Saviour who went about doing good, and who thought it not too much to give Himself for us. We are, moreover, denying ourselves. Our Lord Himself said that we must deny ourselves if we would be his disciples, and then, dear Clara, there is a blessedness attached to self-denial, for they are far the happiest who are treading in the footsteps of their self-denying and loving Master."

For a long time Clara thought of her mother's words, and she prayed earnestly to God to lead and keep her in the right way.

The winter had set in, and the snow had been falling fast all night, but next morning Clara started for school walking quickly to get warm, when suddenly turning the street, a poor pinched face met hers. The poor child had in her arms a baby, half-dressed, and both faces told of want and hunger.

The girl told Clara that neither the baby or herself had tasted food for nearly two days. Clara thought of the money a kind uncle had given her that morning to buy a beautiful doll with, which her mamma had promised to dress for her; then she thought of her text, and what her mother had said, so taking out her purse she gave the girl the money to buy them food.

My little readers must not think this was done without

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a struggle, it was not. Satan was busy making plenty of excuses for her not to do it, but she looked to Jesus for direction, and so came off conqueror. And she was repaid sixtyfold for the happiness she felt in doing good. And so will all who practise and strive after this self-denying spirit. You may not be able to give up great things, but Jesus looks at the heart, and if you only try it you will soon know by experience that, "It is more blessed to give than to receive. EMILY MILLWARD.

DUTY AND PLEASURE.

If you're told to do a thing,
  And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves;
  Do it fully, freely!

Do not make a poor excuse,
  Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience, worth the name,
  Must be prompt and ready.

When father calls, though pleasant be
  The play you are pursuing,
Do not say, "I'll come when I
  Have finish'd what I'm doing."

When 'tis said, "You've ate enough,"
  Don't reply, "O, mother,
Let me have just one cake more,
  I will not ask another!"

If you're told to learn a task,
  And you should begin it,
Do not tell your teacher, "Yes,
  I'm coming in a minute!"

Something waits, and you should now
  Begin, and go right through it;
Don't think, if it's put off a day,
  You will not fail to do it.

Waste not moments nor your words,
  In telling what you *could* do—
Some other time; the present is
  For doing what you *should* do,

Don't do right unwillingly,—
  And stop to plan and measure;
'Tis working with the heart and soul
  That makes our duty pleasure.

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THE PRODICAL SON.

THE parable of the prodigal son is one of the most interesting and instructive in the New Testament. It is mournful to contemplate the folly and dissipation of the youth who early quitted the parental residence, and hastened into a strange country, beyond his father's con-

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trol; and there, mingling in bad company, soon squandered away his money, and was reduced to beggary and want. It is gratifying to witness him coming to reflection in his humiliation and misery, and to hear him resolve to return, in penitence and with suitable confession of his fault, to his virtuous father. It is pleasing to behold him put his resolution into practice, forsake his sinful companions, and degrading employment, and direct his feet towards his own country. It is affecting to witness the love and compassion of his father, who "saw him while he was a great way off, and ran, and fell upon his neck, and kissed him." How joyful the meeting; and how tenderly the venerable father receives him! This is represented by the artist in the annexed engraving.

Youthful readers, have some of you hastily forsaken the residence of your parents, ungratefully fled from their wholesome control, entered into bad company, formed immoral habits, and are on the road to ruin both temporal and eternal? Oh! like the prodigal son in the parable, reflect upon your conduct, forsake the company of sinners, return, if practicable, to your father's house, make suitable acknowledgments of your faults, and humbly implore forgiveness. How wise and beneficial would it be for you thus to act! With what welcome would your return be greeted by your virtuous parents, and what joy would your reformation afford them!

Above all, return to God, your heavenly Father, from whom you have all wandered both in word and deed. Through the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, he is willing to receive every returning prodigal. He graciously invites you to come to him, and his arms of mercy are ready to receive you. Haste to his beloved embrace! He will pardon your transgressions, clothe you with a garment of righteousness, and cause you to sit down at his table, and feast at the banquet of redeeming love. May none of you continue in sin, and perish afar off from God and

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THE EYES OF THE LORD.

About three years ago a little fair-haired boy attended a Sunday and day school, under the care of a Christian lady belonging to a Primitive Methodist society in the south of London. One morning she gave the scholars this motto—"The eyes of the Lord are in every place." She also told them of a little girl who took some fruit that her parents charged her not to touch. This little girl could not sleep that night because of this naughty deed. Her mother heard her crying, and went to her bed, and asked her why she wept.

"Mother," said she, "can God see through a crack?"

On being told He could, she confessed what she had done. Her loving mother then told her that God could always see all she did and thought of. If the crack in the door was ever so narrow He could see through it; and if there was no crack He could see all the same, and in the dark as well as in the day.

The little fair-haired boy did not forget this lesson, for next day he said to his father—

"What a funny thing it is, father, Jesus is here and there, and at school, and everywhere."

After thinking this over to himself for some time—I can't tell you all his thoughts—then he began to sing this sweet little hymn his dear kind teacher had taught him:—

"Poor and needy though I be,
God Almighty cares for me;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
Gives me all I have of good.

He will hear me when I pray,
He is with me night and day;
When I sleep and when I wake
For the Lord my Saviour's sake.

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He who reigns above the sky,
Once became as poor as I
He whose blood for me was shed,
Had not where to lay his head.

Though I labour here awhile,
He will bless me with his smile;
And when this short life is past,
I shall rest with Him at last.

Then to Him I'll tune my song
Happy as the day is long,
This my joy for ever be,
God Almighty cares for me.

About two days after this, our little singing friend came to his teacher saying—

"My throat is bad."

He was allowed to leave school. He went home to his mother, and said—

"I am come home to die."

She put him to bed, and in less than a week he died.

What a good thing it was that he had such a patient and loving teacher. And it was well that he bore in mind what she told him. If we should be called to die suddenly could we say, "I am going to be with Jesus, and—

"Then to Him I'll tune my song,
Happy as the day is long;
This my joy for ever be
God Almighty cares for *me*."

DANZY SHEEN.

SPARE THE INSECT.

"Oh, turn that little foot aside,
Nor crush beneath its tread
The smallest insect of the earth,
That skill divine hath made.

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If He who formed the universe,
Looks down in kindest love.
To shape a humble thing like this,
From His high throne above—

Why shouldst thou, then, in wantonness,
That creature's life destroy;
Or give a pang to anything
That He has made for joy?

My child, begin with little things
To act the gentle part;
For God will turn His love away
From every cruel heart."

PRAYER OF A LITTLE CHILD ON HER SIXTH BIRTHDAY.

"HEAVENLY Father, thee I praise
For so many happy days;
Keep me in thy love and fear
Through my new, my *seventh* year.

'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,'
Who wast once a little child,
Through this year, oh may I be
Daily more and more like thee.

To my sisters, brothers dear,
Mother, father, all this year
Make me gentle, meek and mild,
Like the blessed Virgin's child.

All the years thou givest me,
Help me, Lord, to live to thee;
And when all my years are past,
Take me to thyself at last."

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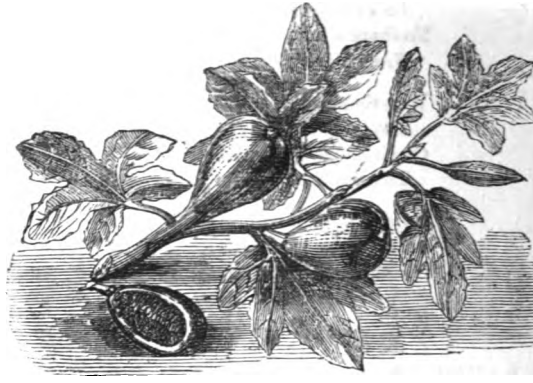

FIGS.

The annexed engraving represents this delicious and wholesome fruit. "There are three sorts of figs," says Dr. Kitto. "The first makes its appearance about the vernal equinox, and comes to maturity about the middle or latter end of June. Before it is ripe it is called in Scripture the green fig, but when ripe, the untimely (i.e. precocious) fig. It is generally considered to have a flavour superior to any other, and is deemed a great delicacy—partly perhaps from its earliness, which renders it the more prized, as all early fruits are. Then there is, second, the summer or dry fig (called kermez), which appears about the middle of June, and is ripe in August. This is the sort which is dried in the sun and preserved in masses, called 'cakes' in our version; and which is to be considered as the proper and regular fig. Lastly, there is the winter fig, which appears in August, and is not ripe till towards the end of November. This is usually of a longer figure and darker colour than the others." When the weather is favourable, some of these figs will hang ripening upon the tree

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after the leaves are shed, and through the winter, being gathered as delicious morsels early in the spring. All figs fall when they are ripe, and especially the early figs. This circumstance is alluded to in Nahum iii. 12, where the prophet, foretelling the destruction of Nineveh, says, "All thy strong-holds shall be like fig-trees with the first-ripe figs; if they be shaken, they shall even fall into the mouth of the eater."

Figs were anciently regarded as medicinal in certain diseases. They appear to have been a means in the hands of God in restoring to health King Hezekiah. "Isaiah said, Take a lump of figs. And they took and laid it on the boil, and he recovered."—2 Kings xx. 7.

ANECDOTE.

It was Sabbath eve, when, at a friend's house, we were all sitting in the piazza, conversing about the exertions now making for the heathen. It was a lovely evening, and the conversation most interesting.

"Father," said little Harriet, after listening a long time to our conversation, "father, do these little heathen children wish to learn to read the Testament?"

"Many of them are very anxious for this; and all would be anxious, did they know its value."

"But, father, have they all got Testaments, if they did know how to read?"

"No, my love, few of them only ever heard anything about the Testament—about God—about Jesus Christ!"

"Will half a dollar buy *one* Testament, for *one* little heathen girl?"

"It would."

"Oh!" sighed the little Harriet, "how I wish I had half a dollar! Father, may I sell anything I've got, if I can get half a dollar?"

"Yes," said the father, smiling at his daughter's simplicity. The conversation here ended.

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Almost every child has some toy of which she is peculiarly fond. Harriet's toy was a beautiful tame grey squirrel, which she had brought up, to which she was excessively attached. It would eat from her hand, attend her in her rambles, and sleep on her pillow. The pretty little Jenny, for this was its name, was suddenly taken sick. The little girl nursed it with every care, and shed many tears over it as it died on her pillow in her lap. Her father endeavoured in vain to console her, assuring her that Jenny was now insensible to any pain or trouble.

"The end of its life has arrived, and it is now no more; but when my little daughter comes to die, if she is a good girl, her immortal spirit will only leave this world to wing its way to a world happier than this. Be comforted, my daughter, or you will make your father unhappy. Why do you grieve so?"

"Father," said the weeping Harriet, "did I not love my squirrel?"

"Yes."

"Did you not say I might sell anything I had for half a dollar, and send a Testament to the heathen children?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was going to sell my pretty squirrel to Mr. ——, who was to give me half a dollar for it, and I was going to send a Testament to the heathen; but now my Jenny is dead."

She ceased, her speech being choked by her sobs. The father was silent, a tear stood in his eye, he put a silver dollar in his daughter's hand, and the little girl dried her tears, rejoicing that Jenny's death would be the means of sending *two* or *three* Testaments to the heathen instead of *one*.

Sent by J. J. Symonds.

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JOHN BUNYAN.

THE house in which this remarkable man was born is still standing at Elstow, near to Bedford; and many persons, both rich and poor have visited the town to see the house. The writer paid a visit to Elstow about two years ago, and was deeply interested as he walked about its roads and lanes, and on its green, and sat down in the hamlet cottage so distinguished.

Who was John Bunyan? He was a poor boy, born at Elstow in 1628. He was the son of a tinker, and followed for many years the same craft. He also became a soldier in the parliamentary army when a young man. He was exceedingly wicked. Drunkenness and swearing and other evils became habitual to him; he became so profane that common swearers trembled at his foul oaths.

When he was between twenty and thirty years of age he became a good man, and in 1655 was admitted a member of the Baptist Church at Bedford. He afterwards became the minister of this church. But he lived in troublesome times, for in 1660 he was sent to gaol for preaching the gospel. He lay here above twelve years; but he was not idle. He supported his family by making tagged laces, and also wrote the Pilgrim's Progress. This book has been made a blessing to thousands.

He was at length liberated. But before his liberation he was told he must not preach any more. He replied, "As to this matter I am at a point with you, for if I was out of prison to-day, I would preach the gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God."

He lived some years after this, and was very useful as a minister. On a visit to London he sickened, and died, and lies buried in Bunhill-fields.

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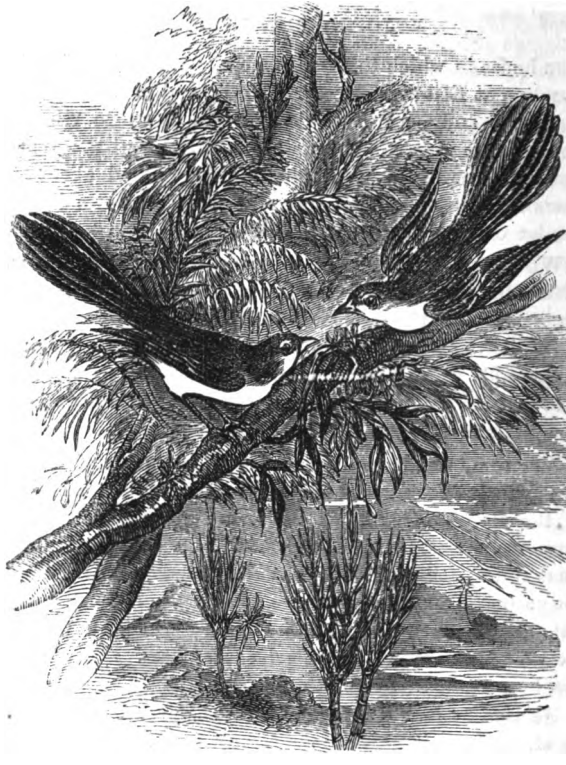

FANTAIL FLY-CATCHERS.

Our young readers are here presented with the engraving of a bird which very few of them have ever seen or heard of. It is taken from a sketch sent to us by Mr. B. Wells, of New Plymouth, New Zealand, whose interesting letter on the natural history of that country will be found in another part of this Number. We here give the description

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of this little bird, with which he has favoured us: "They are very small, no longer than a wren; but their tails are half as long again as their bodies. How prettily they spread them out when they essay to fly! Look what antics they are playing; they spread their fantails, dart with celerity for a yard or two, suddenly stop, tumble over, dart to the right and left, and then fly back to the spot from whence they started. They are sent by a kind Providence to rid the forest of midges and sandflies, which in a warm, damp climate are produced in great numbers. In the winter, when food is scarce, they frequent the villages, and are so tame as to enter the houses and take the flies from the windows." We are sorry we cannot inform our readers of the colour of these interesting little birds, our correspondent having omitted to furnish this particular, and no books on ornithology to which we have access supply the defect.

NEW ZEALAND.

New Zealand is a fine country. It is a long way from England, quite on the other side of the world. When it is night with us, it is day with them that live there; and when night with them, it is day with us. The time of our winter is their summer. Their gardens and fields are in full bloom at Christmas, just as they are with us at June. We should think this very strange; and I suppose English settlers do for some years, but then in time they get used to the change.

New Zealand is a large island in the Pacific Ocean. It is a great distance from any other land, and until lately the inhabitants were cannibals, that is, they ate human flesh. They are described as a fine race of people, generally tall and well built; but the women soon lose their beauty, and as they advance in years become anything but attractive. They are low in many of their habits. They live in huts made of reeds and rushes.

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Their fireplace is generally in the centre, and is made of loose stones, the door-way, in addition to its own use, answering the double purpose of window and chimney. Since their intercourse with European nations began, many improvements have taken place among them, especially in their fields and gardens. Their food has greatly improved in quality; but they eat something which our stomachs would refuse as most disagreeable. The race is likely to die out, so that in a hundred years or a little more, it will become totally extinct.

They have not been in a state of peace with the settlers for some years, in consequence of certain disputes about land. They have committed some very foul murders on the white men, and some destructive battles have taken place. We hope, however, that peace will soon be restored.

The Church of England, the Wesleyan Methodists, and the Primitive Methodists have missionaries in this country, who, in the face of great difficulties, have done much good. P. P

BEAUTY.

Beautiful faces, they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit, *there*
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good, and true,
Busy for them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly, to lighten another's woe,
Through summer's heat or the winter's snow.

Beautiful children, if rich or poor,
Who walk the pathways sweet and pure
That lead to the mansions strong and sure.

—*Child's Own Magazine.*

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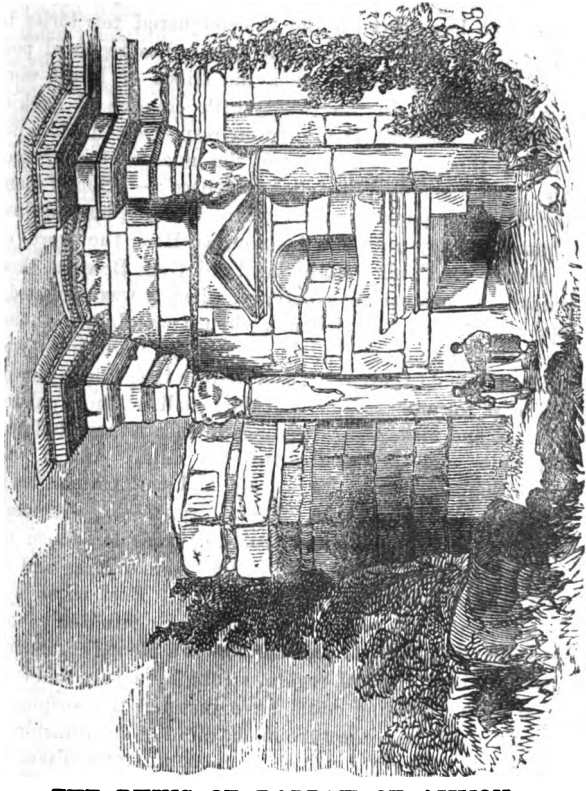

THE RUINS OF RABBAH OF AMMON.

RABBAH was the metropolis of the Ammonites, and a very ancient city, having been the capital of their country when Israel conquered much territory on the east of Jordan, before they entered Canaan. It was situated in a very fertile district, and was a place of much strength.

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It was besieged by Joab and taken by David, who is supposed to have given it and the conquered territories to the tribe of Gad. If so, the Ammonites regained possession of it, probably when the tribes of Israel were taken captive. In the twenty-fifth chapter of Ezekiel there is a remarkable prediction respecting the destruction of this city, on account of the indecent triumphs of the inhabitants over the fallen Israelites :—"Son of man, set thy face against the Ammonites, and prophesy against them ; and say unto the Ammonites, Hear the word of the Lord God ; thus saith the Lord God, Because thou saidst Aha against my sanctuary, when it was profaned ; and against the land of Israel, when it was desolate ; and against the house of Judah, when they went into captivity ; Behold therefore I will deliver thee to the men of the east for a possession, and they shall set their palaces in thee, and make their dwellings in thee : they shall eat thy fruits, and they shall drink thy milk. And I will make Rabbah a stable for camels, and the Ammonites a couching-place for flocks," Ezek. xxv. 2—5. Jeremiah also foretold that the Lord would "cause an alarm of war to be heard in Rabbah of the Ammonites, and it should be a desolate heap," Ch. xlix. 2. Both these predictions have had their accomplishment. Situated as the city was, "on each of the borders of a plentiful stream, encircled by a fruitful region, strong by nature and fortified by art, nothing could have justified the suspicion or warranted the conjecture in the mind of an uninspired mortal, that the royal city of Ammon, whatever disasters might possibly befall it in the fate of war or change of masters, would ever undergo so total a transmutation as to become a desolate heap." But although it had then been a prosperous city for above a thousand years, it has now been in ruins for a still longer period. Its ancient name is still preserved by the Arabs, and its site is now

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"covered with the ruins of private buildings, nothing of them remaining except the foundations and some of the door-posts." (*Burckhardt's Travels.*) So that these buildings really form "a desolate heap." And in Buckingham's "Travels among the Arab Tribes," he says he halted for a night with a tribe of Arabs who were found encamped among the ruins of Rabbah, and that he was almost entirely prevented from sleeping by the bleating of the flocks and the barking of dogs. So that Rabbah has become "a stable for camels," of which the Arabs who visited the ruins keep considerable numbers. Thus has the word of the Lord been fulfilled, another evidence of the truth of Scripture been afforded, and another warning given of the danger of sinning against God and rejoicing in the calamities of others.

ALICE MUERHEAD,

Of Hook, in the Brinkworth Circuit, was born June 24, 1866. She was an affectionate and amiable child, had strong desires to learn, to pray, and sing hymns. When but three years of age she wished to enter our Sabbath School at Lydiard; she was allowed to do so, and became regular in her attendance; her conduct was good, she was much interested in the singing, and liked to be at school very much. She was, however, soon taken ill with the measles, followed by inflammation on the brain, which terminated her life. She was very patient, and never murmured during her severe illness. Her sister asked her whether she would like to get better, when she replied, "No, I want to die, and go to Jesus." At another time she said, "Mother, how I should like for Jesus to wash me, as he loves little children." A few nights before her death she said, 'Mamma, I shall die, and go to heaven. I want you to come with me, and father too." She lifted up her

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little hands and exclaimed, "Mamma, Angel." When she was silent she would clasp her hands, as if engaged in prayer. On one occasion she said, "Was not our Saviour brought outside of Jerusalem, and crucified for us?" When asked where she had heard that, she answered, "In the Sabbath School." Just before she departed she said she wanted all her teachers and school-fellows to go with her to heaven, also her friends and relatives, whose names she repeated. She asked one of the neighbours who called in to see her, if "she would not like to die and go to glory?" saying, "I should like to go up there." When speaking to her friends she said, "Jesus would not have any wicked people with him there." So died this lovely child, August 5, 1870, aged four years. JAMES LITTLE, her Teacher.

CHAPTERS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

RICHARD II.

Ascended the throne in 1377, and died in 1392, after a reign of twenty-two years.

60. *Who succeeded Edward the Third?*
King Edward was followed by his young grandchild
Named Richard; the son of the Black Prince so mild.

61. *What befel this young prince?*
The reign of Prince Richard was chiefly a scene
Of riot, his people and nobles between:—
Their king they despised; he a prisoner was made,
By Lancaster's duke, and in Flint Castle laid.

62. *What followed these events?*
This prince was soon moved to a place still more large,
And in Pontefract Castle was killed by his guards.

HENRY IV.

Ascended the throne in 1399, and died in 1413, after a reign of fourteen years.

63. *Who do you say succeeded Richard the Second?*
This prince was succeeded by Henry the Fourth;

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But the crown he had wickedly gained was a source
Of contention and pride, and his nobles in strife
A conspiracy formed, to deprive him of life—
But being detected, beheaded were they,
By the king—whom they vainly endeavoured to slay.

HENRY V.

Ascended the throne in 1413, and died in 1422, after a reign of nine years.

64. *Who succeeded Henry the Fourth*
His son Henry the Fifth, a young prince whose career
Was so bad that scarce anything could make him fear.

65. *Did not Henry once strike a judge?*
Yes, one of the prince's companions in crime
Was condemned to imprisonment, and at this time
Prince Henry raged, struck the judge with his hand,
And this insult the judge was resolved to withstand.

66. *What did the judge do?*
He instantly ordered him off to the Tower,
Where he peaceably went in that very same hour,

67. *How did this wild prince behave on the throne?*
On being made king, for the judge he did send,
For his bold faithful conduct he did him commend,
And informed him that always he would stand his friend.

68. *Did he continue his bad courses?*
No, the king his companions together did call—
He confessed former errors—and ordered them all
That they ne'er should appear in his presence, till they
Should all follow his course, and his orders obey.

69. *What was his future conduct?*
Henry governed his people with absolute sway;
And was still more beloved as his life wore away.
He gained some great victories over the French,
And would to that crown have succeeded at length;
But was seized with a fever, in France he did die,
And his mortal remains in that country now lie.

Extracted by P. COATES.

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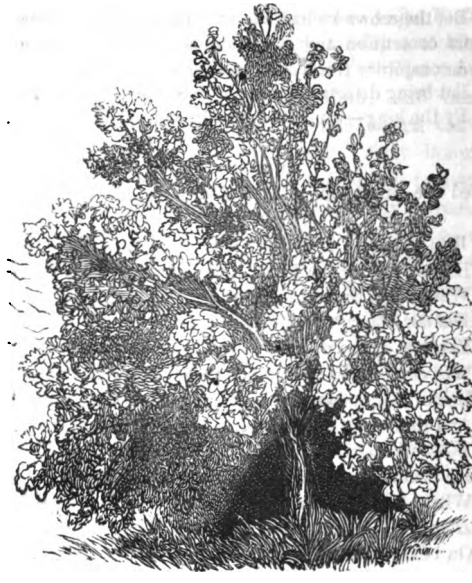

THE EASTERN FIG TREE.

THE fig tree is one of the oldest with which we are acquainted. It grew in Paradise, and its leaves were used by our first parents as a covering when they had lost their innocence through sin, Gen. iii. 7. About 3,300 years ago, the spies sent by the Israelites into the land of Canaan, before it came into their possession, brought figs among other samples of the fruitfulness of the land. Abigail, four hundred years afterwards, presented to David two hundred cakes of figs, when she sought to avert his anger. Figs were among the first-fruits offered in the temple. Hezekiah was commanded to lay a lump of dried figs upon a boil with which he was afflicted, and which from being dry made his recovery from sickness

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an evident proof of the mercy of God; for although figs were formerly used in various ways to cure disease, yet the dried ones were supposed to be of no service in medicine. The fig tree is common in Palestine and the East. It was brought into England about three hundred years ago.

Fig trees yield a pleasant shade, and are referred to as emblems of peace and security; hence it is said, "Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man . . . under his fig tree," 1 Kings iv. 25. Under its shade the pious Jews often retired for prayer; here Nathaniel was seen by our Lord, John i. 48, 50.

This tree bears two or three crops of fruit every year. The first is called the early ripe fig, which is very delicate, and drops off the tree as soon as it is ripe: to this the prophet alludes when he declares the easy way the enemies of Nineveh should prevail against it: "All thy strong holds shall be like fig trees with the first ripe figs: if they be shaken, they shall even fall into the mouth of the eater," Nahum iii. 12.

The first crop are quite ripe in June, and are called *boccore*. These are referred to in Sol. Song ii. 11—13. The second crop, the *kermouse*, or summer fig, ripens in August; this is the kind usually dried for food. There sometimes is a third crop, which hang and ripen after the leaves fall off.

The fruit appears before the leaves; consequently, when our Saviour saw a tree bearing leaves, he might justly look for fruit, Mark xi. 13. As the tree grew by the way-side, no doubt it was public property, and he might take the fruit if there were any to be found on it. When our Lord cursed the tree it was a teaching act, that the Jews might be impressed with the truth that God expected fruit from them as a people; but if they were found barren, they might expect his wrath. It should

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also affect our minds with a solemn lesson. If *we* bear no fruit, that is, if our conduct does not honour God—if we live to be unfruitful to others—then we shall be condemned likewise. God looks for the fruits of faith, love, and holiness; and if these are not seen in our hearts and lives, we are only as barren fig trees by the way-side.

NAZARETH.

THIS celebrated city is in Lower Galilee, and is about fifty miles north from Jerusalem. It is now known as Nassera, or Nasserah. It stands on a high piece of ground between Mount Tabor and Cana, on the slope of a hill, at the foot of which is a beautiful vale, which spreads out for miles before you. This vale is like a circular basin; and it is said that fifteen mountains here meet to form this delightful spot.

The streets of Nazareth are described as narrow and steep. The houses are about two hundred and fifty in number, and are flat-roofed. The inhabitants have been estimated at from two to three thousand; 500 of whom are Turks; the rest are nominal Christians.

It is rendered famous by the residence of Christ in this place for a long period. He came to live here when he returned from Egypt, when a mere child, Matt. ii. 22, 23; and here he continued until he was about thirty years of age, when he went to Jordan to be baptized by John, and entered on his public ministry. For this reason he is called "Jesus of Nazareth." Mark xvi. 6; Luke xxiv. 19; Acts ii. 22.

It was a very wicked place, John i. 46. In the 4th chapter of Luke we read that the inhabitants rose up and cast Christ out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they

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might cast him down headlong. The Monks of Nazareth pretend to show the spot where this onset was made; but it does not correspond with the history. They show you a place about two miles from the city, whereas the narrative of the transaction informs us that they led him to the brow of the hill whereon their city was built. There is no need to be at a loss to select the spot, for the hill on which the "city" stands, on the south-west part of the town, "breaks off in a perpendicular wall, forty to fifty feet in height," and Dr. Robinson noticed several other precipices on the western hill round the village." But this is like many more Monkish traditions—no reference can be placed on them.

There is a splendid Romish Church here, called the Church of the Annunciation, erected as they say on the very spot where Mary, the mother of our Lord, received the divine message. It is the finest church in the land except that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

Now, dear children, open your New Testaments and read Luke iv. 16-30.

CALL THE CAT.

[Translated from the German.]

KITTY-CAT! I hear a mouse!
Pittypat go through the house;
Kitty, hurry! Kitty, run!
Quick! or you will lose the fun.

Kitty hears, and slily creeps
Near poor mousey—now she leaps.
Ah! too late, you cannot win it,
There's the hole, the mouse is in it.

Listen, now! weet, weet, weet, weet,
Mousey's babes their mother greet;
Good for them, my Kitty-cat,
That you missed old Pittypat.

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THE GOURD.

THE gourd tree mentioned in Scripture is generally supposed to be the castor-oil tree, which grows in all the warmer regions of the old and new continents. It has large leaves on a smooth, thick stalk. It is said to grow to the height of ten or twelve feet, and to be frequently planted for the sake of the shade which its broad leaves afford in the heat of summer. It is remarkably rapid in its growth—in a short time becoming a good-sized tree: but it fades even more rapidly still, the flowers and leaves withering in a few minutes after they are plucked.

It is, however, the *wild* gourd which is represented in our engraving. We find this mentioned in 2 Kings iv. 38—41. The prophet Elisha coming to Gilgal during a famine, directed food to be prepared for the sons of the prophets, and one who gathered herbs in the field gathered his lap full of wild gourds, and put them among

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the food, not knowing what they were. On tasting them, the sons of the prophets found they were poisonous, and cried out to Elisha, "O thou man of God, there is death in the pot." These wild gourds are supposed to have been the fruit of a plant called *colocynth*, or bitter apple. When ripe, the fruit is of an inviting appearance, but is very bitter to the taste. In proper quantities it is beneficially used as a medicine; but requires to be employed with care, as too strong a dose will cause death. But to honour the faith of Elisha, and to strengthen that of the sons of the prophets, the Almighty wrought a miracle by rendering these gourds fit for food. At the command of the prophet, meal was cast into the pot containing the gourds, and then there was no more harm in them; but the addition of meal could not of itself produce this change, it was effected entirely by the gracious interposition of Him whom the prophet faithfully served.

LOVE IS HIS NAME.

(TUNE—"*Try, try again.*")

Will you not to Jesus pray?
Love is his name:
Will you force this Friend away?
Love is his name.
Pray to Jesus, children dear,
Do not linger, doubt, or fear,
Do not think he will not hear,
Love is his name.

I will now to Jesus pray,
Love is his name:
I will serve Him night and day,
Love is his name.
Yes, the Saviour died for me—
He has set my spirit free—
I will now his servant be—
Love is his name.

N. E.

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SUNBEAM LOVE.

A darling little infant
  Was playing on the floor,
When suddenly a sunbeam
  Came through the open door
And striking on the carpet,
  It made a little dot;
The darling baby saw it,
  And crept up to the spot.

His little face was beaming
  With a world of perfect joy,
As if an angel's presence
  Had filled the little boy;
And with his tiny finger,
  As in a fairy dream,
He touched the dot of sunshine,
  And followed up the beam.

He looked up to his mother,
  To share his infant bliss;
Then stooped and gave the sunbeam,
  A pure, sweet baby kiss,
O Lord, our heavenly Father,
  In the fulness of my joy
I pray that childlike feeling
  May never leave the boy.

But in the days of trial,
  When sin allures the youth,
Send out the Light to guide him,
  The sunbeams of thy Truth.
And may his heart be ever
  To thee an open door,
Through which thy truth, as sunbeams,
  Make joy upon life's floor.

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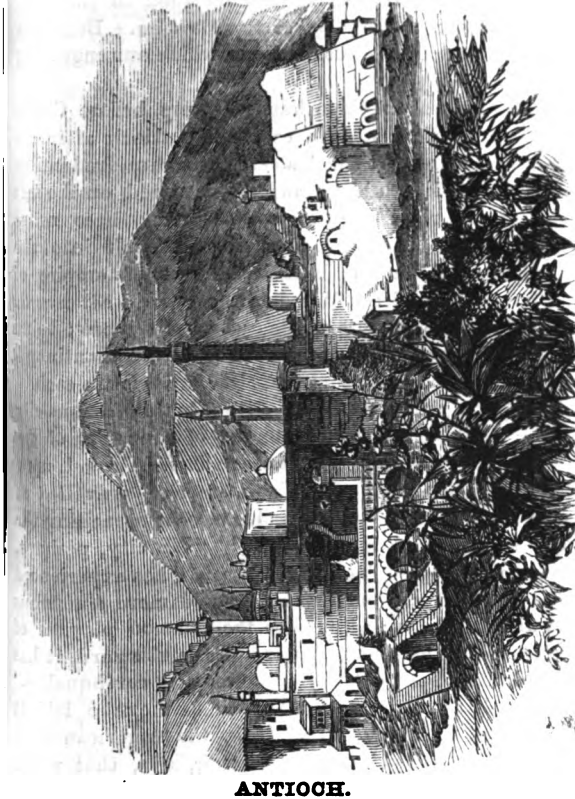

ANTIOCH.

ANTIOCH at one time was almost a common name for cities in Syria and Asia Minor, there being no fewer than sixteen built by the successors of Alexander the Great in these countries, called by his name. Two only, however, are mentioned in Scripture, Antioch in Pisidia, and Antioch in Syria. At the former place Paul preached

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the clear and convincing sermon recorded in the thirteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. But it is the latter, namely, Antioch in Syria, which our engraving presents.

It was built about three hundred years before Christ by Seleucus Nicanor, who called it Antioch after his father Antiochus. It stood about three hundred miles to the north of Jerusalem, and was situated on the left bank of the river Orontes, about twenty-three miles from the place where this river empties itself into the Mediterranean Sea. It became the seat of empire of the Syrian kings of the Macedonian race, and afterwards of the Roman governors of the eastern provinces; being commodiously situated midway between Constantinople and Alexandria, about seven hundred miles from each.

The introduction of Christianity into this famous city is recorded in the eleventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles: "Now they which were scattered abroad, upon the persecution that arose about Stephen, travelled as far as Phenice, and Cyprus, and Antioch, preaching the word to none but the Jews only." "No city, perhaps, Jerusalem excepted," says Mr. Watson, "has experienced more frequent revolutions, or suffered more numerous and dire calamities; as, besides the common plagues of eastern cities, pestilence, famine, fire, and sword, it has several times been entirely overthrown by earthquakes."

So lately as August 13th, 1822, an earthquake laid it once more in ruins. Pliny Fisk, the American missionary, who visited it two years after, says, that walls, mosques, and houses, were seen lying prostrate in every direction, filling the streets with ruins. He did not estimate the population at more than four or five thousand. "Since that time," says Dr. Kitto, "the town seems to have been restored to nearly its former condition and population. The existing town, however, though loosely

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built, scarcely covers one-third of the space enclosed by the ancient walls, of which so much is preserved entire, that their line may be easily traced." The late Mr. Buckingham has given ample descriptions of it in his "Travels among the Arab tribes." It now bears the modified name of Antaki, and is thought to contain about ten thousand persons. It belongs to the Turkish empire, and the Turkish language is spoken by its inhabitants. The river which flows through it is about 100 or 150 feet wide, and is now crossed by a substantial stone bridge, as shown in our engraving. Mr. Buckingham says that the Christians of Antioch have not at present a single church, and that they assemble for prayer in a cavern, dedicated to St. John. Yet the remembrance of St. Paul's visit to this city is still cherished by the inhabitants, and the gate leading to Aleppo is still called by all classes, Bab Bablous, or, the Gate of St. Paul.

THE HAPPY HOTTENTOT.

In South Africa, where one of our missionaries is sent, there is a race of people called Hottentots. Their dress consists of old sheep skins; their huts are made of mats placed over sticks. They worship an insect they call "the child of heaven." For some years missionaries have been labouring among this people. Some time ago one of the Hottentot boys was sold as a slave. After he had been with his master for a short time, he went to hear a missionary preach about Jesus, and soon became concerned for the salvation of his soul. His master was a stern and severe man, and the boy was afraid he would be angry with him for going to hear the missionary. One evening, as he crept softly under the window of the house, his master saw him, and called out, "Where are you going?"

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The poor little fellow turned back, and trembling sa "Me go to hear the missionary, massa."

His master replied, "To hear the missionaries, indeed! if ever you go there you shall be flogged, and put in irons."

After a short time the master said he might go, and away he ran, that he might be in time to hear the preaching. No sooner had he gone than his master thought he would follow. He got into a corner of the house, and listened to the words that were spoken. The missionary took for his text, "Lovest thou me?" and said, "Is there no poor sinner who can answer this question? Not one poor slave who loves Jesus Christ?"

The poor little slave boy, unable any longer to control his feelings, stood up, and holding up both his hands, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, cried out, "Yes, massa, me love the Lord Jesus Christ! me do love him! me love him with all my heart!"

His master heard these words, and went home: and in a short time was brought to love Jesus also Can any of my young readers say, "Me love the Lord Jesus Christ! me do love him! me love him with all my heart!" Don't forget that he died for us on the cross; that he shed his blood to take away our sins; and ought we not to love him? May each of my young friends love him here, that you may live with him in heaven.

P. Coates.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

"Jenny, come try your new cart," said Charley Mason. His little sister took hold of the string, pulling very cautiously at first, and looking with wonder and admiration at her new treasure. Charley had been at work all the morning to please his sister, and now, with a satisfied look, he pulled on his overcoat and cap, and started for school.

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"Jenny won't be much care to mother this morning," he said, as he left the house.

"Johnny Webster, where are you going?" he called to a small boy, who was carrying a basket which seemed to be heavy for him.

"I am going to my grandmother's; she is sick, and mother has sent her some nice things."

"Let me carry the basket for you as far as I go." And Johnny walked by his side, very willing to be relieved of the weight.

When Charley appeared among his schoolmates, you might see that he was a favourite. A boy like Charley Mason will always have friends. Acts of kindness to all about him brought love and kindness to himself.

Henry Warner went to the same school, but he was not like Charley. He looked with angry feelings at the attention shown to Charley Mason. "Nobody cares for me," he often said. And if you had seen him for a whole day, you would not wonder. He watched the food on the table, always wanting the best for himself. He tried to enjoy himself in troubling his brothers and sisters, and was a thoroughly unhappy boy. Do not be like him.

M. A.

LITTLE GEORGIE

Was a boy five years old. He tried to love Jesus, and be a good boy. Georgie's besetting sin was being sulky. One day he did something wrong, and his mother punished him. This made him very sulky. Every night Georgie had to say his prayers. So, on the evening of this day he prayed about his wicked temper. He said, "Oh, God! bless Georgie. Give him a new heart. Don't let him be naughty again, never, no never. Help him to be a good boy, for Jesus' sake. Amen." In this way each of my little readers must try and be good, that they may go to heaven when they die.

H. Portnall.

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CAMPHIRE TREE.

THIS tree is twice mentioned in the Bible, Sol. Song, i. 14; iv. 14. The *camphire* of Scripture is not the substance commonly called *camphor*. "The latter is obtained from a large tree of the laurel species, a native of Japan and China; but the *camphire* is a pretty shrub, with light-green leaves and yellow flowers, which hang in clusters like the lilac, and is found in Egypt and Arabia." "It is a smooth-looking shrub," says Dr. Kitto; "the deep colour of its bark contrasts well with the light-green hue of the foliage; and, together with the softened mixture of white yellow, with the red tint of the ramifications which support them, presents a combination as agreeable

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to the eye as the odour is to the scent. The flowers grow in dense clusters—whence 'the cluster of camphire mentioned by Solomon. The grateful flagrance of these clusters is as much appreciated now as in his time. The clusters themselves serve as a popular and customary perfume. The women take great pleasure in them. They hold them in their hand, carry them in their bosom, and keep them in their apartments to perfume the air. An extract from them is used in religious ceremonies, and in visits of compliment and gratulation. The leaves of this plant are still more in request. When dried and powdered they furnish the famous dye with which the orientals give a deep-orange tincture to the nails of their hands and feet, to the soles of their feet and palms of their hands, and sometimes to their hair."

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE BOY.

My Dear Children,—I wish you to listen attentively while I tell you about a beautiful little boy whom Jesus has taken to live with him in heaven. His name was John Robert Manterfield, and he lived in the great smoky town of Sheffield; but he now dwells in a country where the air is always pure, and the sky ever bright. He was only a little more than eight years old when he died on October 1, 1870.

He was, as we have said, a beautiful child. We do not mean that he was more than usually beautiful in his countenance. In his appearance he was much like most other healthy little boys who have good, pious parents to care for them. The beauty which we speak of was in his mind, in his precious, never-dying soul. We believe little John Robert's soul was converted to God; and that the likeness of the blessed Jesus was stamped upon it. This rendered him beautiful and good. And if you get converted, you also will be beautiful in the best sense of the word.

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His actions were so beautiful that I hope you will imitate them as much as you can. He was very fond of attending both the week-day school, the Sabbath school, and the Band of Hope; and when he was there he did not stare about, and laugh and talk as some children do, but paid great attention both to his lessons and to his teachers' kind addresses; so that when he got home he could remember and repeat to his dear parents, brothers and sisters, much of what he had heard. This caused the teachers to love him, and to weep when he died.

Little John Robert had been told by one of his teachers at Stanley Street School that it was right to pray in secret three times a day. This caused him, when he could make it convenient, to quietly go upstairs by himself three times each day to kneel down by the side of his little bed, clasp his hands, close his eyes, and pray to the great, good Lord. He frequently talked to his little brother David on this subject, telling him he must pray and lay his sins on Jesus, that he might be made good and happy. Was not this very beautiful?

His parents loved the Lord, and used regularly to read the Scriptures and pray with the family. Little John Robert very much enjoyed this, and he frequently would ask his father, when the lesson was finished, to leave the Bible open at the place, that he might carefully look it over again. I hope you love the Bible, and delight in prayer as much as he did.

His father was a local preacher; and John Robert, though only a little boy, had learned to understand the circuit plan, which he used to examine carefully in order to see how many appointments his father had, and at what places. He always appeared delighted when he found a good many appointments; and when his father returned from any of them, he would ask whether any sinners had been converted; and if there had been his joy was great.

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He used to say that he should be a local preacher when he became a man; and that he should supply his father's appointments when his father could not go himself. But the Lord wanted him for higher work at his own glorious palace.

It was a time of trouble in the family when little John Robert died. I went into the house a little while before; at that time he was raving with fever upstairs, and a little brother and two little sisters were lying, two on the sofa and one on a little bed, downstairs, all of them ill of the same dreadful complaint. He got somewhat better, but two of his sisters died and were buried together in one grave. John Robert was deeply affected, and the day after the funeral he suddenly became much worse, and died. He was buried four days after his two sisters, and in the same grave. A few days before he died he said he did not want to get better, but he wanted to go to Jesus, and to his brother Willie, who had gone awhile before. The Lord gave him the desire of his heart. His parents were filled with sorrow at the loss of three beloved and dutiful children in one week, but at the same time they were comforted with the thought that their dear ones were gone to heaven. Will you, my dear little reader, try to love the Lord, be good, and meet them there? The Lord help you and bless you. Amen.

J. BARFOOT.

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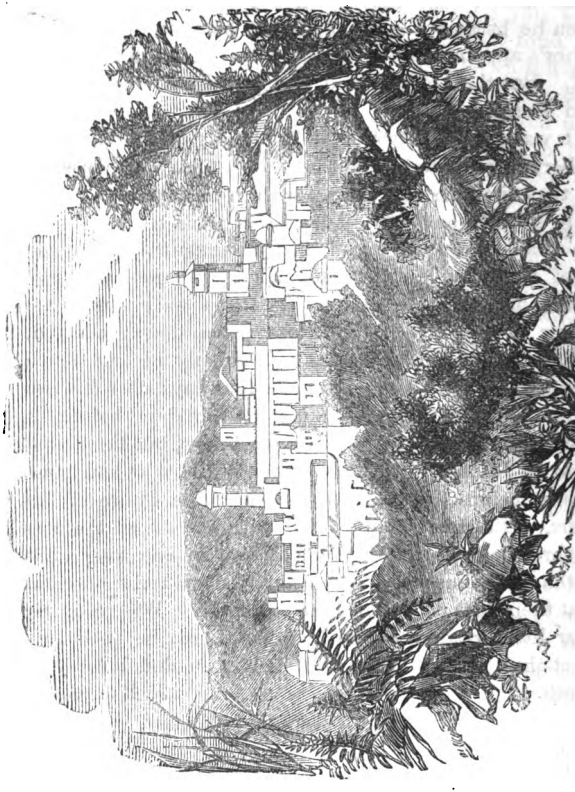

HEBRON.

HEBRON, whose former name was *Kirjath-Arba*, is situated in the hill country of Judea, about twenty-seven miles south of Jerusalem. It is a place of great antiquity, as we learn from Num. xiii. 22: "Now Hebron was built seven years before Zoan, in Egypt." It became famous

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as the place where Abraham long sojourned, and afterwards as the royal city where David resided as king of Judah, till he obtained the entire dominion over Israel. Volney says, "The Arabs have no other name for it than *El Kalil*, or the *Well-beloved*, a term they apply to Abraham."

"Arriving from the south," says Wylie, "a long, broad, and winding valley, richly clothed with the finest vines, leads the traveller to this venerable town. Here David resided for seven years after he ascended the throne; but the appearance of Hebron at this day gives no indication of its ever having been the residence of a monarch. It is a small collection of white houses, closely jammed together on the lower slope of a hill, and containing a population of about two thousand. The back-ground is formed by a lofty lime-stone mountain, which is thinly sprinkled with a few olive-trees. The lanes of the city are narrow, dark, and filthy; and amongst the population the eye often recognises the peculiar costume and the still more peculiar features of the Israelite. Being one of their holy cities, Hebron contains about five hundred of this fallen people, whom Moslem oppression and popish idolatry still unite to retain in darkness. The vale before it has higher attractions than those which arise from its great fertility. Here, in other days, the tent of Abraham was pitched, and here the voice of the patriarch was heard, interceding with the Judge of all the earth in behalf of Sodom." Here he was buried, and over his grave now rises a Mohammedan mosque, whence at sunset the inhabitants are called to prayer. But according to Wylie, they still retain the lawless character for which they were unhappily famed in the days of David.

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JESUS.

I saw a child in tears;
A friend dispelled her fears,
And blessed her joyous years,—
  That Friend was Jesus.

A bold blasphemer hushed,
One glance his proud heart crushed,
One look with mercy gushed,—
  The look of Jesus.

A dark-hued matron prayed,
And lo! her soul arrayed
In spotless white displayed
  The robe of Jesus.

A storm burst loud and shrill,
All lost! came drear and chill,
One heart smiled, "Peace, be still,"—
  The peace of Jesus.

A poisoner's frenzied prayer
Welled up from dark despair;
A light burst on him there,—
  The light of Jesus.

A dying saint bequeathed
Not all, for smiles enwreathed
One word of wealth he breathed,—
  The gift of Jesus.

Poor sorrow heard a voice,
It made her heart rejoice,
Thrice happy was her choice,—
  The joy of Jesus.

On bed a sufferer lay,
One song was all her stay,
One song by night and day,—
  The song of Jesus.

A wrecked one cried to God,
Then praised him in the flood;
Faith saved him there by blood,—
  The blood of Jesus.

Sent by E. Neale.

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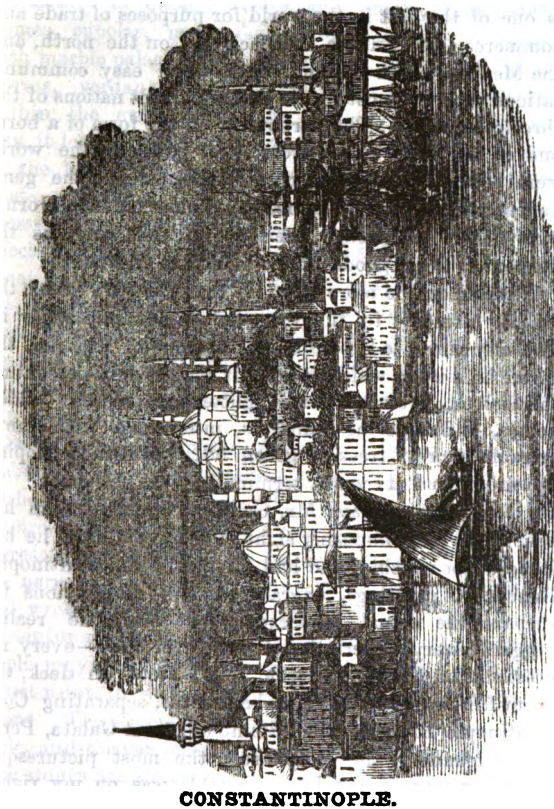

CONSTANTINOPLE.

The name *Constantinople* signifies *the city of Constantine*, which name was given to the ancient city of Byzantium in honour of Constantine the Great, the Roman emperor, who vastly improved it, intending to make it the seat of government and the capital of the empire. Its situation

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is one of the best in the world for purposes of trade and commerce; the Euxine, or Black Sea, on the north, and the Mediterranean on the south, open easy communications with the most fertile and important nations of the three continents. The harbour is of the form of a horn, and at one time riches from most parts of the world were poured into it—the corn of Egypt and the gems and spices of India. Hence the term "Golden Horn," by which it is called. There is no tide, and, as the harbour is deep, goods can be landed at all hours.

Nothing can be more splendid than the view which the locality presents to the traveller as he approaches it. The city seems to rise from the bottom of the sea, the seven hills upon which it is built successively presenting themselves, crowned with glittering palaces, gilded domes, and tapering minarets, intermixed with innumerable cypress trees, a green hill, beautifully sloping upwards from its walls, terminating the prospect. "I am quite certain," says Mr. Gadsby, "that no man has beheld the most imposing sight in the world until he has stood on board ship, and had a view of Constantinople. Generally, paintings, engravings, and descriptions far surpass the actual landscape; but *here*, the reality beggars every description I have ever read—every representation I have ever seen. As I stood on deck, the beautiful harbour was right before me, separating Constantinople Proper, called Stamboul, from Galata, Pera, and Tophane; the Bosphorus, the most picturesque strait, perhaps, in the known world, was on my right, running between Asia and Europe; in the rear was Scutari, and on my left the Sea of Marmora, with its promontories, creeks, and islands. On each side of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus are rising hills, and on these hills, beginning at the water's edge, stand the respective towns, so that the whole, or nearly so, present

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themselves at once. Scores and scores of minarets, domes, cupolas, monuments, towers, and gilt spires, with marble palaces, and mausoleums, and baths, lovely groves, verdant trees, gardens, etc., are, therefore, within the eye's range. As the sun shines upon the city, it looks like one flame of gold. Then the shipping in the harbour, with thousands of gaudily-ornamented boats, or caïques, myriads of birds, and picturesquely-dressed people, numerous as locusts, all tend to give effect to the scene. Such a variety of shade, such a combination of the beauties of nature and the wonders of art, such perfection in all that is enchanting in the distant view, such a gorgeous whole, no pen can possibly describe. I stood almost motionless, nay, breathless, with admiration, my eyes being firmly fixed on the expanding scene."

Such is the tempting object to Russian pride and ambition; such the splendid city which the late Emperor Nicholas would have rejoiced to make the capital of his empire. The splendour of Constantinople, however, in a great measure disappears on entering it. The streets are narrow and dirty, and many of the inhabitants filthy and wretched beyond description. "Oh, what a disappointment on landing!" says Gadsby. "Constantinople may properly be compared to a whited sepulchre. I first went to what is called Pera, occupied by Europeans. The streets were only from three to five yards wide, and the *pavements* were past all possible description. The stones are all shapes and sizes, from two inches to eighteen inches on the surface, and appear almost as though they had been poured down and left to fix themselves promiscuously in the mud. It was nearly as difficult for me to walk on them as on the scattered stones in a stone quarry. The middle of the streets is made to form a kind of gutter, and into these gutters the

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mud, instead of being carted away, is swept, and then left, and garbage of every description is pounded with it."

The city is said to contain about 500,000 inhabitants, of whom 80,000 are Jews, exceedingly depraved and miserable.

Constantinople was taken by the Turks in 1453, and has since been the capital of the Turkish empire. For nearly 400 years the Christian inhabitants were compelled to pay to the government what was called the haratch, "that is, a tax, to allow them to carry their heads on their shoulders." But the British ambassador, Sir Stratford Canning, now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, among many good things he has done, succeeded in getting this tax abolished. Protestant missionaries, chiefly from America, and other Christian agents, have lately laboured in this famous city with very encouraging success. "An Englishman may on the Lord's-day," says Dr. Dwight, "find his accustomed form of worship and excellent preaching at the ambassador's chapel; a Scotchman will find a free Scotch church; an American an American church; a German may hear three German services; an Italian will find a Protestant Italian service; and a Frenchman will find a French service at the Dutch ambassador's. When the oldest missionary first went to Constantinople, he found one service on Sunday, with a few attendants, at the English embassy: now, twenty-one sermons are preached every Sunday, in ten different languages. Twenty-five years ago there was not a single Protestant school; now there are thirteen." "Twenty-five years ago the Bible depository was a little room of a dark khan [inn] in a retired quarter; no outward sign pointed it out to the passer-by, and it was opened only once a week for the sale of books. Now it occupies three rooms in the centre and most public street of Constantinople, with a broad sign-board in six different languages.

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A second religious book-shop has also been opened at Pera. The American and the London Tract Societies have had many books and tracts prepared and distributed. Two religious papers are also published periodically, one in the modern Armenian language, and the other in the Hebrew and Spanish. These books prepare the way for the missionaries, and the activity of demands for Bibles and tracts from the interior is daily increasing. The Turks themselves begin to purchase the Scriptures." Let us pray that the leaven of gospel truth now happily spreading in Constantinople may "leaven the whole lump;" that the Mahometan delusion may speedily come to an end, and that the mosque of St. Sophia may again become a Christian sanctuary in which Christ shall be preached as the only Saviour.

A BRAVE HERO.

A LITTLE boy of Wesel, Germany, playing with his sister of four years old, was alarmed by the cry of some men in pursuit of a mad dog. The noble boy saw the dog running towards him; he calmly took off his coat, wrapped it round his arm, boldly faced the dog, and holding out the arm covered with the coat, the dog attacked and mauled it, until the men came and killed him. The men asked the boy why he did not run away, and avoid the dog, which he could have easily done. "Why," said this brave hero, "I could run from the dog, but if I had he would have attacked *my sister*. To protect her, I offered him my coat, that he might tear it." To all my little male readers I say, imitate this brave little hero—protect your sisters. "Be kind one to another, tender-hearted."

H. PORTNALL.

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LAODICEA.

The Laodicea mentioned in the Book of Revelation, and which is represented in the above engraving, is situated on the confines of Lydia and Phrygia, about forty miles

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east of Ephesus. Its original name was Diospolis; it was afterwards called Rhoas; but Antiochus II., king of Syria, having re-built, or enlarged and beautified it, called it Laodicea, after his wife Laodice. Strabo speaks of it as being a great and important city in his time, and the age preceding. Soon after the commencement of the Christian era, it became the principal town of Phrygia, and vied in wealth and power with the great maritime cities. "In the end," says Dr. Kitto, "it partook largely in the common calamities of the country; and it suffered more than any other place from the earthquakes by which the cities of this region were so repeatedly desolated. There is, in fact, not one of the seven churches [seven cities wherein the seven churches were founded], the overthrow of which has been so severe, and the desolation of which is so entire, as that of Laodicea. It is, indeed, little other than a heap of ruins; from which, however, ample evidence may be collected of the magnificence for which it was anciently celebrated. These ruins cover three or four small hills, and are of great extent. The principal are those of the aqueduct, an amphitheatre, theatre, and other public buildings; besides which the whole surface within the line of the city wall is strewn with fragments and pedestals. In the amphitheatre an inscription has been found, and, by comparing the date it gives, we find it must have been in course of erection when the present message [that in Rev. iii. 14—21] was sent to the church of Laodicea, and that it was not long after finished."

BABY'S FIRST PLAYTHING.

When baby Lizzie woke from her morning nap, she found a beautiful plaything. It had often been in her cradle before, though she had never noticed it. What could it be? It was her little hand. She looked at it,

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turned it over and back again, closed the tiny fingers, and bent the little wrist as if she was quite used to doing so. Who taught her to do this? God, who made it, taught her how to contract each muscle and bend each little joint. Soon she found that she had two of these pretty playthings. First one, then the other, then both together, attracted her attention. As she grew older, the little hands grew too. In a few weeks she found she could lay hold of other playthings, and by the aid of her little dimpled arm could bring them near her.

Lizzie has had many new playthings, but she has never had anything half so beautiful as the hand that God made for her. Little children, look among your toys. Has man made anything that is in every way so perfect as the hands with which God has furnished you? How skilfully they are made! Can you not move them at your will? Do you not control the joints and muscles and little bones of which they are made, so that they all work together, serving you faithfully, whether at work or play? These hands, so curiously made, are God's workmanship, and are given you for good, and not for evil doing. Let them be often engaged in healthful, vigorous play, that they may grow strong and active, ready for greater service as you grow older. If ever raised in anger, say to yourself, God gave me these little hands! Shall they disobey him, and break his golden rule? Oh, no; let them not disobey their Maker; let them ever be engaged in doing good. However small, they may do something for those about you, something for God. To him you are accountable for all that they do. To have good hands you must have good hearts, made white and clean by the blood of Christ!

Sent by E. NEALE

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THE PIOUS NEGRO.

This pious negro loved Jesus—loved prayer—loved singing, and had often felt very happy while praising God, in the following words:—

I work out in de san all day,
  Yet dis I do not mind;
I praise de bressed Lord and pray,
  To me He's allays kind.
My poor old heart does often go
  Far up beyond the sky;
For oh, I lub my Jesus so,
  Bekasse He makes me cry.
De work is sometimes berry hard,
  And on de Lord I call;
Den oh, He comes into de yard,
  And helps me do it all.
And den I longs wid Him to go
  To de big home on high;
Oh, I do lub my Jesus so,
  Bekasse He makes me cry.
At night I go into my shed
  To sing and say my prayer;
And when I lie down on my bed,
  I feel de Lord is dare.
Den all my feelings He does know,
  And see my poor heart sigh;
Oh, I do lub my Jesus so,
  Bekasse He makes me cry.
As I lay sinking toder night,
  He came in at de door,
And all de shed was full of light
  From de glory dress He wore.
And when he said, so sweet and low,
  "He'd fetch me by and bye,"
Oh, me de lub my Jesus so,
  Bekasse He makes me cry.

May each little reader love prayer—love singing—love Jesus, as this negro did. Amen. H. Portnall.

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THE MELON.

"THE water melon," says Dr. Kitto, "is a native of the warmer climes, and grows abundantly in the Levant and in Egypt. The fruit is about the size of the common pumpkin, which it very much resembles in appearance. The interior is a pulp of a blooming red, abounding with a copious irrigation of pellucid juice; and thus it becomes both meat and drink at the same time." Melons are mentioned in Numbers xi. 5. The Israelites, weary with their journey through the dry and scorching desert, complain, "We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt

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freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic." "A traveller in the East," adds Dr. Kitto, "who recollects the intense gratitude which the gift of a slice of melon inspired while journeying over the hot and dry plains, will readily comprehend the regret with which the Hebrews, in the Arabian desert, looked back upon the melons of Egypt."

A LITTLE HERO.

I HAVE a story to tell my little readers of a little hero, which is every word of it true. A hero is a brave man—a man full of spirit, zeal, and courage. Any man who has courage and spirit to do right, to tell the truth, even if it is against himself, to be honest when he could make money by cheating, to be true when he is tempted to be false, is a hero. A little hero is a boy of just this character. The story I have to tell is about just such a boy. About six years ago I knew him first. He was a small boy, from some country in Europe. His birthplace I did not learn. He had come to this country, and was left alone, or nearly alone, in St. Louis. He had no money, and only the dirtiest and raggedest clothes. He could speak our language only poorly. He walked the streets in search of something to do. At length a kind-hearted grocery man took him in. It was here I first saw him. He was studying an English spelling-book at every odd moment he could get from his work. A few months afterward he came to my house to recite lessons in the evening, which he would get through the night and day at snatched moments, all the while saving every cent he could from his small earnings to go to a commercial college as soon as he was old enough. When he had saved sixty dollars he applied, and was admitted to the college, and went through the course. As soon as out, he got a good situation in an insurance office. To this was soon

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added the treasurer's duties, with a handsome increase of salary. His faithfulness and ability soon won him a place in a bank, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year. In a bank he still is—a boy yet, I should think, not twenty years old.

This is what I call being a hero. For a little boy, in a strange city, and among a people speaking a strange language, with all kinds of wickedness around him, to clothe, educate and keep himself; to resist the idleness, play-games, drink, folly, sight-seeing, rudeness, coarseness, vice, and wickedness, which lead thousands to ruin; without advisers, friends, or help; and so grow up in purity, virtue, and nobleness of soul, to be an honourable, intelligent, and useful man, is a degree of heroism seldom found. If he is not a hero, where can one be found? If his boyhood is so noble, what will his manhood be?—*Sent by* E. NEALE.

A GOOD CHILD.

It would be very wrong of me
At any time to say,
I am too young, too weak a child
To love and sing and pray.

O no, I cannot grieve my God
By saying words like these;
Since He delights so much to see
A good child on its knees.

I am a very little child,
Yet I know how to pray;
I often feel my Jesus near—
I love Him day by day.

I'll ever try—in earnest try,
To love to serve the Lord:
"Let little children come to me,"
Is written in His word.

M. H.

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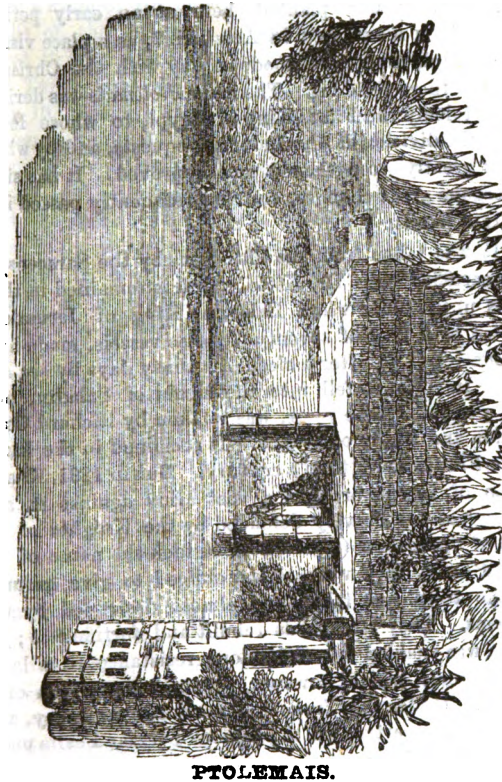

PTOLEMAIS.

This city was originally called Accho, and is mentioned under this name in Judges i. 31. It is a seaport of Palestine, thirty miles south of Tyre, and in the first partition of the Holy Land belonged to the tribe of Asher, but was one of the places out of which the Israelites could not drive the ancient inhabitants.

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Christianity was planted here at an early period. Ptolemais is mentioned in Acts xxi. 7, as a place visited by St. Paul, where he abode a day with the Christian brethren there resident. The name *Ptolemais* was derived from Ptolemy the First, King of Egypt, to whose lot it fell in the division of Alexander's conquests, and by whom it was greatly strengthened and improved. It has since undergone great changes, and has frequently passed into different hands.

"It was taken from the Christians by the Saracens, in the year 636," says Dr. Kitto, "and it remained in their hands until 1024, when Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, assisted by a fleet of seventy Genoese vessels, made himself master of it, after a siege of twenty days by sea and land. In 1187 it fell into the hands of Saladin, but, after a siege of three years, was retaken by Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip of France. It remained in the hands of the Franks more than a century. But in 1291, Khalil, Sultan of Egypt, brought a vast army against it, and although it was bravely defended by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem (from whom it took the name of St. John d'Acra), they were at last obliged to give ground, and the town was taken and almost destroyed by the Moslems. They afterwards rebuilt and fortified it; so that it was enabled to make a long resistance to a large Turkish force, which, however, obtained possession of it in 1517. Under the Turks the town fell to decay, and was almost deserted, till the famous Djezzar Pasha made it the seat of his government, and, by repairing the town and harbour, made it the most important place on the coast. At this time, with the aid of the British, under Sir Sydney Smith, Acre acquired celebrity for its successful resistance to the French forces, under Bonaparte, who was obliged to raise the siege after failing in the twelfth assault. It was taken from the Turks by Ibrahim Pasha,

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after a siege of six months, during which the shot and shells of the besiegers committed fearful devastation. Great Britain and her allies, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Turkey, having concluded a treaty at London on July 15, 1840, for the purpose of restoring Syria to the Sultan, a combined English and Austrian fleet, led by Admiral Sir Charles Napier, retook St. Jean d'Acre on the 3rd of November, 1840."

It is situated at the north angle of the bay to which it gives its name, and which extends in a semi-circle of above ten miles to the opposite point of Mount Carmel. Being washed on the west and south sides by the sea, and having a small bay on the east, it is strong by situation, and has generally been considered as the maritime key of Palestine. The population of the town is variously estimated at 5,000, 10,000, &c., and consists of Arabs, Jews, and Christians. Of the latter, it is to be feared, but few resemble the simplicity and purity of the brethren who resided there when Paul visited the place.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

My Dear Young Friends,—While passing through life, events have often happened in connection with our history, which at the time of their occurrence were sources of bitter disappointment and trial, but have eventually proved to be blessings to us. And, though we were sorrowful and cast down, yet all the time our loving God was delivering us from worse trials and troubles than we poor, short-sighted mortals could see or imagine. And many of those things which we have strongly desired, it has pleased our heavenly Father to withhold from us, which, had they been granted, would have been unto us the origin of many evils, and, perhaps, the source of life-long sorrow. We ought then, always, to be deeply grateful, and very thankful to God, for his past care and

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mindfulness of us; and we should repose implicit confidence and trust in his wisdom and goodness for the future, ever remembering the words of St. Paul, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Rom. viii. 28.

We will illustrate the above by an anecdote from the life of Bernard Gilpin. Bernard Gilpin was a very good man. He had the title of "the Apostle of the North," because of his earnest and incessant and successful labours in the counties of Westmorland, Cumberland, Northumberland, and York. Whenever he had any particular trial or trouble he would say, "Ah! well, God's will be done; it is all for the best." He lived in the time of the reign of Queen Mary (of England.) He was accused of heresy before Bishop Bonner (a Papist), was apprehended, and fully expected to die at the stake; but even at this trying time, with a martyr's death staring him in the face, he could say, "It is all for the best." He told his servant "to provide him a long garment, that he might go the more comely to the stake, at which he would be burnt." When on his way to London, through some accident he fell, and broke his leg. This circumstance for a time put a stop to his journey. The officers who had him in custody began to taunt him. They tauntingly asked him, "Is this all for the best?" He very readily and meekly said, "Sirs, I make no question, but it is," and so indeed it proved to be; for before he was able to travel, the persecuting Queen Mary died, and with her death the persecution ceased, and consequently Bernard Gilpin was restored to his liberty and friends.

W. Tonkin.

HONEST FRANK.

Honest Frank was a lad who loved the truth. As he grew to be a young man, he carried true honesty with

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him. He became a clerk in the office of a rich merchant in New York. One day this merchant received an order for a large and valuable lot of goods. The next day another letter came from the same customer, recalling that order, and saying they need not send those goods. The merchant handed the letter to Frank, saying, "Frank, I want you to answer this note. Please say that the goods were shipped before the letter was received." Honest Frank looked into his employer's face with a sad but firm glance, and said, "I am very sorry, sir, but I can't do it." "Can't do it! why not?" angrily asked the merchant. "Because, sir," said Frank, "the goods are in the yard now, and it would be telling a lie." The merchant then said, "I hope you may always be so particular." Honest Frank did right. What was the result? Did he lose his place? No. The merchant was too wise to turn away such an honest, truthful young man. He knew his value, and made him his confidential clerk. So Honest Frank found that to possess honesty and truthfulness was both safe and profitable. Children, imitate Honest Frank, and be always honest, firm, and truthful.

H. PORTNALL.

LITTLE LUCY.

Two sisters, one seven and the other five years old, were playing together, when a little difference rose between them. Lucy the elder, feeling anger rising, said, "I am getting angry; I had better go out of the room for a few minutes." She went out, prayed to Jesus, and returned happy. Little reader, imitate Lucy. When you feel angry, leave the room for a few minutes.

H. PORTNALL.

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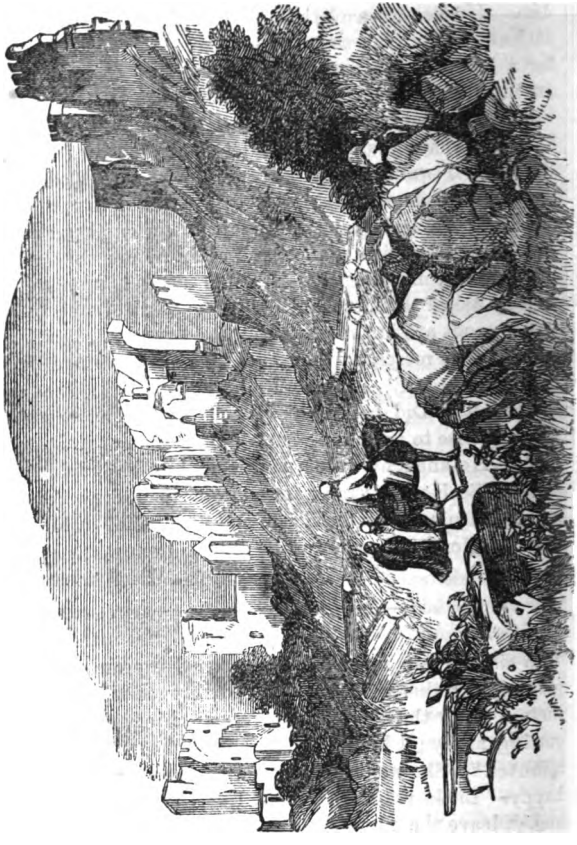

ASCALON.

Ascalon was the chief city of one of the principalities of the Philistines. It was formerly called *Ashkelon*, or

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Askelon, as in the pathetic exclamation of David, respecting the death of Saul and Jonathan.

> "Tell it not in Gath,
> Publish it not in the streets of Askelon;
> Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
> Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph."

Gath, with which it is here associated, was another of the chief cities of the Philistines; but it long ago ceased to exist, and no traces of it are now to be found. Different has been the fate of Ascalon. It was situated on the Philistine coast between Gaza on the south, and Ashdod on the north, and was accounted the most impregnable town on that coast. "In the time of Herodotus," says Dr. Kitto, "the place was famous for a temple, which, he says, was the most ancient of those consecrated to the Heavenly Venus, and which had been plundered by the Scythians, B.C. 630. This Heavenly Venus was no doubt the same as Astarte,—the Ashtaroth, and the queen of heaven (*i. e.*, the moon) of the Bible. After passing through the hands of the powers which were successively dominant in this region, Ascalon became the seat of a bishopric in the early ages of Christianity; and in the time of the Crusades, the degree of importance which it still retained, and the strength of its position, caused its possession to be warmly contested between the Christians and the Saracens; and it was the last of the maritime towns which were taken by the former (A.D. 1153.) In the history of the Crusades, it is chiefly famous for a battle fought in its plains in 1099, when Godfrey of Bouillon defeated the Saracens; and another in 1192, when the sultan Saladin was defeated, with great slaughter of his army, by our Richard the First. Since the expulsion of the Christians, it has ceased to be a place of any importance. Sandys, early in the seventeenth century, describes it then as 'a place of no note; more than

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that the Turke doth keepe there a garrison.' It is now of still less note, being an entirely deserted ruin—'a scene of desolation,' says Jolliffe, 'the most extensive and complete I ever witnessed, except at Nicopolis,'—verifying the Divine predictions delivered when Ascalon was in its glory, 'Askelon shall not be inhabited,' (Zech. ix. 5;) and 'Ashkelon shall be a desolation!' . . . . 'And the sea-coast shall be dwellings and cottages for shepherds, and folds for flocks,' (Zech. ii. 46;) and this is the literal truth at present with respect to the Philistine coast in general, and in particular of Ashkelon and its vicinity." Ascalon was the native place of Herod the Great, who considerably improved it, and built a celebrated palace there.

LITTLE CORNELIUS.

In one of the rooms of a large tenement-house in a crowded alley in Brooklyn, little Cornelius passed his babyhood. There is very little to tell about those first four years. He only saw the dingy walls of that one ill-furnished room, and the narrow alley, and a little of the broader street beyond; he only knew his mother, who spent most of the time at the wash-tub or the ironing-board, leaving him to take care of himself more than most babies do—his brother Dick, his sisters Jane and Maggie, and his father, who came home at six o'clock at night, and went out to his work at six in the morning.

He was a quiet little boy, with wistful, dark blue eyes, and uncombed, curly brown hair. When he was four, Maggie, who was three years older, took him with her to Sabbath school. It was something new, that large, sunshiny room, with its pictures and maps, and its crowd of boys and girls. He understood nothing of the reading or the prayer, and very little of what was said to him; but he stood entranced when the children sang their sweet hymns. But the one new revelation of the day, which

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surpassed all the rest, was the teacher. Neither the face nor the dress were remarkable, or rather, they would not have been so to any one who was accustomed to see ladies, but this was little Cornelius' first sight of one, and he felt as one might who beheld an angel. He stood by her knee, laid his little brown, unwashed hands in her lap, and looked at her with all his loving heart in those blue, earnest eyes. She took the little hands in hers; he had never felt so soft and gentle a touch; she spoke of Jesus, and told him how the Saviour took the little children in his arms and blessed them. He had never heard the holy words before; he had never seen a look which so well agreed with the story; and, ever after, all the Saviour's words to him were associated with that smile. When she told the children about heaven, he asked, "Teacher, is that where you live?"

All the week he asked, "Isn't it Sunday yet? Won't to-morrow be Sunday?"

On Wednesday the teacher came to see Maggie and him. He sat upon her lap, and felt too happy to speak. She smoothed back the tangled rings of hair from his fair, broad forehead, and kissed him, and asked him to come again to Sabbath school. He only looked at her, without a word.

"Cornelius, why can't you speak to your teacher? Where's your manners?" asked his mother. But he seemed too intent upon the beloved face to hear or answer.

Every Sabbath for a year he came, and never grew weary of it. Few were the questions he could answer, very few the Bible verses he could repeat. It was his only education, and must needs be slow. But he looked and listened, drinking in every word, though no one could tell how much the little mind could grasp of what he heard. Except, indeed, when the room was warm, or

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the lesson far above him, and then he laid his head down upon the soft fur the teacher wore, and slept till the children sang again. When school was over, he still kept close to her, holding her dress or the little mink tails of her victorine, till he reached the corner where their ways separated, when he watched her go up the long, shady street, toward the handsome houses, and the great church whose deep-toned bell was calling her; and then he turned to run after Maggie down the wretched street which led to the dark house he called home.

One Sunday he went there, and she was absent. Another lady took her place, but said the teacher would return in a few weeks. And she did, but the child's place was empty.

As soon as he could go out alone, he found his way to the docks, and used to sit for hours upon the end of the pier, watching the ever-moving vessels in the harbour. Poor little child, over whom there was none to watch, though he was so young and small! Some large boys, in their rough and quarrelsome play, ran against him as he sat there. There was no cry, only a heavy splash, as he fell into the deep water below.

When the frightened boys had succeeded in bringing some men to the spot, nothing was to be seen or heard but the washing of the ebbing tide among the piles. A boat went out in search of him, and some hours after, toward nightfall, it came back slowly to the pier, bringing the little body. There was a happy smile on the still, white face, as if he had felt no pang of mortal fear or agony, but he had only seen the dawn of the eternal glory.

And so Christ took the little loving heart and unformed mind into a better home. His teacher thinks, sometimes, that first among the angels who will come to meet and welcome her, when she goes home, will be her little Cornelius.

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THE POMEGRANATE.

The pomegranate tree grows in Palestine, and various other parts of the east. It is a low tree, scarcely reaching twenty feet in height, having thick and bushy branches. It has polished, dark-green leaves, and large crimson flowers, which give it a rich and beautiful appearance. It is, however, chiefly valued for its fruit which is as large as an apple, of a brown colour, tinted with red. It has the general qualities of other summer fruits, its juice being very refreshing, and allaying thirst, which makes it very valuable in those hot countries. The high estimation in which it was held by Israel may be gathered from its being one of the three kinds of fruit brought by the spies from the brook of Eshcol, Numb.

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xiii. 23; and from its being specified by them as one of the luxuries which they enjoyed in Egypt, and the want of which they felt severely in the hot sandy desert. It was also classed by Moses with wheat and barley, vines and figs, oil-olive, and honey, as illustrating the goodness of the promised land, Deut. viii. 8.

The form of this fruit was so beautiful as to be judged suitable to ornament the bottom of the high priest's robes, Exod. xxviii. 23. It was also the chief ornament of the stately columns of Solomon's temple. The fruit, flowers, and leaves of the pomegranate are shown in the annexed engraving.

AN ARAB THIEF.

A CONVERTED Arab returning home through the Huleh, found a poor woman at a mill on the upper Jordan, beating herself in despair because some one had stolen her meal-bag. There were Arab tents not far off, and, as Arabs are by profession thieves, he suspected that one of them had the missing bag. Calling them all before him, he told them his suspicion, and declared that he had an infallible test by which to detect the thief, and to it they must submit, or he would lodge a complaint against them with the governor. They all stoutly denied the charge, and offered to submit to his test. He then cut bits of straw, equal in number to that of the Arabs, all of the same length, and kept the measure himself, giving a bit to each of them. "Now," said he, in his most impressive manner, "keep these bits till morning, *each one by himself*; then bring them to me, and I will measure them; if any of you has the bag, his stick will have grown longer *by so much*." Of course, each hid his splinter in his bosom, and in the morning one was found as much *too short* as he said it would *grow*, while in possession of the thief. The credulous rascal not doubting but that it would actually grow, had broken off just the length which he supposed had been added during the night. When thus detected, he confessed his theft, and restored the woman her meal-bag.—*The Land and the Book*.

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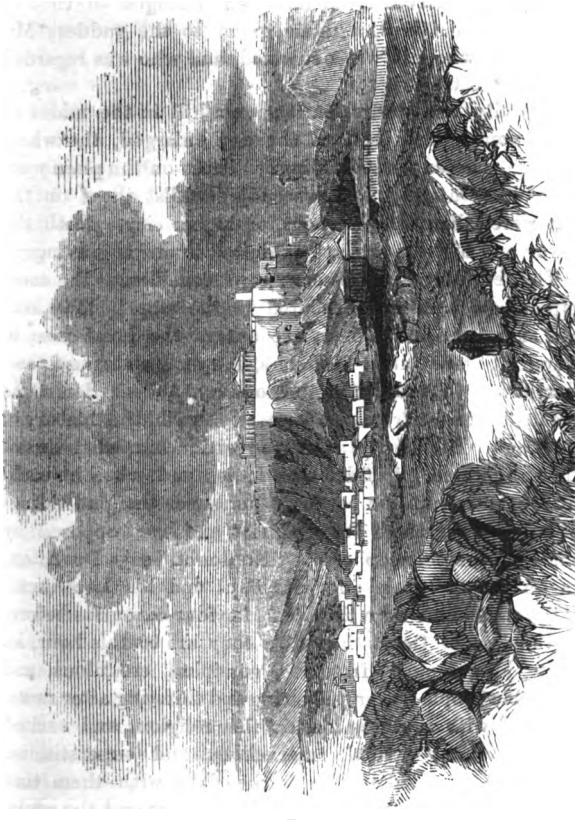

ATHENS, WITH THE ACROPOLIS.

ATHENS was the capital of Attica, and the seat of the Grecian empire. It was founded about 1557 years before the coming of Christ, by Cecrops, in whole or in part, and called after him *Cecropia*. But some two hun-

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dred years afterwards its name was changed to that of *Athens* from *Athene*, a name given to the goddess Minerva, to whom it was dedicated, and who was regarded as its protectress.

The city was at first built upon a hill in the midst of a spacious plain; but, as the city enlarged, the whole became covered with buildings. Those on the plain were called the *Catopolis*, or lower city; whilst those on the hill were called the *Acropolis*, or higher city. Both the lower and higher parts are exhibited in our engraving.

The buildings of Athens were considered the most superb and the best executed in the world. The city was not less celebrated on account of the great men to whom it gave birth,—scholars, lawyers, statesmen, and warriors. To the Christian, however, Athens derive its greatest interest from its connection with the history of St. Paul. His spirit was stirred within him when he saw this celebrated city filled with idols; and, when he could no longer refrain, he began to announce the glad tidings of salvation through Jesus Christ, and was opposed by some of the philosophers. "No doubt," says Dr. Aiton, in his recent work on "St. Paul and his Localities," "the Athenians were then, and for four centuries before, in the days of Demosthenes, as they are to this hour, an acute, idle, foppish, frivolous, gossiping, credulous, and excitable people; ever hungering and thirsting after news, gratified with anything like another religion, and excited with anything a little marvellous and superstitious. When he disputed in the market daily with them that met him, and preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection, the Epicureans might try to put him down by banter, ridicule, and contempt; and the Stoics, a little more tolerant, might be still induced to bear with this clever and enthusiastic Jewish pilgrim, in his exposition of such sublime and devout mysteries."

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Brought before the civil authorities, under the charge of opposing the religion of the state, and as "a setter forth of strange gods," he delivered that remarkable defence which is recorded in the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The court in which he stood was the most celebrated in the world. It was situated on the top of a rock called Areopagus, or Mars' Hill. "It is but a little rock," says Dr. Aiton, "and a small platform, with no aspect of its own to interest an ignorant traveller in the least degree." But the transactions of thousands of years in this court give interest to the place, and it was regarded by both Athenians and Romans with superstitious reverence.

"On reaching the top of the temple of Mars," says Dr. Aiton, "which once stood on the southern brew of the eminence immediately above the Agora, we thought not of the Eponyme, or of the statue of Demosthenes; we cared not for the sanctuary of the Furies in the broken cliff of the rock immediately below the judges' seat; we remembered not at all the legendary trial of Mars, which gave to the place the name mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, Mars' Hill. We never thought that the innocent and inoffensive Socrates was arraigned and condemned. But the grand and absorbing idea which filled our mind was the indisputable fact, that we had reached the very spot where St. Paul made his most magnificent defence—where he excelled the greatest in oratory, and where he was surrounded by the most acute, and learned, and philosophic audience he ever addressed." This powerful defence was not without effect. He was not only acquitted, but also gained some disciples. "Certain men clave unto him, and believed: among the which was Dionysius, the Areopagite (one of the Judges), and a woman named Damaris, and others with them." Would that the Christianity which Paul planted in this city had

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retained its simplicity and purity! May apostolic Christianity again revive there, and Protestant missionaries meet with cheering success!

CHAPTERS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

HENRY VI.

Ascended the throne in 1422, and died in 1461, after a reign of 39 years.

70. *Who succeeded Henry the Fifth?*
Prince Henry the Sixth, who was then but a child—
The son of Fifth Henry—whose conduct was mild.

71. *Who managed the kingdom during the king's minority?*
Henry's uncle did govern the land at this time,
Who marched at the head of an army in line
To continue the war with the kingdom of France,
Which they did almost gain by the sword and the lance.

72. *Who put an end to their victories?*
To Orleans city the English siege laid,
When quite a young girl, called the Orleans maid,
To the king of France went and an army did crave,
Told him heaven had sent her her country to save.

73. *Did the French king believe her?*
Yes, the king her commands did every way meet,
And she with her troops did the English defeat.

74. *What was the name of this young woman?*
Joan of Arc was her name, and a servant was she
At an inn, where she had after horses to see.

75. *Did her success continue?*
Yes, the maid of Orleans the English pursued;
In the blood of their soldiers her hands she imbrued.

76. *Did the English take her prisoner?*
She fell into the hands of her enemies rife;
At Rouen they burnt her, and ended her life.

77. *Whom did Henry marry?*
Margaret of Anjou this king had for his queen,
But in ruling the kingdom her conduct was mean.

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78. *How did the English bear this?*
The people dissatisfied were very much;
And the army that Richard of York raised was such
That King Henry was taken but Queen Margaret
Killed the duke, and her husband at liberty set.

79. *Did these disturbances end here?*
No, Edward, the late Duke of York's eldest son,
Defeated the Queen, and the crown he soon won.

80. *What became of Margaret?*
In Scotland an army did Margaret get,
And they entered Northumberland, where they soon met
The rebels at Hexham, where ended the strife,
The Queen was defeated, and fled for her life.

81. *What steps did she afterwards take?*
This queen and her son quick escaped to a wood,
And tried to conceal themselves as they best could;
They had not gone far ere they robbers did meet,
Who robbed them and did with indignity treat.

82. *Did the robbers take them prisoners?*
While the men were dividing and sorting the spoils
The queen and her sons escaped from their toils;
They wandered for hours, until they were spent
With fatigue, when the queen to her feelings gave vent.

83. *Did they at last escape?*
While they in this wretched condition did stand
A robber approached, with a sword in his hand,
Which when the queen saw she said "Your young king
To your care I commit, take him under your wing."

84. *What said the robber?*
"I promise concealment," the robber then said;
To the sea-coast the queen and her son he then led,
Where they entered a ship, and to Flanders they fled."

Extracted by P. COATES.

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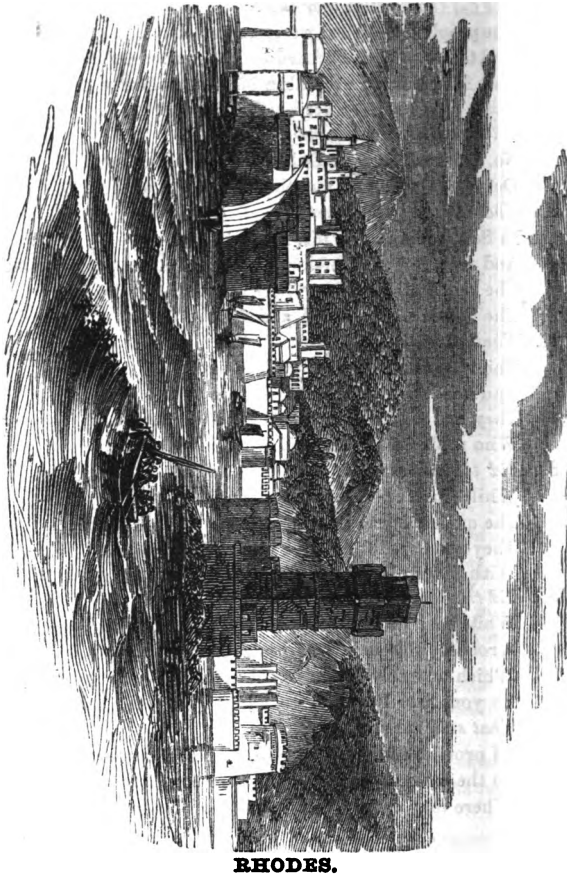

RHODES.

RHODES is mentioned, in Acts xxi. 1, as a place to which the apostle Paul and his fellow-voyagers came the day after leaving Coos. Rhodes is an island eight or nine

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miles south of the province of Caria, in Lesser Asia, and is seventy-eight miles east of Crete. "It is one hundred and twenty miles in circumference," says Mr. Ransom, in his Biblical Topography, "and is deemed next in importance to Cyprus and Lesbos. It derived its name from the quantities of roses that grew in it. It possessed so clear an atmosphere that it was said that there was scarcely a day in the year in which the sun did not shine in it. On this account, it was supposed that it was peculiarly favoured by Phœbus, or the sun, who, in consequence, was worshipped by its inhabitants as the patron god of the island, and had a colossal statue erected at the mouth of the harbour of the city of Rhodes."

This colossal statue was "a brazen image of Phœbus, or Apollo, fixed across the mouth of the harbour, so that shipping passed under its legs. The height was one hundred and five feet, and the whole in proportion; thus, the thumb could scarcely be surrounded by the arms of the largest man. Within the legs and body was a winding staircase, which led to the head, from which, with the aid of glasses, could be seen the shores of Syria. It was the work of Chares, of the city of Lindus, and occupied him twelve years; and, for its size and singular situation, became one of the seven wonders of the world. It cost three hundred talents, and contained 720,000 pounds' weight of brass. It was commenced three hundred years before Christ; and, after standing about sixty years, was thrown down by an earthquake. After lying in this state for 894 years, Muavius, the sixth caliph of the Saracens, sold it to a Jew, who loaded nine hundred camels with the brass contained in it."

It is not known when the gospel was first preached at Rhodes and a Christian church established; but in the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, there was a bishop of Rhodes present at various councils; nor

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was the church in Rhodes wholly destroyed in the ninth century, although grievously harassed by the Saracens.

Rhodes is now under the power of the Turks. The Greeks, its original inhabitants, together with all Christians, are restricted to the miserable suburbs; Jews and Turks alone dwell in the city.

THE FLANNEL NIGHT-GOWN.

LUCY'S mother was cutting out a flannel night-gown for her. Lucy stood at the table watching her mother's movements.

"Mother," she said at last, "will you not cut out one for some poor child, and let me make it?"

Her mother said, "Yes,—for she was sure there was some poor child waiting for it."

"Who?" asked Lucy.

Her mother did not know the child's name, but she said God did.

"And will God tell us?" asked Lucy.

"Yes," said the mother; "and when it is done we shall know."

The warm night-gown was cut out, and Lucy took her work-basket and sat down to sew on it beside her mother. They were pleasant hours when mother and child sat, and sewed, and talked together. Lucy thought much about the poor child she was working for. Was she very cold in the cold, dark nights? Where did she live? Had she a mother? Did God tell her about this night-gown? Lucy had many thoughts stirring in her little bosom. By-and-bye it was finished, folded up, and put away in Lucy's drawer.

One afternoon, not long after this, a neighbour came in and told a pitiful story of a poor family who lived down by the water. The father could get no work; the mother and one of the children were very sick.

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"It's an awful winter for the poor," said the neighbour; "do go and visit this family."

Lucy's mother promised she would, and in the afternoon she put on her cloak and bonnet to go and find them. Lucy went also. The house was very old, and occupied by two or three families. On one side, which seemed to have been once a shop, they found the family they were in search of. How forlorn was the scene! In one corner was a bed covered with scanty clothing. There were also a couple of old chairs and a table with a few cups and dishes where some soup had been. It was very cold, with hardly a stick of wood in the old rickety stove. Two children were on the floor—one engaged with a bone, and the other eating a potatoe. The sick mother was in bed, with her almost dying child beside her.

Lucy's mother went to the side of the bed and spoke to the poor woman. How grateful to her were those words of kindness!

"Here is my poor Effie," said the sick mother, laying her pale hand on the sick child's head; "won't your little girl come and speak to Effie?"

Lucy came to the bed-side, and put a sweet cake in her hand. It was one aunt Mary gave her, and which had remained untasted in her pocket. How glad Lucy was! Effie took the cake, and nodded her head, as much as to say, "Thank you, Miss."

Lucy's mother asked her what she most wanted. "Oh," said the poor woman, with tears in her eyes, "if I only had something warm to wrap round this poor child."

"Lucy, you have a flannel night-gown for Effie, have you not?" asked Lucy's mother.

"Yes, I have," cried Lucy, her eyes sparkling; "may I run home and fetch it?"

Her mother gave her leave. She soon came back with

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it in her arms. Oh, how glad was the dying mother—how glad was the sick child! How comfortable she looked in the nice new, warm flannel garment.

"God sent you here," said the woman, "for I told him all our wants."

As mother and daughter went home, "Effie was the very little girl I made it for; wasn't she, mother?" said Lucy. "God knew."

"Yes," answered her mother, "God knows all the wants of the poor, and he can put the thought into our hearts of that which he knows will be best for them. We must ask God to teach us to know their wants; and if we really wish to help them, God will put it into our hearts to supply the wants he knows they have."

"But, mother, how shall I always know what God wants me to do? will he always tell us?" asked Lucy.

"Do you not often know what I want without my having to tell you?" asked her mother.

"Oh yes, mother, because I live with you, and of course I know."

"Not of course," answered her mother. "Many a person might live with me who would not know the things I most want without asking. Is there no other reason?"

"Why, mother, I know what you want of me a great many times, just because I love you so," said the little girl.

"Ah, that is it," said Lucy's mother. "You love me, and therefore you find out my wishes as far as you can. If you love God you will quickly find out how to do his holy will; and if you love the poor, you will surely discover their wants, and learn how to comfort them. Everything depends upon having a heart in the work."

Lucy thought much of what had happened, and it filled her little soul with awe that God had chosen her to make and carry a little garment to one of his poor.

Sent by J. S. SYMONDS.

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WORMWOOD.

THE wormwood common in Europe is a small plant, with leaves of an unpleasant smell and bitter taste, but possesses some good and useful qualities.

In Syria, wormwood produces small leaves of a dull colour, full of yellowish seeds, and of a salt and bitter taste.

In Scripture, wormwood is used figuratively to denote misery and suffering. In Deut. xxviii. 19, an Israelite turning to idolatry, is said to be "a root that beareth gall and wormwood." In Prov. v. 4, a licentious life is represented as producing effects "as bitter as wormwood."

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And when in Jer. ix. 15, the Almighty threatens to punish idolatrous Israel, he says, "Behold, I will feed this people with wormwood, and give them water of gall to drink." Sin may be sweet to the taste, but bitter are the consequences resulting from it.

POLITENESS.

I WANT to speak to you a few words on politeness. Politeness is behaving yourselves as you ought towards others. Some ignorant people say that politeness is pride, but that is a great mistake. In God's Word, good behaviour is highly commended; but if good behaviour were pride, we may be sure it would not be well spoken of in that blessed book which teaches us to be humble, and like Jesus, who was as humble as a little child. If you will open your New Testament, you may read in the letter which that good man, Paul, wrote to the church at Corinth, something respecting politeness. [1 Cor. xiii. 5.] He says there of the love that every follower of Jesus has in his heart that it "Doth not behave itself unseemly," which means that any one who has true love in his heart will not be rude, indecent, or ill-bred—in other words—that he will be polite. Poor people often put on their best manners in the presence of the rich; but we should be polite to everybody, and especially to those who are poorer than ourselves. It does not follow that because a person is poor, therefore he must have a coarse, vulgar mind. He may have refined and acute feelings, to respect which will do you more honour than any compliment which may be paid to your superior position in life. It is related of Sir William Gooch, when governor of Virginia, that, being one day in conversation with a gentleman in the streets of Williamsburgh, and courteously returning the salute of a negro who was passing him on his master's business, this gentleman cried, "How can a man of your consequence condescend to return the salute of a slave?" Sir William replied, "As I am determined to act in all respects conformably to the gentleman as well as the governor, I cannot suffer a slave to exceed me in good manners." Children should always be polite to one another, and especially they should be polite at home. But if a child has not a *heart* to be polite, he will be a rude, vulgar, and unlovable boy; the best thing to do in that case is to get a new heart. S. N.

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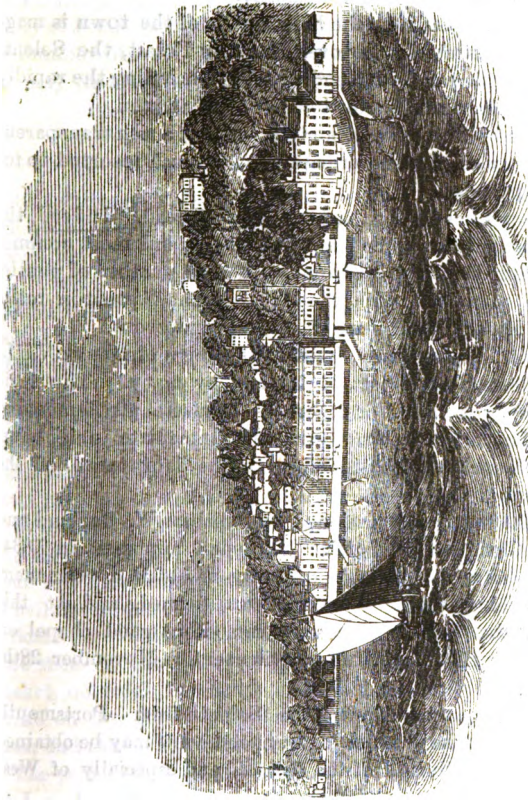

WEST COWES.

West Cowes is beautifully situated on the river Meden, on the north side of the Isle of Wight, opposite the entrance into Southampton water. With the exception of the quays and jetties many of the houses stand on beautiful

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terraces, interspersed with gardens and verdant shrubberies which flourish abundantly.

The prospect from the higher parts of the town is magnificent, stretching far over the New Forest, the Solent, and a wide range of splendid scenery encircling the rapidly improving and superior town of Southampton.

The beach is pebbly, and the water of a rich transparent green, well adapted for bathing, and much resorted to for this purpose.

Cowes has a good harbour and roadstead. Indeed, the harbour is said to be one of the safest and most commodious in the British Channel. A great number of gentlemen connected with the Royal Yacht Squadron make this harbour their place of general rendezvous.

West Cowes Castle, built in the reign of Henry VIII., is deemed an object of interest by many. The residences, permanent or otherwise, of several gentlemen and noblemen grace the town and immediate neighbourhood, and add considerably to the importance of the place.

The town was missioned by brothers W. Harland and W. Clemitson, Primitive Methodist ministers, in 1834, and, after considerable difficulty to obtain a permanent preaching place, a society was formed, and at this time the Connexion has a commodious good chapel on Market Hill, opened for Divine service November 28th, 1858.

In voyaging down the Solent from Portsmouth towards the Needles, a very good view may be obtained of the north side of the Island, and especially of West Cowes.

But there are other objects, dear young friends, connected with this place that are of greater interest than splendid buildings, picturesque villas, beautiful gardens, verdant landscapes, and even the majestic sea: there are

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souls redeemed, saved by faith in Christ, whose lives testify of Jesus' matchless power and boundless love. May the number of such be everywhere abundantly increased, and may we all meet in heaven. Amen.

FERNANDO PO.

No. 1.—*General Thief.*

WHILE engaged in family visiting one day, I saw a little girl about seven years old, processioned through the streets for punishment. She was led by a youth, who held a cord fastened to her arm. Round her waist was another cord holding an old knife and several joints of a cooked fowl, the objects of her pilfering; and on her dark breast was a white card bearing this inscription,

"GENERAL THIEF OF FERNANDO PO."

Quite a company of children, probably as bad as herself, gathered round to point their fingers at her and laugh, and seemed in haste to tell me all the wicked things their little African sister had done. My dear young friends, have *you* not each done some wicked thing you can now remember? I fear you have. If so, then try to keep your lips quite closed every time you feel a desire to tell of evil others have done.

Sometimes children in England steal little things and hide them in their pockets; but this little girl had no pocket, no frock, no hat, no bonnet, no shoes, nothing at all on her glossy body but the cords, knife, legs of a fowl, and the card that told everybody she was a thief.

The poor little creature hung down her head in shame as I spoke a few kind words to her. It is good that little black children can feel *shame*, for it shows they are more like yourselves than some unkind people try to make us believe. As I looked at her, she reminded me how all who die wicked will try to hide their heads while their souls stand naked and guilty before the judgment

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bar of God, and the gaze of the universe. Dear reader, you and I will be there—perhaps soon—are we *now* prepared?

No. 2.—"*God Boys.*"

As the red sun was setting one fine tropical evening, two African youths walked to the mission-house, and requested to speak to me. They were invited in and desired to wait a little little time. I then kindly asked, "Well, my boys, what do you want me for?"

They stood up, and with tremulous voices said, "*Sir, we want to be God boys.*"

Their words seemed so simple, so pure, so earnest, that I at once loved them. I then asked the following questions, and received the following answers:—

"Do you come to our Sunday School?"

"Yes."

"Can you read the Bible?"

"No; but we are trying to learn."

"Have you learnt in the Sunday School that you are sinners, and that Jesus Christ can save you?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what you should do to be saved?"

"Yes, we often pray to God, and we feel we want to be baptized, and to be God boys."

After more conversation of this kind, I felt justified in uniting them to my Tuesday evening class, where they both attend preparatory to Christian baptism. I hope before long to write you an account of the baptism of these and of others equally anxious after their souls' salvation.

My dear young friends, should you like to be *God children?* Then, pray much to him; attend his worship; and love him more than all on earth or in heaven. Remember that "Enoch walked with God;" and that when Moses talked with the Lord on the mountain, his face

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shone like the heavenly, for Jehovah with his own glory had touched the human face to show a closer relationship. And, blessed be God, "*we* shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

My dear children, you have similar difficulties, temptations, and sins, as I had when a little boy, and I now feel for you. At some of your homes there is no family altar, and there was none at mine till the Lord gave me courage enough to begin it, and my youthful strength grew a little with practice. I used to enter the garden at night and pray amongst the fruit trees, where no earthly ear or eye could witness. But the stars (God's eyes) saw me, and *He* heard and answered me. Now here in this hot, dark, and wild Africa, I pray for you, and I sometimes feel that you pray for me.

Pray to be missionaries. To-day Africa needs a thousand more, and very few will come. Read much; chiefly the Bible, and a few of the very best books. A book worth reading once is mostly worth reading twice. Look forward; and with humility and earnestness pray and live to be missionaries. Farewell: Yours lovingly,

HENRY ROE.

THE STRONGEST LOVE.

A LITTLE girl, between six and seven years of age, when on her death-bed, seeing her elder sister with a Bible in her hand, requested her to read respecting Christ's blessing little children. The passage having been read, and the book closed, the child said, "How kind! I shall soon go to Jesus; He will soon take *me* up in His arms, bless me too; no disciple shall keep me away." Her sister kissed her, and said, "Do you love me?" "Yes," she replied, "but do not be angry—I love Jesus better."—*Early Days.*

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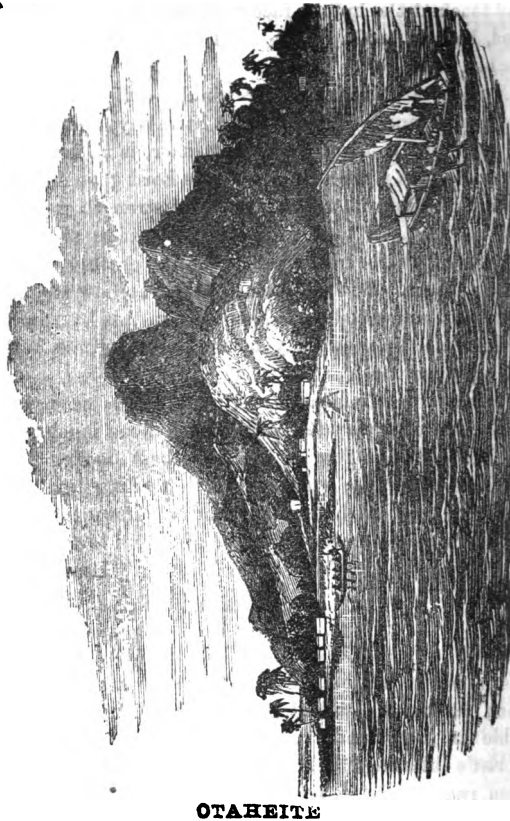

OTAHEITE

OTAHEITE, or Tahiti, of which we have given a view above, is the chief of the Society Islands, and is situate in the Pacific Ocean, almost equally distant between the nearest part of South America and some parts of Australia.

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More than sixty years ago, missionaries from England were landed on the shores of Otaheite, and although th Society Islands had been discovered as far back as 1606 such had been the conduct manifested by the sailors who had visited this island, that the natives were more degraded in their lives and character, on the arrival of the messengers of mercy, than when the island was first visited by men *called Christians.*

On the arrival of the missionaries before referred to, they commenced learning the language of the natives King Pomare II, received them kindly, and granted to them a piece of land. Having with them a carpenter and blacksmith, a dwelling was speedily erected, and useful implements were made for future operations. The natives were delighted with what they saw. They frequently crowded the workshops to gaze on the performances of their new friends. One day the king entered the forge, and beholding the marvellous transformations accomplished there, he was so delighted, that he seized the blacksmith in his arms and enthusiastically rubbed noses with him!

The island is 108 miles in circumference. It consists of two parts joined together by a narrow isthmus; both parts rise gradually from the sea, and terminate in two peaks, called respectively Aori and Orokena, the former 7,000 and the latter 9,000 feet high. The place where the missionaries landed and erected their first dwellings is called Matavai Bay. After passing through numerous trials and varied persecutions for several years, the servants of the Lord at length succeeded to a considerable extent. King Pomare renounced idolatry and professed himself a Christian, and now the Otaheitans are a civilized Christian nation. One of the churches in the island will accommodate 6,000 people; in it there are three pulpits from which three ministers may preach at the same time.

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The moral transformation in this and the neighbouring islands, is highly encouraging to the friends of Christian missions. We pray that the blessed Gospel may speedily be preached in all nations, and we believe many of our young readers will heartily say, Amen.

CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

EDWARD IV.

Ascended the throne in 1461, and died in 1483, after a reign of 22 years.

85. *Did Edward the Fourth reign unmolested?*
No, between York and Lancaster battles were fought
For the purpose of gaining the crown which they sought;
But the queen (near Tewkesbury) did Edward engage,
And a prisoner was taken in the war she did wage.

86. *What became of these royal prisoners?*
Prince Edward, who next the throne should have filled,
At the age of eighteen was wickedly killed;
Margaret was confined in the Tower years four;
And Henry was kill'd, thus his troubles were o'er.

87. *What was the character of Edward?*
He was badly disposed, as his people soon found;
In a butt of red wine, he his own brother drown'd.

EDWARD V.

Ascended the throne in 1483, and reigned 2 months and 12 days.

88. *Who succeeded Edward the Fourth?*
His son, Edward the Fifth, was then twelve years old,
He governed two months, but Duke Richard so bold,
Did order the queen, tho' 'twas on her own land,
To give him and his brother up into his hand.

89. *What did Richard do with the young princes?*
To the Tower he sent them, and it was his will
That a noble should go, and directly them kill.

90. *Did the noble do it?*
He directly refused to commit such a deed;
But vile Sir James Tyrrel to kill them agreed.

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91. *How did Sir James kill them?*
This ruffian with three bad companions came soon;
And at midnight they entered the young princes' room.
With pillows they smothered, and freed from all cares,
And buried their bodies beneath the stone stairs.

RICHARD III.

Ascended the throne in 1483, and died in 1485, after a reign of 2 years.

92. *Was the Duke of Gloucester then made king?*
Yes, Robert of Gloucester ascended the throne,
Whom his conduct compelled all his friends to disown;
But Duke Henry of Richmond, of men had no lack,
And he quickly, near Leicester, did Richard attack.

93. *What was the consequence of this battle?*
Richard's men were defeated, and ordered to yield,
And he himself killed on the great Bosworth Field.
He to Leicester was carried, thrown over a horse,
Where some soldiers did privately bury his corpse.

94. *What was his character?*
He was one of the worst that on the throne came,
He was greatly deformed, and Crookback was his name.

HENRY VII.

Ascended the throne 1485, and died in 1509, after a reign of 24 years.

95. *Who succeeded this cruel king?*
Duke Henry of Richmond, the seventh in line;
In his reign was discovered America fine.

96. *Who discovered America?*
One born at Genoa, Columbus by name,
And he wished to discover, but only for fame.

97. *How did the King die?*
Henry died of consumption, his son did succeed,
Called Henry the Eighth, who was wicked indeed.

Extracted by P. COATES.

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THE RED GROUSE.

THE Red Grouse, or common moor fowl, peculiar to the British islands, is frequently numerous in the northern counties of England, and on the mountains and moorlands of Scotland. The male bird is very pretty; the bill is black, the throat red, the plumage on the head and neck is of a reddish colour, and each feather is marked with several transverse bars of black. The breast and belly are of a dull purplish brown, crossed with many narrow dusky lines; the quill feathers are dusky; the thighs are of a pale red, barred obscurely with black; the legs and feet to the very toes, are covered with soft small feathers; the claws are broad and strong. The male, when in good condition, weighs nearly twenty ounces, and the female, under similar circumstances, is not unfrequently found to weigh about fifteen or sixteen ounces, while their colours are generally less brilliant. The female lays from six to ten eggs. The young brood follow the hen during the

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summer, and in the winter they join in flocks of forty, fifty, or more. They feed largely on the tops of heath, and are much sought after by sportsmen, who commence shooting grouse on the 12th of August.

NOT AFRAID TO DIE.

One day as a boy was crossing a dam, over which the water had recently ceased to flow, when about in the middle of the stream his foot slipped, and he fell below the dam in one of the deepest places. His companion ran at once to the nearest house for assistance, but when aid reached the drowning boy he had sunk for the last time, and hardly a ripple moved the surface of the water to show where he went down.

A strong arm and a willing hand, however, soon brought him to the surface; but oh how changed from the merry, happy boy of a few moments before, were those livid features, those staring eyes, that cold, dripping form! Would life ever return? Oh, those were moments of deepest anxiety! With what delight did we hail the first sign of returning life!

When he became able to speak, he said, "I thought sure I should die, but I was not afraid."

When asked, "Why not?" the reply was, "I love Jesus, I said my prayer, I thought of my parents and little sisters whom I should never see again;" and, with an effort to suppress his emotions, he added, "of my dear grandparents also, and how sad they would be when they heard I was drowned," showing how a tender and thoughtful regard for his friends filled his young mind, but no fear for himself. He further stated that while he was in the deep water, he thought that though father and mother did not know where he was, Jesus knew; and thus with childish simplicity, this boy, only eight years old, evinced a faith in the Saviour whom he had always appeared to love, that was truly beautiful to behold—a

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faith that could enable him to say, "Since Jesus died for me, I am not afraid to die."

Young reader, would *you* have been afraid to die?"

"Yes, there are little ones in heaven,
Babes, such as we, around the throne;
To whom the King of kings hath given
A glory like His own:
Jesus, Thy mercy, rich and free,
Hath suffered them to come to Thee!"

A VOLUNTEER FOR JESUS.

A CHRISTIAN mother was once showing her little girl Carrie, then about five years old, a beautiful picture, representing Jesus the Saviour, holding an infant in his arms, while the mothers were pushing their children towards him. This mother, pointing to the picture, said, "There, Carrie, this is what I would have done with you, if I had been there." Little Carrie, with beautiful and touching earnestness, said, "I wouldn't be pushed to Jesus, I'd go to him without pushing."

Reader! The best picture of Jesus, with the mothers and children, is painted in your Bible, at Matthew xix. 13, 14; Luke xviii. 15—17; Mark x. 13—16. Read those passages. Look at the picture, and as you look, imitate Carrie. Come freely to Jesus. Be a volunteer. Come by prayer. In simple faith. By thus coming, your heart will sing,

"The joy of the Lord is my song,
I go to a home in the sky
And still, as I journey along,
'Hosannah to Jesus,' I cry."

Brinkworth, HENRY PORTNALL.

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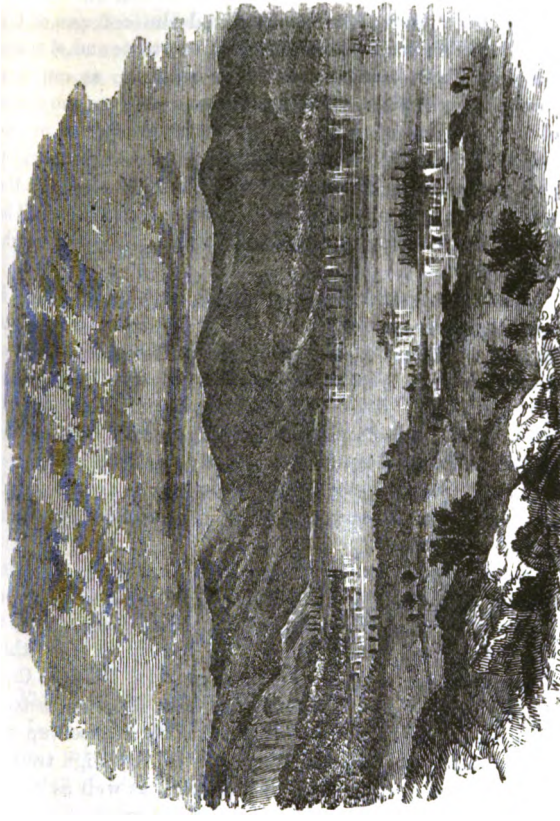

DERWENTWATER.

DERWENTWATER is one of our finest English lakes, and is surrounded by objects of great beauty and interest to tourists. The rocks and mountains, the woodlands and

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farms, the villas of the wealthy and the cottages of the poor, furnish such specimens of refined taste and of rustic simplicity, the beautiful and the sublime, as can very rarely be met with. The impression made on the minds of the admirers of nature in her rural loveliness, or embellished with the ornaments of art, will long enjoy panoramic views, as memory unfolds the records of the wonderful pages of her unique volume, on which will be found printed the scenery of this lovely place and neighbourhood.

There are several islands on the lake. Lord's Island is near the shore, under what is called Wallow Crag, which formerly belonged to the family of the Ratcliffes, Earls of Derwentwater; Vicar's Island, St. Herbert's Island, and Ramp's Holm. A floating island also occasionally appears on this lake, and after some time sinks again. This island varies in size, and is covered with vegetation; it appeared in 1842. Some people believe that its rise to the surface is caused by the accumulation of gas, formed by decomposed vegetables.

Derwentwater is sometimes called Keswick Lake, being situate in the neighbourhood of the interesting town of Keswick, which, with surrounding objects, adds much to the comfort of travellers and the beauty of the richly-diversified scenery. There is a cleft in Wallow Crag, which is called the Lady's Rake, from the circumstance of the Countess of Derwentwater having escaped up this place when her husband was arrested for high treason. We are sure our youthful readers will, as well as we, be pleased with the beautiful view of Derwentwater which accompanies this brief sketch.

THE REFRESHING SPRING.

As I love water, dislike intoxicating beverages, and have been a total abstainer from all intoxicants for twelve

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years, I wish all the readers of the CHILD'S FRIEND also to become abstainers. That you may love water, and sing of its virtues, I want you to learn the following lines from the pen of a lover of water :—

"O, a goodly thing is the cooling spring,
By the rocks where the moss doth grow;
There is health in the tide, and there's music beside,
In the brooklet's bounding flow.

And as pure as heaven is the water given,
And the stream is for ever new;
'Tis distilled in the sky, and it drops from on high,
In the shower and gentle dew.

Let them say 'tis weak, but it's strength I'll seek,
And rejoice while I own it's sway,
For it's murmur to me is the echo of glee,
And it laughs as it bounds away.

O I love to drink from the foaming brink
Of the bubbling, the cooling spring,
For the drops that shine shall be ever mine,
And it's praise, it's praise I'll sing.

Merry, merry little spring, sparkle on, sparkle on;
Merry, merry little spring, sparkle on for me.
Ripple, ripple, silvery brook, ripple on, ripple on;
Ripple, ripple, silvery brook, ripple on for me."

While you sing the praise of water, think of the Giver—the Lord Jesus Christ, and drink abundantly of the water of life, for whosoever will may come, and drink of the "Water of Life freely."

Brinkworth. HENRY PORTNALL.

THE HINDOO BOY.

THE Rev. Dr. Bray, while labouring in Hindostan, became acquainted with a Hindoo youth, who followed him

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about the school garden, asking him to make him a Christian. Dr. B. said, "It is impossible, my dear boy. If it is possible at all, it is only through the Lord Jesus Christ to make you a Christian. Pray to him." "The sweet face and voice of that boy," said the doctor, "when he soon after came to me, I shall never forget, as he said, 'The Lord Jesus Christ has taken his place in my heart.'" The doctor asked, "How is that?" The Hindoo replied, "I prayed, and said, 'O, Lord Jesus Christ, if you please, make me a Christian!' And he was so kind that he came down from heaven, and has lived in my heart ever since." How simple! How touching! Reader, can you say, as this Hindoo boy, that Jesus Christ has come down from heaven to live in your hearts. Think of this.

Brinkworth. HENRY PORTNALL.

THE LAST GOOD-NIGHT.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF E. CALLOWAY, BY HER MOTHER.

Close her eyelids, press them gently
  O'er the dead and leaden eyes,
For the soul that made them lovely,
  Hath gone upward to the skies.

Wipe the death-dew from her forehead,
  Sever one dear golden tress,
Hold her icy hands all meekly,
  Smooth the little snowy dress.

Scatter flowers o'er her pillow,
  Flowers fragrant, pure, and white,
Lay the bud upon her bosom,
  There, now softly say, "Good-night."

Though our tears flow fast and faster,
  Yet we would not call her back;
We are glad her feet no longer
  Tread life's rough and thorny path.

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We are glad our Heavenly Father
  Took her while her heart was pure;
We are glad he did not leave her
  All life's trials to endure.

We are glad, and yet the teardrop
  Falleth, for alas! we know
That our fireside will be lonely,
  We shall miss our darling so.

While the twilight shadows gather,
  We shall wait in vain to feel
Little arms, all white and dimpled,
  Round our neck so softly steal.

Our wet cheek will miss the pressure
  Of sweet lips so warm and red;
And our bosom sadly, sadly,
  Miss that darling little head.

It was wont to rest there sweetly,
  And loving eyes were meek and bright;
We shall miss their winning glances,
  We shall miss their soft "Good-night."

When the morrow's sun is shining
  They will take this cherished form,
They will bear it to the churchyard,
  And consign it to the tomb.

Well, what matters it? 'tis only
  The clay dress our darling wore;
God hath robed her as an angel,
  She hath need of this no more.

Fold her hands, and o'er her pillow
  Scatter flowerets pure and white;
Kiss that marble brow, and whisper
  Once again a last "Good-night."

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TIBERIAS

Is a town of considerable antiquity, and is situated on the south-western shores of the sea of Galilee, about ninety miles from Jerusalem, and ten miles south of Lake Merom. It is not improbable but it stands on the site of the ancient Chinnereth, from which one name of the lake is

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derived—"the Lake of Gennesaret." "It was the capital of the province of Galilee. It became famous in subsequent history. For several centuries after the destruction of Jerusalem it was the chief residence and metropolis of the Jews." As one of the four holy cities of Palestine Tiberias, now Tabaria, is held in great repute, and it is said that this place was for some centuries the seat of a celebrated school of the Jewish Rabbies.

The town was built by Herod Antipas, and was named after the Roman Emperor who reigned at that time, and who was a great friend to, and a liberal patron of, Herod.

It was this Herod, who, at the request of a naughty girl, prompted by her *very wicked mother*, murdered John the Baptist, of whom our young readers are informed in the New Testament, and, after the good man's head had been cut off, it was given to the person who had requested it.

The inhabitants were formerly much employed as fishermen on the lake.

The modern city is comparatively small. Some writers say that its population only amounts to about two thousand people.

Josephus gives a very favourable account of the country in the vicinity of Tiberias; indeed he speaks of it as a paradise, blessed with a delightful temperature, and producing fruits of every clime; and that not at stated periods only, but in succession through the year. From the lack of culture, however, the glory has departed to a considerable extent.

The Lake of Tiberias is about thirteen miles in length, and about six miles broad. The water is beautifully clear, and abounds with fish. This lake in its silvery quietness, in close association with Mount Hermon and other objects of interest, furnishes a rich feast for the pious traveller of refined taste, who luxuriates in mental and moral

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enjoyments, which are to be realised especially in this celebrated country of Palestine. "It was frightfully shattered by an earthquake on 1st January, 1837. The walls have been rebuilt. The place is notoriously dirty; and being 600 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, it is oppressively hot in summer." *

In the neighbourhood of Tiberias our blessed Saviour fed five thousand people with five barley loaves and two small fishes, and in many other instances manifested His power and goodness, His mercy and love.

Dear young friends, give your hearts to the Saviour, and devote your lives to his glory, then will He who was the personal friend and companion of the fishermen of Galilee, bless you while on earth, and afterwards He will receive you to glory.

CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

HENRY VIII.

Ascended the throne in 1509, died in 1547, after a reign of 38 years.

98. *What is Henry the Eighth's reign remarkable for?*
This king had disputes with the Pope, and at last
He threw off all subjection, and told that the past
Should not be forgotten; soon after he said
That of Church and of State he was ruler and head.

99. *Who were the wives of Henry the Eighth?*
Catharine of Arragon was his first wife,
And with her he remained eighteen years of his life:
Then quick after her came Anne Boleyn so fair:
Jane Seymour, who died at the birth of an heir;
Then a German came next, Anne of Cleves was her name,
But he put her away, thus her fate was the same;
Queen Catharine Howard did not come from far;
And the last of his wives was Queen Catharine Parr.

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* Outlines of Bible Geography, by Rev. W. G. Blaikie.

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100. *Did Luther live in this reign?*
At Isleben, in Germany, Luther was born,
For the law was intended, but walking one morn
With a friend whom he loved, in the meadows so wide,
A lightning's flash kill'd his young friend by his side.
101. *What effect did this produce on Luther's mind?*
He was greatly distress'd at the death of his friend,
And determined to give himself up to the end,
To that God, who had graciously lengthened his life,
And he entered a convent, remote from all strife;
He studied the Scriptures, and by them was led
To see the bad ways of the Church and its head;
To the world he then openly did them expose,
From this man the new sect of the Lutherans rose.
102. *Who was Cardinal Wolsey?*
The son of a butcher at Ipswich was he,
By the king he was raised to an Archbishop's See.
103. *Did Wolsey retain the favour of the king?*
For many years Wolsey was loaded with wealth,
But his riches were mostly acquired by stealth;
And soon to the king great offence he did give,
For he said that Ann Boleyn with him should not live.
104. *What happened afterwards?*
This man was arrested at York, but his mind
Was much troubled, and very soon after we find
That when he reached Leicester he could not proceed,
And becoming so ill he found rest he should need.
105. *Did Wolsey die?*
Yes, on coming to Leicester, he found he should die,
And he sought out a place where his body should lie;
To the Abbey he went, "Father Abbot," he said,
"I am come to lay my remains with your dead."
106. *Did Wolsey live many days after this?*
Three days from the time of his coming he died,
And 'ere he expired, with a loud voice he cried—
"If my God I had served as my king I have done,
He would not have left me to die all alone?"

(*To be continued.*)

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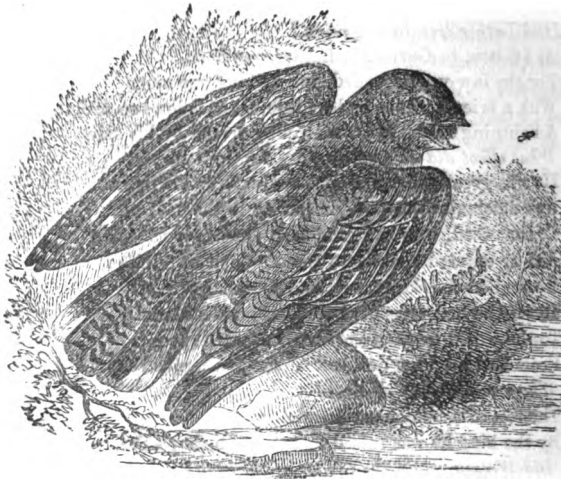

THE NIGHT-JAR, OR GOAT-SUCKER.

THIS bird is sometimes called the fern-owl. It is called the goat-sucker because it was believed it sucked the teats of goats. It was not known to do so, but people believed this merely on report, and have done so for hundreds of years. But people who will credit reports without looking into them for themselves are certain to be imposed on, and sometimes laughed at for their simplicity.

A variety of this bird is found in America, which is only eight inches in length. It "inhabits Virginia in summer, arrives there towards the middle of April, and frequents the mountainous parts, but will frequently approach the houses in the evening, crying several times very loudly, somewhat like the word 'whiperiwhip,' or 'whip-poor-will,' the first and last syllables pronounced loudest."

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The variety found in this country is spread over Europe. It is, however, only at certain seasons found here, and its stay is very short. It appears about the end of May and disappears in September. Its beak is bent, small, tapering, and depressed at the base. It is a night bird, and may be seen towards the dusk of the evening wheeling round trees, and catching moths, beetles, and insects upon which it feeds. It has an exceedingly large mouth, which appears as if it had been slit up from the ordinary termination to beyond the eyes, and very much resembles that of a frog. This formation of its mouth is exceedingly adapted for capturing its flying prey, and for retaining it when caught. To prevent the escape of insects when caught the mouth is fringed with hair, called vibrissæ. "Its notes are most singular. The loudest so much resembles that of a large spinning-wheel, that the Welsh call this bird 'aderyn y droell,' or the 'wheel bird.' It lays its eggs on the bare ground, usually two; they are of a long form, of a whitish hue, prettily marbled with a reddish brown. Its plumage is of a beautiful mixture of white, black, ash-colour, and ferruginous, disposed in lines, bars, and spots. The male is distinguished from the female by a great oval white spot near the end of the three first quill feathers, and another on the outmost feathers of the tail."

This bird is about ten inches long. There are several varieties of this bird in different countries, but all nearly like the descriptions we have given. There is another variety larger than the American one we have referred to, which "inhabits Virginia and Carolina, where it is called the 'rain-bird' because it never appears in the day time, except when the sky, being obscured with clouds, betokens rain."

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THE YOUNG MOUSE.

A FABLE.

A YOUNG mouse lived in a cupboard where sweetmeats were kept; she dined every day upon biscuit, marmalade, or fine sugar. Never had any little mouse lived so well. She had often ventured to peep at the family while they sat at supper; nay, she had sometimes stolen down on the carpet, and picked up the crumbs, and nobody had ever hurt her. She would have been quite happy, but that she was sometimes frightened by the cat, and then she ran trembling to the hole behind the wainscot. One day she came running to her mother in great joy—

"Mother," said she, "the good people of this family have built me a house to live in; it is in the cupboard; I am sure it is for me, for it is just big enough; the bottom is of wood, and it is covered all over with wires! and I dare say they have made it on purpose to screen me from that terrible cat which runs after me so often. There is an entrance just big enough for me, but puss cannot follow; and they have been so good as to put in some toasted cheese which smells so deliciously that I should have run in directly, and taken possession of my new house, but I thought I would tell you first that we might go in together and both lodge there to-night, for it will hold us both."

"My dear child," said the old mouse, "it is most happy that you did not go in, for this house is called a *trap*, and you would never have come out again except to have been devoured, or put to death in some way or other. Though man has not so fierce a look as a cat, he is as much our enemy, and has still more cunning."

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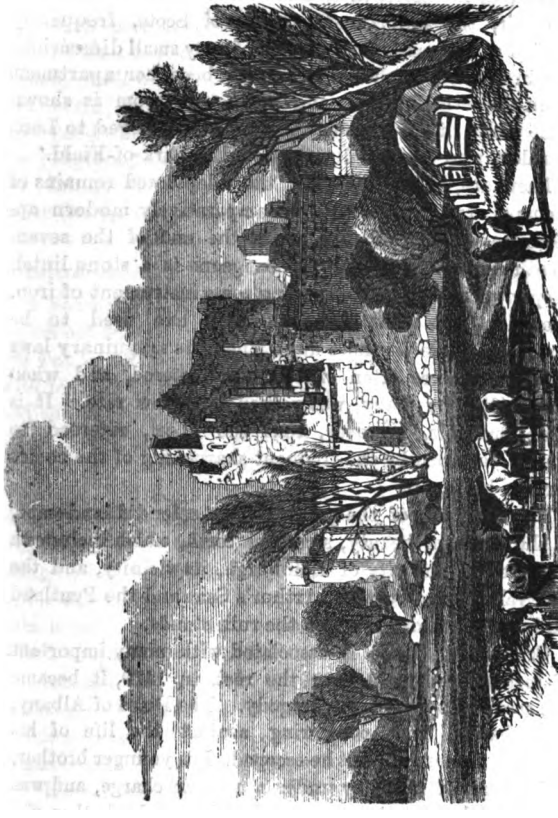

CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE,

Of which we furnish an engraving above, is situate in the vicinity of Edinburgh, being about two miles and a half from that city. It is built on the principles of fortification, which system prevailed, to some

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extent, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Mary, the fair, the unfortunate Queen of Scots, frequently resided at the castle, and a room of very small dimensions within the keep is shown as having been her apartment when she resided there; and in another room is shown some pieces of old armour, said to have belonged to Lord Darnley, who was cruelly murdered at Kirk-of-Field.

There are, within the walls, the dilapidated remains of a chapel, and a structure of comparatively modern appearance, built, probably, about the end of the seventeenth century. Near to the dungeons is a stone lintel, deeply worn, as if by sharpening some instrument of iron. Tradition says that the headman's axe used to be sharpened there in those days when the sanguinary laws of the age were often cruelly administered, and when human life, by many, was valued at a low rate. It is more probable, however, that the lintel, referred to above, was worn by the frequent sharpening of the cook's carving-knife, etc.

From the top of the great tower a splendid landscape, in the pride of beauty, stretches forth, which includes a fine view of the city of Edinburgh, its vicinity, and the rich valley lying between Arthur's Seat and the Pentland Hills, in the midst of which the ruin stands.

Craigmillar Castle is associated with many important historical events. Among the rest, in 1479, it became the scene of a mysterious tragedy. The Duke of Albany, was charged with conspiring against the life of his brother, James III., but he escaped. His younger brother, John, Earl of Mar, lay under a similar charge, and was imprisoned in Craigmillar. It is disputed whether the brothers were guilty; but whether they were or not, the Earl of Mar never left the castle alive.

How many deeds of darkness have been perpetrated in some of the most splendid, most celebrated abodes of

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men—and how many have been concealed from human sight! but a day is coming when every act of every soul of man, shall be made manifest in the sight of an assembled world, and when all shall be rewarded according as their deeds have been. "For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."

POOR SUSAN AND THE MISSIONARY BOX.

One beautiful Sabbath afternoon a number of girls were seated around their teacher in the Sabbath school. Every eye was fixed intently upon her, and some eyes were wet with tears. She was telling them about the missionaries and the poor heathen. She had told them a story about some little black children who had no Sabbath schools, no Bibles, and who had never heard of Christ and heaven, who had been taken by their own mothers and offered in the flames as sacrifices to idol gods. The girls' hearts were touched, and they were wishing they could do something to help them when their teacher said—

"I think, dear girls, we will have a missionary box in this class, and you can each bring me what you can afford every Sunday to help to send them Bibles and missionaries."

The girls promised to do what they could to help.

After leaving school that afternoon many of them began to talk of what they would give—

"We cannot expect anything from poor Susan," said one of the girls.

"Oh no," cried the others, "we know she has nothing to give."

"Poor Susan" was a little girl who worked at the factory. She had a father who spent all his money in drink, and her mother had to work very hard to support the

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family; but little Susan had a loving heart, and felt an interest in the missionary box as much as any of the others. So when the next Sunday came, and the other girls had given their pence to their teacher, and she was about to put aside the box, to the surprise of all, Susan handed her threepence.

"Can you afford to give this money, Susan dear?" said the teacher kindly.

"It is all right, you need not be afraid to take it," said Susan, blushing.

When the next Sabbath came she placed fourpence in the teacher's hand. Again she said kindly—

"I do not like to take this money from you, Susan; I am afraid you cannot afford it."

Tears stood in the little girl's eyes as she said—

"I wanted to help to send Bibles to the poor little black children, and their parents, and I had nothing to give, so I went and asked the neighbours and people I knew if they would save the bones if I would collect them every Saturday afternoon when I left off work, and sell them to help the missionary cause; and that is how I got the money."

Susan did the same every week throughout the year, and obtained money enough to buy many Bibles.

Dear young readers, what are you doing for the great missionary cause? Are you making any sacrifices in order that the poor heathen may find their way to heaven? You may not have to collect bones and sell them as poor Susan did, but every one of you can do something to help; you can give something, or collect something. Oh do all you can. If you can only get enough to send one Bible, that Bible, by the blessing of God, may be the means of leading many to Christ and heaven. And you may have the happiness of meeting them there. Do what you can, and God will bless you, and at last you will hear him say, "Well done."

C. L. Dee.

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MARTHA HODSON,

Of the township of Lowton, in the Leigh circuit, died October 7, 1870, in the eighth year of her age. Martha was an amiable child. At an early age she became a scholar in our Sunday-school. Having a loving disposition she was beloved by all who knew her, and greatly lamented at her death. She was a very pious little girl; she never forgot to kneel down in her chamber to say her prayers, nor was she ever known to tell a lie. She loved to sing the sweet songs of Zion, and to read the holy Bible. The eleventh chapter of John's gospel and the twenty-first of the Revelation of John she used to call hers. Many of our young readers have often seen people drunk. To be in such a state is very wicked. But all drunken people were once children, and never got drunk, but it is to be feared that many children will become drunkards when they shall have grown up to be men and women. To prevent this many children are enrolled in the Band of Hope. Martha was a member of this noble band, and we hope all our readers will be so too. Martha was seized of gastric fever, which proved her death, but by the grace of God she was prepared for her sufferings and death. On the day of her death her father said to her—"My dear Martha, do you feel Christ precious?" She could not speak, but she lifted up her hand as a token in reply to her father, and in this delightful frame of mind she fell asleep in Jesus. We would try to persuade our young friends to imitate little Martha so far as she followed Christ, then we may hope that you will eventually join with her in heaven in that happy exercise in which she often delighted on earth—singing the praises of Jesus.

JAMES HODSON.

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THE STARLING.

Some naturalists say that there are fifteen species of starlings, but we shall limit our remarks to the common starling, the only species which is indigenous in this country. The weight of a full grown male bird is about three ounces; the female weighs rather less. The length of the male is about eight or nine inches, the bill is sometimes brown, but in old birds it is generally yellow. The plumage is black or nearly so, very resplendent with changes of blue, purple, and copper-colour, each feather marked with a pale, yellowish spot. The lesser coverts are edged with yellow, and slightly glossed with green. The legs are of a reddish brown. They build their nests and breed in hollow trees, under the eaves of houses, in towers, ruins, and often in high rocks near the sea. The

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female makes her nest of straw, small fibres of roots and the like, and lays four or five eggs of a pale greenish colour. In winter, starlings assemble in great flocks, especially in some parts of Lincolnshire. They feed on worms and insects, and it is said they will sometimes get into pigeon-houses for the sake of the eggs. The flesh of the starling is very bitter, hence the impunity with which it is frequently favoured, although in close proximity with the residences of men.

These birds may be taught to speak many words, and to pronounce phrases of considerable length. Its pliant throat accommodates itself with ease to any inflection or accent. When brought up tame and properly managed, starlings not unfrequently acquire a soft and sweet warbling that is very pleasant. They abound in England and on the continent of Europe.

CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

HENRY VIII. (*continued.*)

107. *Who was Cromwell?*
The son of a smith, he at Putney did live,
To him Essex Earldom King Henry did give.

108. *What became of this man?*
He was charged with high treason, and soon by the will
Of the king, was beheaded on great Tower Hill.

109. *Who was Cranmer, and where did he live?*
In Nottingham county, young Cranmer did live,
To him an Archbishopric* Henry did give.

110. *How did Queen Mary behave to Cranmer?*
She being a Catholic (Cranmer was not)
He was seized by her order, the flames were his lot.

111. *Was Cranmer burned?*
Yes, Cranmer when seized was first made to sign
A paper declaring that he would combine
The Catholics to help in their plots and their plans,
But was glad when the paper was out of his hands,

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* Canterbury.

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For he quickly recanted, a Protestant turned;
And for changing his mind, he at Oxford was burned.

112. *What extraordinary circumstance attended his martyrdom?*

As he stood at the stake, a short time before death,
He thrust his right arm to the flames, and he saith,
"This arm has offended, this arm did offend:"
Thus he steadfastly held it, quite unto the end.

EDWARD VI.

Ascended the throne in 1547, and died in 1553, after a reign of 6 years.

113. *Who succeeded Henry the Eighth?*

His son Edward the Sixth, a good youth as we find
Both accomplished in person, and pious in mind;
He was ten years of age when first he did reign;
He promoted religion by might and by main:
In such a good king all the people were blest;
His age was sixteen when he entered his rest.

Extracted by P. COATES.

THE NAUGHTY FINGERS.

"MAMMA," said Lizzie, after she was undressed, "this finger and this thumb have been naughty to-day." "What have they done?" asked mamma. "They took some raisins from your cupboard," said the little girl. "Did nobody tell them to do it?" asked mamma. Lizzie looked down. "I did not hear anybody tell them to!" she answered softly. "Did they eat the raisins?" asked mamma. "They put them in my mouth," answered Lizzie. "Were you not to blame to take them?" asked mamma; "your fingers had no right to them, you know." "They gave them to me," said the little girl. "But the Bible says, 'If thy right hand offend thee cut it off.' Must we cut any part of this little hand off?" asked mamma. "But it was only one finger and one thumb," said Lizzie. "They are two little thieves, then, for they took what did not belong to

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them. They can no longer be trusted; we must shut them up," said mamma.

Lizzie looked very sorry, while her mother found some black cloth and wound round the finger, then the thumb. Her hand felt very clumsy. She went to bed and rose in the morning with them still shut up.

"Shall I take this ugly black cloth off now?" she asked, on going to be washed. "Oh, no," said mamma; "we have no proof they are sorry yet; therefore it is not safe to trust them, they may directly go into the cupboard again." "I think they are very sorry," said Lizzie, in a pitiful tone. "But they have not said so," said mamma. Lizzie went down to breakfast with the ugly black rags on. How she held her spoon I cannot tell. I do not think she ate much, for she looked unhappy.

By and by the little girl came to her mamma, with tears rolling down her cheeks. "Mamma," she sobbed, "it was I made my fingers naughty—I—naughty I; I'm to blame." "Oh then," said mamma, "let us set the poor captives free," and off came the little black rags directly. Mamma took the little fat hand in hers, and said, "These fingers are pinching fingers, or stealing or striking fingers, just as Lizzie says. They are her little servants, whom God gave her to be usefully employed."

"And they shall be, mamma," cried the child. "They are not to blame; it is only I, naughty I. I am so sorry."

Lizzie put up her hand for mamma to kiss, and ever since it has had a good little mistress as need be.

Sent by E. NEALE.

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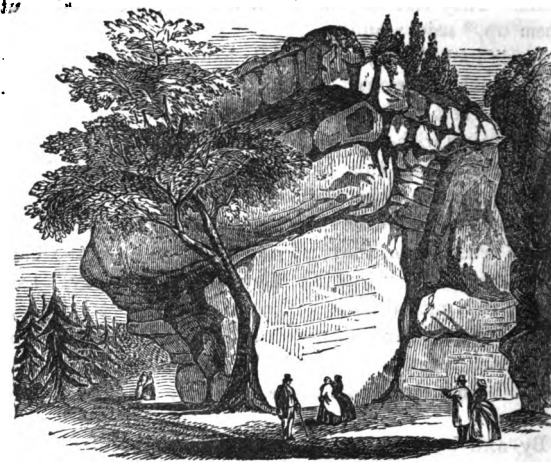

THE HIGH ROCKS, NEAR TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Tunbridge Wells is a beautiful town in the county of Kent, much resorted to on account of its chalybeate waters, discovered, it is said, in 1606, by Dudley, Lord North, who recovered from a deep consumption by drinking them. It is above thirty-five miles S.S.E. from London. The rocks referred to at the head of this article are situated among woods, by the side of a gently murmuring stream, about one mile and a half from the town, on Rustall Common. In the vicinity numerous singular rocks may be seen, but these are denominated the High Rocks, by way of eminence. Their average height is forty feet, but one of them is seventy feet high. They are partly divided, being split in several places, and narrow gloomy passages lead through the midst of them. There is one rock, which, when struck with a stick, sounds like a bell, hence it is called, "The Bell Rock."

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Near to it is another, with the following inscription on it :—

"Infidel, who with thy finite wisdom wouldst grasp things infinite,
And wouldst become a scoffer of God's holiest mysteries,
Behold this rock, then tremble and rejoice.
Tremble, for He who formed this mighty mass
Could, in his justice, crush thee where thou art;
Rejoice, that still his mercy spares thee."

Between these rocks and the opposite hills there is a deep valley, which is thought by some to have formed the bed of a river, or an arm of the sea. We know of no authentic record of the cause of this singular valley; a variety of opinions are entertained respecting it. Some think that the whole of this irregular and romantic scenery has been thrown into wild confusion by the violence of an earthquake; others are of opinion that it is the effect of the universal deluge, recorded in the book of Genesis. Whatever may have been the cause of the present position of the rocks, &c., they indicate some great convulsion of nature, and proclaim the power of God.

These rocks were not much noticed till 1670, when the Duke of York, afterwards James II., frequently visited them, and was so much delighted with them, that they became a place of fashionable resort. From that time to the present, they have been powerfully attractive to the visitors of this locality.

Dear young friends, let this engraving remind you of the power of God, and may the Holy Spirit inspire you with his saving fear, check the slightest tendency to infidelity, and lead you to think seriously, and prepare fully for that period when you shall witness, not merely convulsions in some specific locality, but when you shall behold—

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"The world alarm'd, and earth and heaven o'erthrown,
And gasping Nature's last tremendous groan,
Death's ancient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom."

May you be always ready!

J. A.

FORGETFUL AND THOUGHTFUL.

ONCE in our Sunday-school at St. John's Chapel, Weardale, somehow or other a conversation arose among the girls in the alphabet class about saying their prayers, and during the conversation I heard one of the little girls say "When ah ferget ta say me prayers ed murnen ah say th'm twice ed neet." An honest girl like this it would be well for us to imitate in case we should at any time ferget to say our morning prayers. N. E.

ANECDOTE.

A POOR blind girl brought to a clergyman thirty shillings for the missionary cause. He objected, saying, "You are a poor blind girl, and cannot afford to give so much." "I am, indeed, blind," said she, "but I can afford to give these thirty shillings better, perhaps, than you suppose." "How so?" "I am, sir, a basket-maker, and can work as well in the dark as in the light. Now I am sure in the last dark winter it must have cost these girls who have eyes more than thirty shillings for candles to work by, which I have saved, and therefore hope you will take it for the missionaries."—*Sent by* J. S. SYMONDS.

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LEBANON.

The Hebrew word *Lebanon*, like the French name of the celebrated mountain in Switzerland, *Mont Blanc*, signifies *the White Mountain*, and is supposed to have derived its name partly on account of the whitish colour of its rocky sides, and partly on account of its tops being covered with snow for ten months of the year.

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It forms the northern boundary of the Holy Land, and is a mountain of great extent, or rather a chain of mountains, and of great height, the loftiest part being about 9,000 feet high. There are two principal ridges rising above the rest, called Libanus and Anti-Libanus. The lower hills are cultivated, and bear corn, and various kinds of fruit. Psa. lxxii. 16. The soil, also, of the declivities and the hollows between them, produces large supplies of corn, and wine, and oil. One of the Arabian poets says of it: "Lebanon bears winter on its head, spring plays upon its shoulders, autumn rests on its bosom, while summer lies sleeping at its feet."

"The stone of which Lebanon is formed is hard, and of a marbly white; the quarries of the mountain anciently supplied materials for the noblest buildings of the Hebrews. Thence did Solomon bring 'the great stones,' 'the costly stones,' and 'the hewed stones,' 1 Kings v. 17, needful for the erection of the temple. It abounds in iron mines, which are still worked by the natives of the district. Streams, fed by the snows and ice, descend from the rocks in many places, forming beautiful cascades. These cool and limpid streams uniting at the bottom, form a large and rapid torrent, and add greatly to the pleasure of the scene. Hence Solomon refers to the 'living waters and streams from Lebanon,' Sol. Song, iv. 15; see also Jer. xviii. 14.

"The summit was gained by Mr. Buckingham with great difficulty. 'The snow,' he says, 'was of an unknown depth; and, although our horses were always up to the belly, and frequently so buried that it cost us much pain to extricate them, yet we never saw the earth at the bottom. From the united effects of the glare of the snow, the lightness of the air, the height of one point of view, and the fatigue of the ascent, I experienced a giddiness similar to that of a drunken man. It occupied

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us nearly four hours from the cedars to the summit, when we stretched ourselves out upon the snow, and lay for nearly an hour to recover breath and to repose.

"'From hence the view was, as may be imagined, grand and magnificent. To the west we had a prospect of all the side of Lebanon down the plain at its foot; and beyond, a boundless sea, the horizon of which could not be defined, from its being covered with a thick bed of clouds. The town of Tripoli could not be distinguished; but the high cape of Ras-el-Shakkah was distinctly seen, looking like a small projecting point. To the east we had the valley of the Bukhah, which we could discern was on a much higher level than the sea. The range of Anti-Libanus was covered with snow at its summit, but not so thickly as at this part of Libanus, where we were, and which seemed to us the highest point of all.

"'We could distinguish, that from the northward towards Baalbec, Anti-Libanus presented one even range, without pointed summits like this, and that from thence there extended two forks to the southward; the eastern or principal one ending in the great Jebel Sheick, the Mount Hermon of the Scriptures, and the western or lesser one in the point which I had passed in going to Banias, the valley between them being called Wady Ityne. The range of Anti-Libanus, though of less height than this, completely intercepted our view of the country to the eastward of it, although, as beforesaid, we were on the highest point of view which it admits.'*

"Among those who lately visited Lebanon was the Rev. G. Fisk. He was much interested with the mountain and its trees. He says:—'But we came to see the cedars of Lebanon—those ancient trees of which Solomon discoursed, when his wisdom extended from the cedar

* Buckingham's "Travels among the Arab Tribes."

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even to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall. In what part of this wonderful picture are they to be found? Let the future traveller look downwards, about midway to the right, and he will see an apparently small clump —at all events, not a very considerable one when thus viewed at a distance—fresh, green, and apart from all other trees. That clump—those trees, are the Cedars of Lebanon. The approach to them, from rock to rock, is very rugged and fatiguing. I was sometimes glad to dismount, and go warily on foot. We occupied about an hour and a quarter in the descent. On nearing them, the clump assumes the stateliness of a forest. The young trees which skirt the plantation are noble specimens, and justly claim our admiration. We wound our way through the midst of them, with the 'smell of Lebanon' about us, and soon reached those venerable trees which have received the reverence of ages. The ancient ones are twelve in number—seven of them clustered together, and the other five in various parts of the grove. I did not measure the girth of any, but I felt their gigantic proportions while reclining beneath their shade. And are these the trees, the very trees of which Solomon spake, and which have supplied the inspired penman with imagery to symbolize spiritual dignity and the glory which is of righteousness? Why should they not be? I know not. Certainly they bear traces of the lapse of ages upon ages. They appear as old as Lebanon itself—as if they had never been seedlings. If they are not the very trees, surely they have sprung from the seeds of the most ancient ones? The seven which are clustered together go up like gigantic pillars, and their interlaced arms above —each in itself a vast tree—form a verdant dome, through which the vertical sun penetrates not. I delighted in cherishing the persuasion of their full antiquity, as I mused on Israel's history, and thought of the glory of

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Lebanon. As I gazed upon them, I felt that description must always sound like exaggeration. I have seen noble cedars in Europe, the growth of centuries; but compared with those of Lebanon they are but saplings.'*

"David sang of this mountain; to have 'his fruit shake like Lebanon,' was to be rich in blessings. To grow like 'the cedar in Lebanon,' was to flourish in health and vigour. Solomon also spake of the 'wood of Lebanon,' its fragrance and beauty. The allusions made to it by the prophets are likewise very striking. The 'wine of Lebanon' was celebrated when Hosea wrote, though now it is said to be of a bad flavour. We learn from Isaiah that Israel shall one day be as 'the vine of Lebanon.' Jeremiah speaks of the folly of a man who forsakes God, as being like to him who scorns the cool flowing streams that come from its sides—a figure which would be well understood in a sultry climate where water was scarce. In the days when these lofty heights were crowned with forests of pine and cedar, how deeply expressive must have been the words of the prophet, 'Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt-offering.' The future increase of the Church is thus spoken of: 'The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee;' and Hosea says, 'I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon.' Thus did royal poets and humble prophets, under the influence of Divine inspiration, make known heavenly truth by reference to this interesting mountain and its productions."

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* "A Pastor's Memorial of the Holy Land."

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THE HERON.

THIS is another of the unclean birds forbidden to the Jews as an article of food; and, like the osprey, lives on fish, but fresh-water fish, as it chiefly lives near marshes and lakes.

It is about three feet in height, but the stretch of its wings is more than five feet. The colour of its feathers varies from light to dark gray. Its beak is long, and one of the claws on each foot is notched like a saw. On the back of the head of the male bird is a crest, or bunch of eathers, of a black colour. This was formerly worn as a mark of distinction by persons of honour.

In order to catch its prey, the heron commonly perches

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itself on a stone, or wades as far into the water as its long legs will permit, and there stands with its neck and beak partially buried between its shoulders, but its head turned a little on one side for a better view, and when a small fish passes it strikes it with an unerring aim.

Birds of this species are found in our own country, in various parts of Europe, in the East, and in America. Wilson says, "The favourite places for building and rearing their young, in the back woods of America, are generally in the gloomy solitudes of the tallest cedar swamps. On their tops the herons construct their nests; ten or fifteen pairs sometimes occupying a particular part of the swamp. Their nests are large, formed of sticks, and lined with smaller twigs; each occupies the top of a single tree. The eggs are generally four in number, of an oblong-pointed form, larger than those of the hen-fowl, and of a light greenish-blue, without any spots. The great heron is said to be fat at the full moon, and lean at its decrease: this may arise from the fact of their fishing regularly by moonlight, through the greater part of the night, as well as during the day. It also feeds on mice, grasshoppers, and various winged insects."

The heron is remarkable for the care of its young. Mr. Jesse, a writer on natural history, relates the following anecdote, which will illustrate this:—"A young bird fell out of its nest at Walton-on-the-Thames, where there is a fine heronry, and was taken away by a gentleman, who carried it to his own house, at some miles' distance, and placed it in a walled garden. The next morning it was noticed that one of the old birds had found out its place of confinement, and was busy in feeding it. This it continued to do, till one day the young heron managed to make its escape."

As further illustrative of the heron's affection for its young, Dr. A. Clarke says, "It will attack even a man

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in defence of its nest. I have known a case where a man was in danger of losing his life, by a stroke of a heron's bill, near the eye, who had climbed up into a high tree to take its nest."

CHAPTER ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

MARY.

Ascended the throne in 1553, and died in 1558, after a reign of 5 years.

113. *Who succeeded this pious king?*
Prince Edward his crown to his cousin did leave,
But no pleasure from this Lady Jane did receive,
For his sister, bad Mary, beheaded the queen,
And ascended the throne, as before you have seen.

114. *What was Mary's character as queen?*
A furious Papist was Mary, and she
People burnt, to the number of hundreds three;
When Jane she had killed, and thus the crown won,
She tried to undo all her brother had done.

115. *How long did Queen Mary reign?*
Five years, and her sister did Mary succeed,
Good Bessy by name, but was wicked indeed.

ELIZABETH.

(Ascended the throne in 1558, and died in 1600, after a reign) of 43 years.)

116. *Did not this queen restore the Protestant religion?*
In Elizabeth's reign it flourished apace,
But her treatment of Mary* prov'd a lasting disgrace.

117. *Was not Elizabeth's behaviour very shameful to this Princess?*
Queen Mary of Scots was young, lovely, and vain,
But she ended in sorrow and sadness her reign;
For to England she fled, protection to find,
And was kept nineteen years by the queen so unkind,
Who imputed unto her the charge, false and vain,
Of attempting her life, that the crown she might gain;

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* Mary, Queen of Scots.

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The queen did condemn her at Fotheringay,
At this castle her life was then taken away.

118. *Who was the Earl of Essex?*
He was a young lord, of abilities great,
And had been with the queen high in favour of late;
Who gave him a ring, by which she would remit
Whatever offences he should commit,
If he to Elizabeth would the ring send,
Forgive him she would, in what he did offend.

119. *What sad end befel this young nobleman?*
Young Essex soon after offended the queen;
And him she beheaded, thus venting her spleen.
But before he did die, he entrusted the ring,
Of all he possessed, the most valuable thing,
To the Countess of Nottingham; who then agreed
To the queen to convey it, in this time of need;
But her husband persuaded her not to do so;—
For this lord he dislik'd, as he had long been his foe.

120. *Did the queen know of the countess's bad conduct?*
Two years had elapsed since the death of this lord,
When the Countess of Nottingham sent the queen word
That as she was ill, she had an interview sought;
Of the deed she then told, and disclosed every thought.

121. *What did Elizabeth say?*
The queen was so shock'd when she heard what she said,
That she shook the poor countess in her dying bed;
And she told her then happy to die, if she could,
That her God might grant pardon, but she never should.

122. *Did Elizabeth live long after this?*
No, reaching her chamber, she threw herself down,
Refusing all food, though wearing the crown.

123. *How long did the queen continue like this?*
For ten days and ten nights she sat up in her room,
Supported by pillows,—but death was her doom:
And she said ere she died, "Oh! if they were mine,
I'd give millions of worlds for one inch of time."

Extracted by P. COATES.

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THE IBIS.

THIS far-famed bird is not mentioned in the English Bible; but the Hebrew word *Yanshooph*, which in Lev. xi. 17, and Deut. xiv. 16, is translated "great owl," is supposed by Dr. Boothroyd, Dr. Kitto, and others, to mean the *ibis*. It is also so translated in the Greek Septuagint and Latin Vulgate versions of the Scriptures. It is about the size of a common fowl. "While young, the neck is partially covered with down, or minute feathers, which fall off when the plumage is complete. The major part of its feathers are of a clear and spotless white. The head, bill, neck, and legs, are of a deep black; as are also the tips of the quill feathers, with a violet reflection."

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The apostle Paul, speaking of the apostasy of men, how they grew worse and worse till they became gross idolators, says, "When they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things." The truth of this is seen in innumerable instances: the worship of the Ibis by the ancient Egyptians is one confirmation of it. It was reared by their priests with great care, and kept in the temples, and whoever slew it, even if by accident, was punished with death. And often receiving Divine honours while living it was embalmed when dead with all the respect and affection which children usually paid to a departed parent. Small cases are still found in tombs, in which mummies of this bird are inclosed. This is a lamentable instance of ignorance and superstition; and it is supposed that the worship rendered to it was one reason, at least, why it was placed among the unclean birds, that the Israelites might be preserved from falling into this idolatry.

The Ibis is, however, really serviceable to Egypt. They seek their food among the mud and weeds, feeding mostly on worms and small fish; but they also feed on serpents and destroy their eggs, and clear the land of many destructive insects.

THE WASP AND BEE.

A FABLE.

A WASP met a bee, and said to him, "Pray can you tell me what is the reason that men are so ill-natured to me, while they are so fond of you? We are both very much alike, only that the broad golden rings about my body make

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me much handsomer than you are. We are both winged insects, we both love honey, and we both sting people when we are angry, yet men always hate me, and try to kill me, though I am much more familiar with them than you are, and pay them visits in their houses, and at their tea-table, and at their meals; while you are very shy, and hardly ever come near them;—yet they build you curious houses, thatched with straw, and take care of you and feed you in the winter very often—I wonder what is the reason?"

The bee said, "Because you never do them any good; but, on the contrary, are very troublesome and mischievous. Therefore, they do not like to see you; but they know that I am busy all day long in making them honey. You had better pay them fewer visits, and try to be useful."

CHRONICLED DEEDS.

A good woman was asked, when very ill, whether she wished to live, or was willing to die? Her answer was, "Whether God pleaseth."

"But," said a person who stood by, "suppose it should please God to refer it to you, whether would you choose?"

"Truly," she answered, "if God should refer it to me, I would even refer it to Him again."

Noble resignation! Children, learn from this a lesson. H. Portnall.

Brinkworth.

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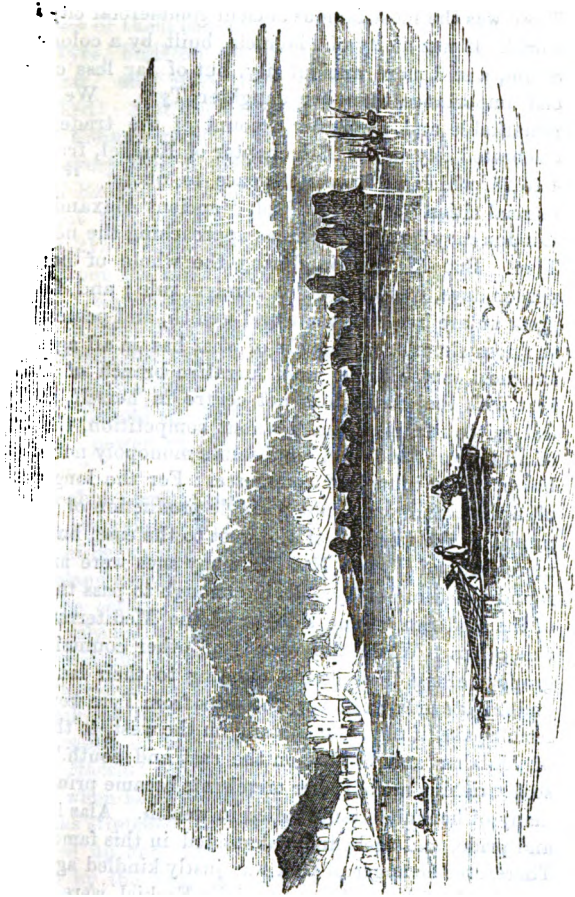

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RUINS OF TYRE.

TYRE was the most famous ancient commercial city in the world. It was a city of Phœnicia, built by a colony from Sidon, a still more ancient city, but of far less commercial importance than her daughter Tyre. We have a remarkable and particular account of the trade of this celebrated city in the 27th chapter of Ezekiel, from verse 4 to 25, which we have not space to quote. "As commercial cities," says Mansford, "ancient Alexandria and London may be considered as approaching the nearest to Tyre. But Alexandria during the whole of her prosperous days, was subject to foreign rule; and London, great as are her commerce and wealth, and possessing as she does almost a monopoly of what has in all ages been the most enviable and most lucrative branch of trade—that with the East—does not centre in herself, as Tyre did, without a rival and without competition, the trade of all nations, and held an absolute monopoly not of one, but of every branch of commerce. For the long period of a thousand years, not a single production of the east passed to the west, or of the west to the east, but by the merchants of Tyre. Nor for many ages were any ships found but those of Tyre daring enough to pass the straits of the Red Sea on one side, or of the Mediterranean on the other. While the vessels of other countries were groping along their coasts, clinging to their landmarks, and frightened at a breeze, the ships from Tyre were found from Spain, if not from Britain, on the west, to the coasts of Malabar and Sofala, on the east and south." With so flourishing a trade, her merchants became princes, and many of her inhabitants rolled in wealth. Alas! luxury, and pride, and wickedness abounded in this famous city. Therefore the anger of God was justly kindled against it, and the Jewish prophets, especially Ezekiel, were directed to predict its ruin. See chapters 26, 27, 28, &c.

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These predictions have been strikingly fulfilled, but only a few of them can we here notice.

Old Tyre, built on the shore, was besieged by Nebuchadrezzar, and after thirteen years was taken and demolished. And Pococke observes, "that there are no signs of the ancient city; and as it is a sandy shore, the face of everything is altered. Thus is fulfilled the prophecy of Ezekiel, "Thou shalt be no more; though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never be found again," ch. xxvi. 21. Insular Tyre, built on an island about half a mile from the main land, was besieged by Alexander the Great, who stormed it and set it on fire. This was in agreement with the prediction of Zechariah, ch. ix. 3, 4: "And Tyrus did build herself a stronghold, and heaped up silver as the dust, and fine gold as the mire of the streets. Behold the Lord will cast her out, and he will smite her power in the sea, and she shall be devoured with fire."

After this terrible calamity, Tyre again retrieved her losses. Only eighteen years after, she had recovered such a share of her ancient commerce and opulence, as enabled her to stand a siege of fourteen months against Antigonus, before he could reduce the city. After this, Tyre fell successively under different conquerors and nations. Its final desolation was foretold, in the following words: "I will scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock; it shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea." This has been literally fulfilled. Hactius relates of one Hadrianus Parvillenius, that, "when he approached the ruins of Tyre, and beheld the rocks stretched forth to the sea, and the great stones scattered up and down on the shore made clean and smooth by the sun, and waves, and wind, and useful only for the drying of fishermen's nets, many of which happened at that time to be spread thereon, it brought

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to his memory the prophecy of Ezekiel concerning Tyre, that such should be its fate.

The destruction of this celebrated city both furnishes a striking proof of the truth of Scripture, and affords a solemn warning to modern cities enriched by commerce, and degraded by crime. May its salutary instructions be permitted to exert their proper influence upon all concerned.

THE CITRON TREE.

The citron tree, as represented in our woodcut, makes a noble appearance. It is large in size, is clothed with

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beautiful foliage, and has a pleasant smell. Both blossoms and ripe fruit are found at the same time upon one tree, and in every month in the year. This reminds us of what is said in Rev. xxii. 2: "And on either side of the river was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations." The flowers are white, and resemble those of orange flowers. Its spreading branches afford a delightful shade, and to enjoy its shelter from the heat of the noonday sun is regarded as a luxury by all classes.

Some travellers have been entertained under the shade of a large citron tree, while the pleasant fruit has been shaken from its boughs for their repast. This illustrates the following passage in Solomon's Song, chap. ii. 3: "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." The original word, here rendered apple-tree, is by several modern critics and commentators thought to mean the citron-tree. "Instead of apple-tree," says Dr. Kitto, we have 'citron-tree,' and when the fruit alone is mentioned, 'citron' instead of apple, is in most modern versions. We do not hesitate to acquiesce in this conclusion, when we reflect that all the allusions to it in Scripture agree better with the citron than the apple. From the present text (Cant. ii. 3) we learn that it was thought one of the noblest trees of the wood, and that its fruit was very pleasant; verse 5 seems to intimate that its fruit was proper for those to smell who were ready to faint; chap. viii. 5, more explicitly expresses its fragrance; and Prov. xxv. 11 appears to say that it was of golden colour. All this is true of the citron, but not so of the apple, which does not attain much delicacy or perfection in Western Asia. The present writer nowhere in that region

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tasted an apple which an Englishman would praise, except at one place (Gumitch Khona, widely famed on that account), among the mountains south of the Black Sea, where they are very good, and admit of a comparison with some of our best qualities.

The name, *tapuach*, also signifying *to breathe*, may be supposed to express the delightful and powerful fragrance which breathes from every part of the citron tree; to which we add, that the fruit is much used by the oriental ladies to smell, for which purpose they often have it in their hands, or within reach; and as its fragrance is considered most reviving, it is employed for much the same purposes as a scent-bottle in this country. We consider this a good illustration of verse 5. The foliage is studded with minute glands, which are the depositories of the odorous juices to which the tree owes its fragrance."

The withering of the citron is an occasion of loss and sorrow in the east, and is used by the prophet Joel (i. 12) as an emblem of mourning and desolation. It is thought by some that the "goodly tree," mentioned in Lev. xxiii. 40, means the citron; as Josephus states, that at the feast of tabernacles every person was required to have boughs of the palm and citron-trees in their hands.

ON MUSIC.

Dear Little Readers,—I write to wish you a merry Christmas! The last month of the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one has arrived, and no doubt you are anxiously looking out and longing for the morning of the twenty-fifth, Christmas Day. To all the readers of the Child's Friend, I hope it will be a happy day. When I was a little girl, I used to think a great deal about Christmas, and I used to ask my dear mamma (who is now in heaven), or one of the servants, to wake me when the singers came round about two o'clock

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in the morning, that I might hear the music and the Christmas morning hymn. At that time we were living in Tregoney, Cornwall, and at that time they used to play and sing very nicely on Christmas morning. I have heard them many times since, but they do not sound so sweetly to me now. The last time I heard any really nice music and singing, was in London, the Christmas of 1862. I was awoke by sweet music, and sweeter voices, especially one female's, singing those beautiful words of Wesley :—

> "Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
> Roll round with the year,
> And never stand still till the Master appear."

Like David, Mr. C. Wesley was a poet—a true poet—wrote no trashy nonsense, and was also a musician. At the age of two years and nine months, little C. Wesley could play a tune in correct time. Not long after he could play any tune by ear, and supply an harmonious bass to it. This little boy grew up to be a mighty and good man. He loved Jesus, who was born on Christmas Day; and if you little boys and girls would love Jesus, you will grow up mighty and good men and women. Jesus loves children; give him your dear little hearts. Good bye.

Brinksworth. ANNIE E. PORTNALL.

ANECDOTE.

I HEARD of a little boy whose conduct pleased me much, and I am happy that there are so many children and youths of the same spirit. He had a thrush, and was highly delighted with it. One day, when greatly pleased with its singing, he said to it, "Pretty creature! I love you dearly, you sing so sweetly, but I love the heathen better, and will sel you that I may have some money to give to the Missionary Society." He acted as he had said. Generous heart!—*Sent by* J. S. SYMONDS.

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CHRONICLED DEEDS.

An Irish Romish priest met a little boy one day, coming across a field from school, with "the Bible" in his hand. The priest, pointing to the school, said, "Do you go to that place?"

The noble boy replied, "Yes, your reverence."

The cunning priest said, "I thought so, by the book you have in your hand. It is a bad book; give it to me."

The boy truthfully said, "This Book is God's Word, and it teaches us the way to love God, to be good, and to get to heaven when we die."

The wicked priest then said, "Come home with me."

The boy did so, and on entering his study, the priest took the Christian boy's Bible, and threw it on the fire, saying as he did so, "You shall never read that book again. It is a bad book. I shall not suffer you to go to that school again."

The "precious Bible" was soon in flames, and the boy, with true moral heroism, at first looked sad; but, as the priest grew angry, and told him there was an end of it, the youth smiled.

The priest then sternly asked, "Why do you laugh?"

The boy courageously replied, "I can't help it."

The priest, more angry than before, said, "I insist upon you telling me why you laugh?"

The boy again replied, "I can't help laughing, for I was thinking, your reverence couldn't burn those seven chapters I've got by heart."

Happy boy! he could say with King David, "Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee."

Reader! imitate this noble lad. Make God's Word the lamp of your feet—the light of your path—the man of your counsel,—and the guide of your life.

Brinkworth. H. Portnall.

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THE

CHILD'S FRIEND

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THE CHILD'S FRIEND,

1872.

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CAUTION TO SABBATH-BREAKERS.

TOCKENHAM WICK is a pleasant little hamlet, situated on the top of a hill dotted over with trees of every shade and hue, under whose shelter the cattle love to repose, both in sunshine and storm. It is in the parish of Lyneham, Wilts, distant about two miles from Brinkworth. At midday, on the first Sabbath in July, 1871, a youth of thirteen summers, much given to swearing, climbed a large elm tree, to take a starling's nest. The branch which he laid hold of breaking, he consequently fell to the ground. A relation with whom he was staying, went to the garden gate to call him to dinner, when to her great surprise she saw him stretched out in the road. She went to him; spoke—but no answer. Touched his face, it was cold, for the immortal spirit had left "the earthly house of this tabernacle."

I wish the boy readers of THE FRIEND, to learn from this incident four lessons:—1. To remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. (Exodus xx. 8—11.) 2. Never to swear—utter an oath, nor take the name of God in vain (Exodus xx. 7; Matt. v. 33—37.) 3. Never to rob the pretty singing birds of their delicately-finished nests, eggs, nor young ones. (Deut. xxii. 6, 7.) 4. Pray to Jesus. Love Jesus. Live for Jesus. Possess the mind and spirit of Jesus. Stand ready to meet Jesus. And then, if death should come suddenly, you will go to be with Jesus, and so will "ever be with the Lord." Then—

> "The heaven of heavens shall be your abode,
> In ecstasy feeling the glory of God;
> From the fountain of life you shall drink endless pleasure,
> And give glory to God for ever and ever."

Brinkworth. H. PORTNALL.

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A NEW YEAR'S LETTER FOR CHILDREN.

My Dear Young Friends,—I wish you a very happy new year. The old year is gone, with all its joys and sorrows, hopes and fears; yes, gone! never to return. I have no doubt when you look back on the past year you see many things you would like to alter now if you could, but it is too late. You are now standing on the threshold of the New Year. Oh! how some of you would like to look into the future, and see what this new year is to bring to you, but alas! you cannot; God has wisely hidden the future from our sight, and we cannot tell what may be in the future for us, joy or sorrow, health or sickness, life or death. This new year will be the last year that some of you will spend on earth. Yes, it may be that even before the birds begin to sing their sweet spring songs, or the starlike primroses cover the mossy banks, that you may be called to lie beneath a little grassy hillock. Dear young friends, if such should be your lot, are you ready to die? Have you given your young hearts to Jesus? If not, I would ask you to do it now; begin the new year with God; don't lay aside this letter and forget what you have been reading, but seek some quiet spot where you can be alone with God, and there kneel down and offer him your heart. Tell him you want to begin the new year happy in his pardoning love; ask him to forgive all your past sins for Christ's sake, and to be your guide through the coming year, and God will hear and answer your prayers, and then you will have a happy new year indeed. Then you will be able to sing—

Dear Lord, whatever grief or ill,
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to thy will,
And I would ask no more.

Yes, you would be happy under any circumstances if

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you knew that Christ was your Saviour and heaven your home. And now, dear children, I must close, wishing you a very happy new year. C. L. DOE.

A LETTER FROM FERNANDO PO.

DEAR CHILDREN,—You have all heard and read of Fernando Po; and you will be pleased to read the following letter from one of the coloured persons living on that far off island:—

TO THE SABBATH SCHOLARS IN THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST SCHOOLS, ENGLAND.

Fernando Po, Oct. 28, 1871.

My dear Friends,—For some wise purpose Providence has deemed it right to separate us by the wide ocean, very probably that you may be able to manifest your love and sympathy towards us by sending the Gospel to us. This you have already done. May the divine blessing rest upon you for so doing! Continue labouring and praying for us as well as for the kind ministers you kindly sent us. Your ministers are doing a very noble work among us—many souls have already been converted to God on this island through their labours. If you value our souls (which I doubt not you do) still pray for us, and further still, do the best that lies in you for spreading the Gospel among us and our benighted countrymen in the interior of this country. Multitudes of our countrymen now lie in darkness; they do not as yet know anything about the blessed truths of Christianity. Would you suffer them to remain and die in such a state? I trow not. May the blessing of heaven rest upon you and your ministers now and evermore. Yours affectionately,

T. R. PRINCE.

P.S.—I request your kind Secretary to publish this letter for you.—T. R. P.

This letter was sent to express the thoughts and feel-

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ings which are cherished by those to whom you, dear scholars, have sent missionaries. The writer of this letter knows what it is to live without the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. In the land where he lives and where he wrote the letter you have just read, there was no Gospel preached, and there were no Sabbath schools till you sent missionaries. But now there is a good Sabbath school, and a week-day school, and a chapel, and preaching, and prayer meetings. Many of the children and young persons are being taught, as you are taught, to read the Bible, to sing hymns, to pray, and to seek salvation through faith in Jesus Christ. Many of the up-grown persons have been converted, have become members of the Church of Christ, and are living Christian lives. But there are thousands of men, women, and children living in other parts of the country who have no preachers, no schools, and no chapels yet. The Missionary Committee want to send them some missionaries, but cannot do so unless you will help. The African Mission depends mainly on our Sunday scholars and their teachers for support. Will you help us? Have you had a Sunday Scholars' Missionary Meeting this year? If not, do have one soon. Ask your teachers and superintendents to make arrangements for you. Ask them to get you some speeches and some cards. Try your very best and you will be sure to succeed. S. ANTLIFF.

A LITTLE SERMON.

BUT Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child, girded with a linen ephod. 1 Sam. ii. 18.

I. The service he performed—"*He ministered before the Lord.*"

II. The age at which he served—"*Being a child.*"

III. The dress in which he served—"*A linen ephod.*" Eph. vi. 14.

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RUTH AND NAOMI.

THE simple and beautiful narrative of Ruth is full of interest and instruction. A Moabite by birth, she was married to Chilion, son of Elimelech and Naomi, Israelites who settled for a time in the country of Moab. Here affecting bereavements befell Naomi. Her husband and her two sons both having died, with a sad heart she

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resolved to return to her own land. Her amiable deportment had won the affections of her daughters-in-law, and they accompanied her on the way. Sympathising with them in their youthful widowhood, she affectionately entreated them to return to their mother's houses, and expressed her affectionate concern for their future comfort and welfare. Her pathetic address to them is most moving, and shows her character in a very amiable light. Influenced by her arguments, Orpah kissed her and departed, retracing her steps homeward with a sorrowful heart; but Ruth clave to Naomi, and refused to return, saying, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." Ruth, it seems, had obtained a knowledge of the true religion, and became a convert to the Jewish faith. In fulfilling her purpose, she made a great and painful sacrifice—quitting her native country, her kindred, and her home; but she thereby avoided many dangers, and met with a rich reward. She escaped the evils of idolatry, shared in the blessings of true religion, obtained a comfortable settlement in life, and was honoured with becoming one of the ancestors of the royal race of David, from whom also descended the Messiah. Blessed are those who renounce the world for Christ, and deny themselves of its unlawful pleasures for his glory and the privileges of his service. Even in this life they generally meet with a rich reward; and hereafter they will be crowned with royal honours and ever-during fame. Reader! hast thou not yet chosen Jehovah for thy God, and his people for thy companions? Then make the choice *this day, this hour*. Let the new year be distin-

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guished by a new course of conduct, and by engaging in the service of a new Master.

INFANT CLASS-SINGING.

WHEREVER there is to be found a separate room connected with a Sabbath school, the popular feeling is to use it for an Infants' Class, and such a room is necessary for properly teaching the very little ones who now thicken round our Sabbath schools, and who, though only from four to seven years old, are the first and earliest of our scholars. In a town school of four hundred, we have from fifty to seventy seated in the morning on raised seats, and ready for the infant song and simple lesson, story, or question. Many guides for teaching are to be found, but there is a want of a guide for singing suited to the infant class, which I am now to supply.

Let me say, first, that I regard the infant class as the primary and elementary singing-class of the school, and that there we must begin at the beginning, not of the Tonic Sol-fa or Old Notation, with its scale, but of the Sabbath school song, and this with only the memory to rely on—the memory of word and sound—its associations and its influence. Here should the easy simple carol be learned, and the love of the hymn-song created and fostered; and it should, from time to time, send to the larger school-room little ones who have been taught to sing of heaven, and who have learned the way in both senses.

In commencing a class of little ones what might be done is, first to select a set of twelve hymns, one to be learned every month, and so that with fresh ones coming monthly, and the older ones well used, there would be a good supply for those extra times of singing so necessary for an infant class.

I would begin with first, "O that will be joyful," because, though not very musical, it is pleasant to a child,

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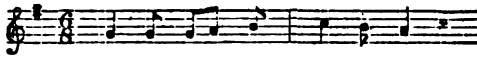
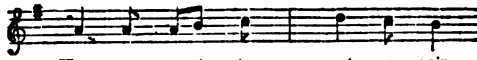
and has a chorus that will be remembered at home; one that I have heard in the house, the street, the field, and the class-room, ever fresh and ever pleasing to the little one.

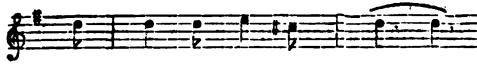
We learn all by ear, and begin by getting them to repeat over two or three times the words of the first verse only. This done I sing over the first line—



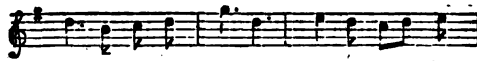
and then get them to sing it over with me, two, or three, times, or till they seem to know it, and then go on to the next line in the same way—

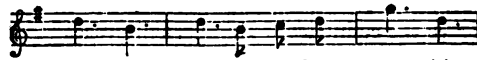


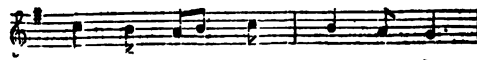
Taking the same course with the third line—



so that by this time they are ready for the chorus, which they will quickly learn in the same way with a few times repetition—







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Now by this time they will be tired of singing, and the way is open for questions on the hymn so sung, which should be such as to give them clear ideas of what they are singing about. After five minutes thus used, the first verse should be attempted again, and sung over two or three times, and then be left to the following Sabbath to be further taught.

(To be continued.)

THE QUAIL.

THE quail is one of the smallest birds of the poultry kind, being only about seven inches long. It is found in most countries of Europe, but is not plentiful in England. It much resembles the partridge; its colours are pleasing, being a mixture of black, brown, yellow, and white; the throat has a tint of red; the legs are of a pale hue. Hasselquist, mentioning the quail of the larger kind, says, "It is of the size of the turtle-dove. I have met with it in the wilderness of Palestine, near the shores of the Dead Sea and the Jordan, between Jordan and Jericho, and in the deserts of Arabia Petræa. If the food of the Israelites was a bird, this is certainly it; being so common to the places through which they passed." Quails are found in large numbers in different countries. On the shores of the kingdom of Naples, one hundred thousand have been caught in a day. In some parts of Russia they also abound so greatly that they are caught by thousands, and sent in casks to the chief cities.

Quails are migratory birds. On the approach of winter, they leave the countries of Europe, and proceed to Africa.

The power of instinct was seen in some young quails, which were bred in cages, and had never enjoyed their liberty. When the season for them to migrate had arrived, they became very restless, and fluttered about their cages, as though they felt it was time for them to

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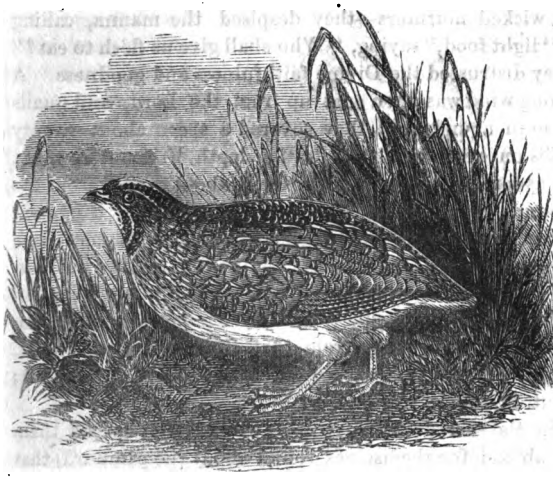

depart. An hour before sunset, they began to struggle to get free, and continued all night uneasy. In the morning, the birds looked sad and disappointed.

On the journey of the Israelites to Canaan, that people murmured twice for the want of flesh, and each time a miracle was wrought to supply them with quails. As a proof of the mercy of the Lord, and as a test of their willingness to obey him, a large flock of quails was sent in the evening, and the next morning the supply of manna began, Exod. xvi. 1—15. More than a year passed away, and they had seen the power of the Lord in daily feeding so large a multitude of people by sending "bread from heaven;" they knew with what power he had brought them out of Egypt, and how he had carried them through the Red Sea; they had seen the display of his glory at Mount Sinai, and yet, soon after they had left the mount, they began to show their ingratitude

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by wicked murmurs—they despised the manna, calling it "light food," saying, "Who shall give us flesh to eat?" They distrusted the Divine faithfulness and goodness. A strong wind was then sent up from the Lord, and quails came in abundance: they covered a space about twenty miles on every side, and to the depth of about a yard; or, as some suppose, the birds flew about a yard from the ground, so as to be easily caught. During thirty-six hours the Israelites were employed in taking them. Each family collected ten homers, or nearly eighty bushels. On these they lived in great luxury; but in the midst of their feasting, a plague came upon the people, and numbers died. The place from that time was called "the graves of lust." See Numb. xi. 4—35; xxxiii. 16; Deut. ix. 22.

In the sacred narrative it is said, "They spread them all abroad for themselves round about the camp;" that is, they dried them in the sun, to preserve them for future use. With this agrees the custom of the modern Egyptians, who take them in harvest time by thousands in nets. They then pluck off the feathers, and lay them on the burning sand, after which they are sold at only a penny per pound.

From this part of the history of the Jews we may learn to avoid the sins of unbelief, discontent, and the indulgence of a greedy appetite. If we repine at Providence, God may give us what we ask, but then it may be given in his anger, and prove only a curse. Let us rather cherish a grateful heart for the continued daily blessings that are bestowed on us; and when we ask anything from him, let us be willing that he should deny us if he see that to deny would be for our good.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a grateful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

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THE PALM TREE.

The palm tree is sometimes called the date tree, because it produces dates. It rises with a tall, straight trunk to a great height, fifty feet, or more. The leaves shoot with a graceful bend from the stem, and are seven or eight feet in length. On the top of the tree there is a tuft of beautifully-green leaves which retain their freshness all the year.

Dates, the fruit of this tree, are very nourishing, and of a sweet and agreeable taste. They grow in clusters under the leaves, and sometimes a single cluster is twenty pounds in weight.

This tree is of great value, and is highly prized in the

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East. "The diligent natives," says Mr. Gibbon, "celebrated either in verse or prose, the three hundred and sixty uses to which the trunk, the branches, the leaves, the juice, and the fruit were skilfully applied." Dr. E. D. Clarke, says, "A considerable part of the inhabitants of Egypt, of Arabia, and Persia, subsist almost entirely upon its fruit. They boast also of its medicinal virtues. Their camels feed upon the date stone. From the leaves they make couches, baskets, bags, mats and brushes; from the branches, cages for their poultry and fences for their gardens; from the fibres of the boughs, thread, ropes and rigging; from the sap is prepared a spirituous liquor; and the body of the tree furnishes fuel."

Frequent mention is made of the palm-tree in Scripture. The psalmist compares the pious man to its fair and flourishing condition. "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree." Ps. xcii. 12. The palm-tree is a sure sign of water being near. "It presents itself to the eye of the traveller," says M. Laborde, "like a friendly lighthouse, pointing out to him the spot where water is to be found to quench his thirst, and a charitable shade under which to repose." How prized would Elim be to the Israelites, as they found there threescore palm-trees and twelve wells of water.

Jericho was called the "city of palm-trees," Deut. xxxiv. 3, probably because of the number of palm-trees growing there. Palm-branches were emblems of victory, and were carried before great warriors in triumph. They were borne before Jesus as he went up to Jerusalem. The people wished to honour him as their king. And as the saints in heaven are conquerors over sin, Satan, and the world, they are represented with palm branches in their hands, Rev. vii. 9. May every reader be able truly to say,

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"In that bright city I would dwell,
With that glad throng the Saviour praise;
And, safe redeem'd from death and hell,
Sit at his feet through endless days."

INFANT CLASS-SINGING.

During the next three Sabbaths our first hymn should be often sung, and the scholars well taught in the sense and meaning. Other tunes might casually be sung, because there will be some who from learning elsewhere will join, and all will learn a little, and this will give variety to your songs of praise.

Then a new hymn should be introduced and properly learnt in the way and manner previously mentioned—bit by bit—little by little—verse by verse—the song first, in two portions, and then the chorus, until the whole of one verse can be sung.

We would learn them next the old familiar ditty, so well known among us children of older growth, beginning

"I have a Father in the promised land."

To do so is to follow out Dr. Watts' idea that children should sing of heaven, and thus they would learn the way. There are great facts here taught in plain and simple words, and thus learnt they will not soon be forgotten. When the first verse is partly learnt it is well to relieve the monotony of song by freshening up

"Here we suffer grief and pain."

And then by blending the two hymn truths together you are open to talk of heaven yourself and bring to the children the great facts of God being the great Father, Jesus Christ the great Saviour, heaven our happy home. The truth will be brought simply home to them. You may fairly illustrate the hymn by teaching the children the story of the Israelites coming to the promised land of Canaan, passing the river of Jordan, and then letting

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them know of Moses the great deliverer, who led them through the wildrness. Sing to them—

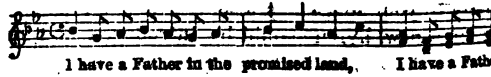
"O what has Jesus done for me?
He came from the land of Canaan,"

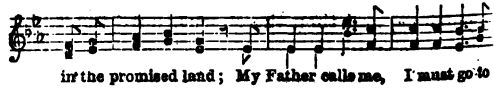
with its chorus "Canaan, bright Canaan," and then bring them back to the hymn you are learning—

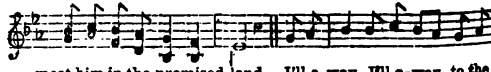
"I have a Father in the promised land."

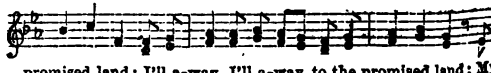
So conclude your lesson.

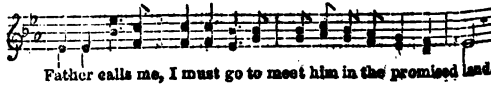
THE PROMISED LAND.











I have a Father in the promised land, 2
My Father calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.
I'll away, away to the promised land! 2
My Father calls me, I must go,
To MEET HIM IN THE PROMISED LAND.

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I have a Saviour in the promised land, 2
My Saviour calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.
I'll away, away to the promised land, 2
My Saviour calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.
I have a crown in the promised land, 2
When Jesus calls me, I would go,
To wear it in the promised land.
I'll away, away, to the promised land, 2
When Jesus calls me, I would go,
To wear it in the promised land.
I hope to meet you in the promised land, 2
At Jesu's feet a joyous band,
We'll praise him in the promised land.
We'll away, away to the promised land, 2
At Jesu's feet a joyous band,
We'll praise him in the promised land.

THE HINDOO CONVERT.

A young Hindoo girl attended a mission school. She earnt her lessons well and was loved by all who knew her. After some time she was taken ill. As she lay on her bed, she gave evidence that she had not listened to her teachers in vain. She said, "I am a sinner, but I know that the blood of Jesus can take away all sin." To her mother she spoke these cheering words, "Do not weep for me. I am going to my Father. Jesus will come and take me to himself." To a pious friend she exultingly exclaimed, "Oh, my Saviour—my Saviour!" When the last enemy was taking her into Jordan, she said, "Mother, I am going: God bless you." Her mother then said, "My poor child." She replied, "No, mother: rich, rich!" After she had prayed, she said, "My Father, my Father," and then her happy spirit fled to her "Father's House with many mansions." Reader, follow this little Hindoo, as she followed Christ.

Brinkworth. H. PORTNALL.

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AMIE AND HER ROBIN.

KNOWING that stories are interesting to most, and specially to children, we give the following concerning Amie and her robin. Amie was an amusing girl ten years of age. She had a great love for flowers and birds. During the autumn of 18—, a robin began to frequent her home, perching in the old cherry tree near the kitchen door. Morning by morning it came and poured forth its song of praise, and Amie as regularly took it some food. Winter came on, and she had a little house built upon

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the garden wall for "Little Rob" to shelter in. Her attachment daily seemed to increase towards the little bird so merry and gay. One morning she went out as usual, but no robin was to be seen. She wandered about the orchard calling "little Rob," but it did not answer. What a gloomy day it was to her. Her last words at night were, "I hope he will come to-morrow." But the hope was not realised. Long did Amie mourn concerning the loss of her robin.

Several years have passed away since then, and Amie has now become a woman, a wife, and a mother. Oft does she relate to her dear ones the story which we have narrated, advising them to be kind towards all the creatures which God has made, then they will be following the example of Him who does not permit a sparrow to fall without his notice.

Never does Amie hear a robin's song without being reminded of the event which occurred in her early days, and again she utters the oft-repeated question, "I wonder what became of little Rob?" FERDINAND ARMINE.

A WORD ON POLITENESS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN—A few words on an important subject will not be out of place. You are entering upon life, and are almost strangers to its successes and failures. The course you now take will affect you all your days. To have a happy, useful, and successful life you must begin right. Never forget that little things have much power both for good and evil. Take notice of the following tale:—

About eight years ago two gentlemen in Yorkshire visited the slate mines in Wales. While there a youth was very polite to them, and manifested a spirit of kindness and gentleness of disposition. This was seen by the gentlemen, one of whom said to the other, "This

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lad ought to be at something different to being in a slate mine; I will send him to school for two years if you will find him work after." The agreement was made. The two years being over, the youth went to Leeds, and a situation was given him in the warehouse belonging to the present mayor. Many difficulties beset him. His fellow workmen made sport of him, and laughed at his manner of talking, but he was diligent, being determined to succeed. He has got married, and is now the master of a large business in Wales. This great change is the result of being polite. Had he been otherwise doubtless he would to-day have been working in the mines.

Let this little story teach you a lesson. Resolve henceforth to be kind towards everybody. It will cost you nothing, and may prove a great blessing to you. By taking this step you will get through life much easier, making many friends. Nothing is more pleasing than to see children polite towards all whom they meet. To be able to take this course pray unto God for help, that you may daily grow more like Christ, who was so pitiful and kind.

FERDINAND ARMINE.

DAVID'S FAITH.

DAVID was a little boy seven years old. He was a little snow-sweeper. One cold snowy morning, he begged a lady to allow him to clean away the snow from her door. He was an orphan. He got his living by such work. The lady said to him, "Do you get much to do, my little boy?" The orphan replied, "Sometimes I do, but often I get very little." The lady then said, "Are you never afraid that you will not get enough to live on?" The orphan child, with perplexed and inquiring eyes, as if uncertain of her meaning, and as if troubled with a new doubt, looked up and said, "Why, don't you think God will take care of an orphan boy, if he puts his trust in him,

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and does the best he can?" God does care for the orphan, and is a "father of the fatherless."

Children, imitate this orphan—put your whole trust in the Lord, and do the best you can. The best you can do is—give yourselves to Jesus—live in his service—walk as in his sight—and stand prepared for heaven.

Brinkworth, H. PORTNALL.

MALINA PRIOR.

AT Fleetpond, Basingstoke Circuit, June 10th, 1871, died MALINA PRIOR, aged seven years. Her end was peace. It was her happiness to be blessed with God-fearing parents, who early sought to lead her to Jesus. When very young she became a scholar at our Fleetpond Sunday School, where doubtless she received early religious impressions, which were, in some degree, blessed in bringing her to the Saviour. Being a delicate child she seemed to be more quiet and serious than children usually are at her age. Consumption, the fell destroyer of thousands of the choicest plants that adorn the domestic circle, was slowly but surely sapping her vigour and life. But while the winterly blast of disease was blowing upon her mortal frame, the life-giving beams of the Sun of Righteousness, were preparing her immortal spirit for the Paradise of God. The time now came when she was no more able to attend the much-loved Sunday school. Her sorrowing mother became aware of her daughter's fast approaching end. The Sunday school anniversary was always a season of joy and delight to this little girl. But at the last anniversary, held on Whitsunday, she was too ill to be present, but living close by the school she heard her fellow scholars singing as she lay upon her sick bed.

Living at her home I have had the opportunity of speaking to her about Jesus. She told us she loved

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Jesus, and that he had cleansed her heart with his precious blood. She loved her mother dearly, and for some time could not be reconciled to the thought of going to heaven without her mother went too. This caused her parent some anxiety; but before her happy spirit passed away she expressed herself as willing to leave her mother to go and dwell with Jesus. On the morning of her death she said she was going to heaven, and she should have a crown. When she was dying she waved her hand several times; her father and other friends present thought she wanted something, but her mother said this was a sign that she had asked her to give if all was right in the hour of death. On Thursday, June 15th, her remains were borne to the grave. Most of our Sabbath school children followed. At the grave, while giving a short address, God revealed himself in power.

The desire and prayer of the writer is that all her fellow-scholars, and every Sunday school scholar may feel Jesus precious, and go and dwell with this happy spirit in heaven.

THOMAS REEVE.

OBITUARIES.

Alas! how soon the flowers of life decay,
How soon terrestial pleasures fade away
Those suns of comfort for a moment given,
Just rose on earth, then set to rise in heaven.

DEATH has entered the family of Matthew and Sarah Spowage, members of the Primitive Methodist Society, Doncaster First Circuit, and eyes that were bright with life grew dim, and prattling tongues were hushed in the stillness of death. In fourteen days four of their dear little ones were removed from the family circle, leaving their sorrowing parents bowed down with grief, feeling deeply the heavy stroke which has passed upon them, yet, able to say, with humble resignation, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good; the Lord

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gave and the Lord taketh away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." Millicent Harriet died November 16th, 1870, aged seven years and three months. Walter died November 20th, aged eleven months. Eliza Jane died November 26th, aged two years and nine months. George Henry died November 30th, aged ten years and nine months. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

George Henry and Millicent Harriet were scholars in our Spring Gardens Sabbath School, and evinced much pleasure in attending the above school, paying great attention to what the superintendent and teachers said respecting the bright world to which they are gone, its white robes, mansions, palms, and crowns. Their favourite hymns were, "Shall we sing in heaven for ever?" and "I want to be an angel." Their disease (scarlet fever) deprived them of speech and reason, and so prevented them from giving utterance to words they might otherwise have said. They have gone; they are missed both in the family and in the Sabbath School, but they live far beyond the skies—live eternally—live in the land where—

> "No chilling winds, no poisonous breath,
> Can reach that healthful shore," &c.

May He who bound up the broken heart of the widow of Nain pour the rich balm of consolation into the hearts of the sorrow-stricken parents, and prepare them for admission to His presence, there to be re-united to their dear ones in never-ending joys.

> O ye weary sad and tossed ones,
> Droop not, faint not by the way;
> Ye shall join the loved and just ones
> In the land of perfect day.

That this may be realised is the earnest prayer of the writer.

T. WATSON.

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MARLEY, A CONVERTED NEGRO.

MARLEY was a negro girl, a native of Jamaica, a large island in the West Indies. She was left by her parents to run wild. A missionary found her, and asked her to come to school. She went. In that school she was taught Bible lessons. She also learned to pray and sing praises to God. When she was about twelve years old, the missionary heard she was ill. He visited her. She was lying on a straw mat covered with a blanket. He said, "Marley, are you in pain?" "Yes, in great pain, sir." "Would you like God to take away your pain?" "Yes, sir, but I shall die." "Are you afraid to die, Marley?" "No, sir, my way to heaven is clear." "What do you mean, Marley?" "I mean this, I have prayed to God to forgive my sin for Jesus Christ's sake." "How do you know that he will hear your prayer?" "Because he has promised in the Bible to do so." The little negro then said, "The words that gave me such comfort were these, 'God so loved the world,'" etc., read John iii. 16. The missionary and the little negro girl never met again on earth, for shortly after he left her she died, but "to die is gain." Children, imitate little Marley, and strive to meet her in the Paradise of God.

Brinkworth. H. PORTNALL.

ONLY ONE GOD.

A LITTLE boy, upon asking his mother how many Gods there were, was instantly answered by his younger brother, "Why, one, to be sure."

"But how do you know that?" inquired the other.

"Because," he replied, "God fills every place, so that there is no room for any more." W. FILSON.

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THE MYRTLE TREE.

THE myrtle is a beautiful evergreen shrub. The branches are thickly set with smooth leaves, among which appear neat white flowers, tinted with crimson. It sends forth a pleasant perfume. The myrtle, it is supposed, was brought into England from Spain in 1585, by Sir Francis Carew and Sir Walter Raleigh. The tree which they brought was seen at Beddington, near Croydon, in Surrey, about ninety years afterwards, It is said to have lived about 150 years, and to have perished in a hard frost about 1740.

In the east it grows to the height of twenty feet. Near Jerusalem, the hills are adorned with it. In other parts

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of the Holy Land, groves of myrtle add to the beauty of the scenery.

It was used to form booths at the feast of tabernacles, as we learn from Neh. viii. 15. As it was considered an emblem of beauty, peace, and happiness, it is employed in Isaiah lv. 13 to represent the blessings which shall attend the spread of the Gospel. "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree." The myrtle trees seen in the vision of the prophet Zechariah (i. 8-11), are supposed to represent the Church, humble, beautiful, and peaceful, enjoying the presence of the Redeemer.

The Jews have a proverb, "A myrtle standing among nettles is still a myrtle." How desirable that in the midst of this evil world we should retain our piety, and keep it ever green and fragrant as the myrtle.

SEVEN YEARS WITHOUT CHRIST.

More than forty years ago, a little girl, seven years of age, stood weeping and trembling at the door of her minister's study. In kindly accents she was invited in, and encouraged to open her heart and tell what it was that so distressed her.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "I have been a great sinner all my life; I have lived seven years without God and without Christ. Do you think such a sinner as I am can be forgiven?"

The good minister told her that Jesus died to take away her sin, if she would believe him and give him her heart, and then marked out a few chapters in the Bible for her to read, and prayed with her. Soon peace and happiness filled her mind, and she told her mother that she wanted to join the church. Her mother thought her too young to profess Christ before men, and said to her:—

"My dear child, I am afraid that you will go back to

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the world, and bring disgrace upon the Church of Christ."

With a bursting heart and many tears, she replied :—

"Cannot the Lord Jesus keep a child in the right way as well as a grown person? He has promised to take the lambs in his arms and carry them in his bosom. I believe in him with all my heart. I know that I love him, and I want to obey him."

Her mother could resist no longer; she gave her consent, and the little girl was admitted to the Church. She still lives, and has trained up a large family in the fear of God. Several of her children have also become members of the Church. The grandmother of this child was converted to God after she was ninety years old, and although she came to Christ at the eleventh hour, was permitted to work in his service for five years, when she crossed the Jordan with praises on her lips. How many thousands are there in the world, who have not lived only seven, but seventy years in sin and folly, and yet have never truly felt that they are sinners?

Reader, do you feel it? If so, have you fled to Christ? He is the only Saviour of sinners. W. FULTON.

INFANT CLASS-SINGING.

A SECOND month's lessons, illustrated by regularly singing the two first hymns, will bring the children ready for another new hymn, for they, like their teachers, are fond of a little change, and like to have new clothes and new songs.

Having brought them to the knowledge of God, and Christ, and heaven, what can be more suitable than that the knowledge of sin should, if possible, be taught them, and it is beautifully done by contrast, in the hymn which I would take next,

"I'm a little pilgrim."

What we are and where we are going, we all ought to

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know, and the idea of a little pilgrim will soon get familiar when taught by song and verse.

We would teach it as before, the first line by itself, and then the remainder; and being so brief, the whole would soon be learnt.

Relieved as before by the two others first learnt, they will soon find that they will be at home with this one. One evil you will now have to guard against, that of children shouting and screaming instead of singing. Be not too precise while learning, for clearly to distinguish sounds by ear, is after all, very difficult to some, yet when well learnt, insist on their singing sweetly—not loud, but soft and clear—of course, the teacher setting the example, a thing sometimes forgotten. We should use our clearest, sweetest tones with children, that they may clearly imitate, and male teachers especially should look to this, for the female voice is better adapted for children's ears.

"Sweet is the work," we sometimes sing, and sweet should be the sound, not rough and hollooing out, to be heard a long way off. Some lads will want checking, others want encouraging to sing at all, but your work should be, that as they have breath they should learn to praise the Lord; and this with lovable songs is not yet impossible.

Need I say that the teaching here should be of the Pilgrim, and why not recite to them a bit of Mary Howitt's piece, beginning—

"A little girl she read a book,

* * * * *

The gospel of St. John," &c.

Compare earth and its sorrows, and death, with heaven and its joys, and sing to them—

There'll be no more sorrow there.

Teach them Christ as their guide, and that "Heaven's my home."

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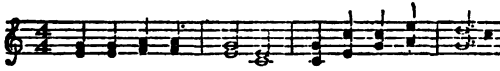
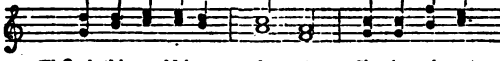
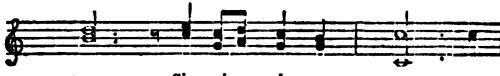
I'M A LITTLE PILGRIM.







I'm a little pilgrim, and a stranger here,
Tho' this world is pleasant, sin is always near.

Mine's a better country, where there is no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow, never enter in.

But a little pilgrim, must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robe, and with Christ be seen.

Jesus, cleanse and save me, teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit guide me, on my heavenly way.

I'm a little pilgrim, and a stranger here,
BUT MY HOME IN HEAVEN, COMETH EVER NEAR.

Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven. Matthew xix. 14.

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THE SHITTIM, OR SHITTAH TREE.

THE term shittah is supposed to apply to the tree, and shittim to the wood which it produces. Shittim wood is often mentioned in the books of Moses; the ark of the covenant, the table of shewbread, the altars of burnt offering and of incense, the pillars of the "holy of holies," and the boards and bars which formed the frame of the tabernacle being made of it. The wood is hard and smooth, and receives a fine polish, and was therefore very suitable for the purposes for which it was used by Moses.

The shittah is now considered to be a species of acacia, which is commonly met with in the deserts where the Israelites wandered for forty years. It is of large size;

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its bark is dark and rough; its flowers are a bright yellow, hanging in balls among the leaves, and emitting a sweet odour. Its fruit resembles a bean contained in a pod.

This tree is remarkable for its usefulness. It is it which yields the gum arabic. Its leaves also often furnish food for camels, when little else is to be obtained in the desert, while the poor Arabs in their journeys find this tree to be their only shelter from the burning heat by day, and the heavy dews of night. It is also used by the modern Egyptians in building their ships, and in making articles of furniture. Its inner rind is made into ropes; the larger branches are burned, and make excellent charcoal, while other parts are used in tanning.

CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

JAMES I,

Ascended the throne in 1603, and died in 1625, after a reign of twenty-two years.

124. *Who succeeded this queen?*
This queen had appointed a Scot to succeed;
And James was crowned King of Great Britain indeed.

125. *Was not James' life attempted?*
Yes, the Catholics thought that King James was the son
Of Queen Mary of Scots, when the crown he had won,
Would this cause have espoused, but it was not quite so;
And said if he would not, they'd bring on him woe;
They'd destroy all the nobles and him at a blow.

126. *What was their plan?*
The principal persons who then had conspired,
A large cellar under the House of Lords hired,
Many barrels of powder they placed on the ground,
And covered with wood that they should not be found;
For the meeting of Parliament then they did wait;
Little thinking of course what would then be their fate.

127. *Was the plot discovered?*
When the plan was quite ready, no rumours afloat,

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Lord Monteagle received an anonymous note,
And it said in the note, that he must not attend
To see parliament open, lest he met his end!

128. *What did Lord Monteagle do with the note?*

The noble the note to the King then did take,
Who instantly ordered quick search they should make
Through the cellars: Guy Fawkes was found concealed there
Who when seized, directly confess'd the affair.
Almost all suffer'd death, and this plan seemed the best;
Yet though this plot was discovered, the realm had no rest.

Extracted by P. COATES

LITTLE MARY.

A WHOLESALE merchant in Newhaven, used often, in going to his place of business, to pass through a narrow alley inhabited by miserably poor foreigners. Very early one morning, as he drew near one of the most wretched tenements, he heard a sweet childish voice singing "There is a Happy Land," and looking up he saw, peering through the rag-stuffed panes, a little girl of six or seven. The hour, the song, the dreadful surroundings, led him to inquire into her history.

He found that a few benevolent ladies had formed a Sabbath school in that district, and little Mary had attended till a wicked priest had made her parents take her away. She had learned some of the "Songs for the Little Ones at Home," and she used to rise thus early to sing and say them when no one should hear, lest she might forget them. Her little book was taken away, but she begged another, and hid it under the back steps at night, all day long carrying it in her bosom. Children of Christian parents, think of little Mary when you feel tempted to neglect the Bible and your Sabbath school.

W. FULTON.

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EFFIE THE BEAUTIFUL.

In one of the loveliest cots in Old England, lived a man and his wife with their only child, whose name was Effie. This home was situate at some distance from the highway, in front of which was a garden—the pride of our host. In it were roses, geraniums, jessamines, tulips, violets, lilies, and many other kinds of flowers and shrubs. Whether you passed this way at morn or eve, John was pruning the flowers, or plucking the weeds, or digging the soil. This garden was noted for many miles, and oft did travellers linger to gaze upon it, and regale their noses with its ambrosial odours. But in that cottage there was something more beautiful than all these. Effie, who had seen seven summers, was an amiable, kind, and gentle child. Her golden hair hung loosely upon her shoulders; her bright blue eyes ever gazed upon you with an accompanying smile. She was such in fact, that the neighbours called her "Effie the beautiful." It would have charmed you to have heard her sing, and converse about the Saviour. There was something so striking in her appearance and demeanour, that a most casual observer could not fail to discover that she was more than an ordinary girl.

One Sabbath the family went a few miles to hear a favourite preacher. The evening, on their return, was such that their joys were almost perfect—the moon filled the hemisphere with glory—silvering the woods and the rivulets, and making the dewy grass sparkle like diamonds. As they were speaking about the sublimities of nature, and the goodness of God, Effie feebly said, "Father, dear, I am sick." At once he took her in his arms, and in a pensive mood bore her to their cot. It was hoped that a night's rest would restore her. Neither father nor mother slept much. Morning came. Effie was no better. The doctor was called in. He shook his

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head, but hoped by the blessing of heaven to be able to do her good. It soon became known that "Effie the beautiful" was ill. People—rich and poor—came to visit her, but none left that room without feelings of deep emotion. Effie, with her faded cheeks and snow-white hands, looked more beautiful than ever. Her sweet songs were delightful—so unearthly. With ease and yet with power she dwelt upon the atonement of Christ. What a change came over this abode. The garden was neglected—the flowers faded, as if nipped by some untimely blast—the shrubs held down their heads as if in grief on account of the sickness of their little mistress. Weeks passed along, and the little sufferer grew more angelic.

One day, as her mother sat by her bedside, in tones of ecstasy Effie said, "Mother, see you not those bright angels? Hark! they are saying they shall come for me to-morrow."

The morrow arrived. Towards eve many met in that chamber. The face of Effie gradually changed; heavenly smiles flitted to and fro upon it like sunbeams. She solemnly but sweetly sang one of her favourite pieces. Then she said, "The angels are come," and giving each present a kiss and a farewell—she drooped—she died. Hundreds attended the funeral, all of whom were agreed that "She was too beautiful for earth, so God took her to bloom in heaven."

FERDINAND ARMINE.

SCRAPS FROM MISCELLANEOUS READINGS.

No. 1. THE GUTTA-PERCHA TREE.

1. My parent died, when I leaped from her side,
   To fill mankind with wonder;
2. And now I abound in the wide world around,
   The green sward above and under;

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3. I hold the flower, in the sunny bower,
4. I shelter the dead in their graves,
5. I circle the hair of the maiden fair,
6. And bid defiance to knaves;
7. The miser his gold oft gives me to hold;
8. I aid to extinguish the fire;
9. I am chased o'er the green, when the schoolboy is seen,
10. I wait at the toper's desire;
11. I ride on the wave, the sailor to save,
When he shrieketh aloud in despair;
12. I whirl the machine, whose arms dimly seen
Hiss as they fly through the air.
13. I've been tried and cast, with felons at last;
14. I am balm to the wounded and torn;
15. I rival the oak,
16. The tell-tale I cloke;
17. I am fashioned as high and low-born;
18. I constantly mind the sightless blind;
19. Many garments my long arms bear.
20. By the sick man's bed,
21. By the ship's mast-head,
In various forms I am there;
22. Deep in the earth, though unseen in my worth,
I faithfully serve mankind;
23. I bear the whisper of the softest lisper,
24. And hold that which traceth the mind;
25. When the emigrant lands on the far-off strands,
Perchance he treadeth on me;
26. On the rich man's table,
27. In the horse's stable,
My form you may frequently see;
Now I challenge your mind, my secret to find.
28. Though I travel along by your bed;
29. I come from the south,
30. I may dwell in your mouth,
31. Or may rest on the top of your head.

EXPLANATION.

No. 1. Refers to the gutta-percha tree; it is tapped,

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and the article which is then a milky juice, exudes. (2.) It is used both above and under ground. (3.) Gutta-percha flower-pots. (4.) Lining for coffins. (5.) Bonnet-caps. (6.) Policemen's staves. (7.) Money-bowls. (8.) Water-buckets, and engine-pipes. (9.) Cricket-balls. (10.) Mugs. (11.) Life-buoys. (12.) Machine driving-belts. (13.) Indestructible vessels for the use of prisoners. (14.) Balsam for slight wounds, instead of sticking-plaster. (15.) Ornamental mouldings. (16.) Coating of the telegraphic-wires. (17.) Medallions and casts of celebrated and notorious persons. (18.) Cord for window-blinds. (19.) Clothes-lines. (20.) Utensils for sleeping apartments. (21.) Cordage and speaking-tubes. (22.) Pipes for drainage, &c. (23.) Acoustic tubes. (24.) Inkstands. (25.) Soles. (26.) Ornamental dishes. (27.) Buckets and harness. (28.) Noiseless curtain-rings. (29.) From Singapore. (30.) In filling decayed teeth. (31.) Sou'-wester-hat.

Having thought of the gutta-percha tree, lift your thoughts to the tree-maker—Jehovah. Think of the "Rose of Sharon," the "Lily of the valley," and the "Plant of Renown," the "Immanuel, God with us." Give yourselves to Him, then ultimately you will "eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

Brinkworth. H. PORTNALL.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction.

Proverbs i. 10.

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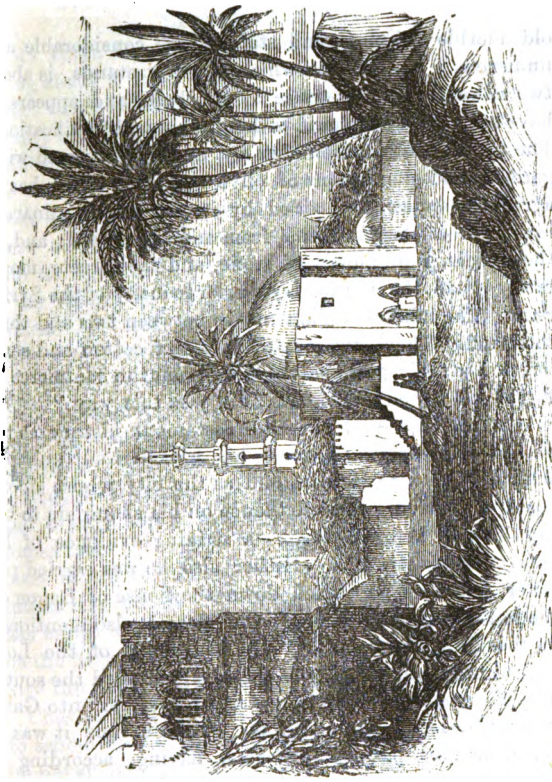

GAZA.

THIS ancient town was the capital of the most southern of the Philistine principalities; it is situated about fifteen miles south of Ascalon, sixty miles south-west of Jerusalem, and about two miles and a-half from the Mediterranean sea. "The remains of ancient Gaza, consisting of scattered pillars of grey granite, and fragments of

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old marble columns and statues, are considerable and numerous. The hill, on which the city stands, is about two miles in circumference at the base, and appears to have been wholly enclosed within the ancient fortifications. The town, being surrounded by, and interspersed with, gardens and plantations of olive and date trees, has an agreeable appearance, aided by its numerous minarets, raising their elegant forms from amid the trees; and, as the buildings are mostly of stone, and the streets, moderately broad, the interior is superior to many of the Syrian cities. The inhabitants amount to between two and three thousand. They have manufactories of cotton and soap, but derive their principal support from the commerce of Egypt and Syria, which must all pass this way."

It is celebrated in the Old Testament history as the place where Samson formed his wicked and unhappy acquaintance with Delilah, and as the city whose doors, posts, and bar he carried thence on his shoulders to the top of a hill before Hebron—a striking evidence of his extraordinary strength. Hither also he was carried prisoner, and here he pulled down the house of Dagon on the lords of the Philistines. The place is also mentioned in the New Testament: "And the angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south, unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert." Acts viii. 26. At this time it was in ruins, as this passage intimates, having, according to Josephus, been destroyed, with several other towns, by the Jews, to avenge a massacre of their countrymen of Cæsarea. "It must, however, soon have been rebuilt, or repaired," says Dr. Kitto, "as it existed in the time of Hadrian, who granted it some important privileges." It has since undergone a variety of changes, and is at present much smaller and less populous than it was in the sixteenth century, when Baumgarten described it as containing more inhabitants than Jerusalem.

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LITTLE CHARLIE.

My Dear Children,—Would you like to hear something about a little orphan boy? I think I hear your sweet voices echoing "Yes." Well, let us begin. In the county of York there lives a pious widow who has four children, her youngest son about whom we wish to speak, we will call Charlie. This little boy's father died a few years ago. He was a good man, and oft prayed for the Lord to save his children. When dying he gave them into the hands of God who "is good to all," and satisfies "the desire of every living thing." Since his death, Charlie has had to work in a coal-mine, to help his mother to earn bread for herself and her fatherless children. It is not very pleasant working in a coal-mine, specially in winter, for those who have to go early in the morning, and never see daylight except on Sundays. But Charlie is a good boy, striving to please his mother, and to obey her commands. She in return, is good to him, and always has a nice dinner ready for him when he comes from "the pit," tired and hungry, and with such a black face that you would scarcely know him. If he be rather late his mother is in trouble, fearing something has happened him, but when she hears his feet pattering on the flags which lead to the house, her "soul doth magnify the Lord," for having brought him safely home.

Charlie is glad when Sunday comes, so that he can go to school and chapel. He does not forget to pray, and he never leaves home in the morning without kneeling down and asking the Lord to bless him. I want you to earn a lesson from this little fellow. Perhaps your parents are living; if so thank Him in whom "we live, and move, and have our being." Do not grieve your father and mother by being peevish and disobedient. Remember the words of that good man, the apostle Paul:—"Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is

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right. Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth."

If you have the privilege of going to school during the week, do so cheerfully, remembering that many boys as well as little Charlie, instead of thus doing, have to go to work. Learn your lessons well. Determine to be good scholars. Do not go through the world satisfied with what you already know, but be diligent at your books.

Refrain from all evil-speaking. Do not give your companions by-names, but act kindly towards all. Indulge not in the evils so common among boys, but at once resolve to live virtuous lives. Never forget to pray unto God every morning and evening. While you pray for yourselves, remember others also, specially such boys as little Charlie, whose fathers are dead, and who have to work hard from morn till eve. Hoping that the blessing of your heavenly Father will be your portion through life; that his presence will be with you in death; and that heaven will be your final home,

I am yours affectionately,

HENRICUS.

"SO EASY TO DIE."

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

VERY early one July morning, a lad who had been a thief and in prison, lay in an infirmary, sick unto death. In the same ward was a rough sawyer whom the youth called to his bedside, and thus accosted him:—"Jim. read a piece of the Bible to me, Isaiah lv., if you can find it." The sawyer found it, and read on till he came to the 8th verse. The sick youth then stopped him, and said, "Jim, think of them two verses, 'Seek ye the Lord

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while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.' Jim, that is good news to us, and that comforts me." Then clasping his hands he continued, "I am happy; I never thought I should feel like this; it seems so easy to die." Oh, yes, religion makes a person happy. The love of God shed abroad in a man's heart will help him to die easy. It will take away death's sting, and light up with a Saviour's presence the dark valley. Though death is like eventide setting upon the Christian in the shadows, yet as he looks to the horizon westward, he sees mysterious streaks of light, that tells him of another day to dawn when the midnight of the present shall have enrapt him in its gloom. Dying is but "languishing into life." It is but the laying down of the casket while the jewel is taken to shine in all its brilliancy before the throne. It is but the cutting off of this earthly house of our tabernacle, and emerging to the building of God, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God as friends delights to bless;
To sink into a night's repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness.

Sent by J. T. BROWN.

God is Love.

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THE BALSAM TREE.

According to Mr. Bruce, the *balessam*, *balsam*, or *balm*, is an evergreen shrub, or tree, which grows to about fourteen feet high. Some authors represent it as almost peculiar to the land of Judea; but Bruce says it grows "spontaneously, and without culture, in Azab, and all along the coast to Babelmandeb." "The balsam of Gilead," says Kitto, "is about fourteen feet high, with diverging branches, that bear leaves at their extremities. These leaves are pinnate, or winged, like those of the terebinth, and evergreen in their duration. The fruit is a berry, or rather a drupe, of an egg-shape, marked with

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four seams, and with two cells." There were three kinds of balsam extracted from this tree. That which flowed of its own accord, or by incision, from the trunk or branches of the tree, in summer, was most highly esteemed. The second kind was obtained by pressing or squeezing the fruit when ripe. The third kind, which was least valued, was made by a decoction of the buds and small young twigs.

The great value set upon this drug is traced to remote ages. When Joseph's brethren had cast him into a pit, they beheld "a company of Ishmaelites," or, Arabian carriers and merchants, who "came from Gilead, with their camels, bearing spicery, and *balm*, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt," Gen. xxxvii. 25. At Rome, in after ages, this balsam sold for double its weight in silver, till its high price led to the practice of adulteration. Allusion to its medicinal properties is made in the often-quoted passage of Jeremiah—"Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"

NINETEEN GRAVES RECENTLY DUG.

How frail is human life! Well might the sacred writers furnish us with a variety of striking emblems and comparisons of its character, such as the withering grass, the fading leaf and flower. And oh, "how swift in its flight, like a weaver's shuttle, an eagle, a swift ship, a wind that passeth away and cometh not again; like a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." James iv. 14. Oh, how short is life, an hand's-breadth. A succession of breathings soon spent and gone. Alas! we are all too apt to spend our years as a tale that is told. During the last three months of the year 1870, death's doings were of an active kind, especially in the very circumscribed neighbourhood, or the small parish of Lyd-

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linch, and hamlet of Bagber, in this, the Sturminster-Newton Circuit, Dorsetshire. Nineteen graves have been recently dug to receive the lifeless forms or bodies, of nineteen youthful persons, whose spirits have fled into the spirit-world.

That prevalent disease, diphtheria, has invaded many family circles, and snatched away some of the dearest and loveliest household flowers from each of them. The ages of these departed ones have varied from five years up to eighteen. Mr. C. Hopkins and wife (Primitive Methodists), have lost two, named Boaz and Hiram; Mr. G. Coombs and wife have lost two, Charles and Georgiana; Mr. G. Parkham and wife have lost two, Sophia and Samuel; Mr. J. Trim has lost two, John and George; Mr. T. Dawe, two, Fanny and Charles; Mr. C. Chutt, two daughters; Mr. R. Snook, one daughter, Elizabeth; Mr. T. Green, one daughter, Bessie; — Tuffin, one, Emily; James Roberts, one son, Samuel; Mr. Lane, one; Mr. W. Chutt and wife (Primitive Methodists), one dearly beloved daughter, Joanna Eliza; and one more from another family. Thus have the above parents been bereaved of sons and daughters, producing many tears, and casting a mournful gloom over the neighbourhood. But while this has been the case, there has been one very remarkable and pleasing reflection for these surviving parents, and that is, many of these youths expressed their assurance and hope of going to Jesus and heaven. Praise the Lord.

We trust these solemn and affecting visits and exploits by the well-skilled archer, death, will be sanctified to the Saviour, and these providential dispensations lead many around the neighbourhood to prepare to meet their God. And oh, may the children who read this article, as well as parents generally, learn the importance of being ready

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—by true repentance and faith in Christ Jesus—for a change of worlds. Where—

Parting grief is felt no more,
On Canaan's happy, deathless shore.

E. HANCOCK.

INFANT CLASS-SINGING.

BY this time you will have a nice variety of song for your class, and pursuing the same routine, or a better if your experience proves it in teaching them to sing, you may introduce another song.

I would take the simple song of "Yon bright world," with its three thoughts:—1. The invitation; 2. The place invited; 3. The acceptance.

You will note that the first verse is your own invitation, and while you sing this to them as a pattern, you should teach them the second verse:—

"Yes! we'll go along with you."

You will have an opportunity to tell them of David when he said, "Come, ye children, hearken unto me," or rather to tell them of Jesus when he said, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden." You can also sing to them the little hymn,

"Come to Jesus, little one,
Come to Jesus now,"

recently introduced to us from America, or sing with them Fawcett's little chorus,

"Come to Jesus."

Your personal example in coming to Christ will much encourage the children, and through the song before you the invitation can be given, and the resolve obtained.

"Yon bright world"

is a beautiful phrase to a child's ear, and they will be well prepared to have pointed out the beauty of the sun that makes the world so bright and glad. You will then be ready to sing the chorus with feeling,

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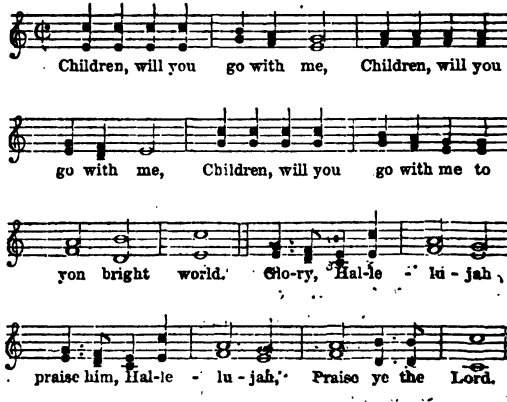
"Glory, Hallelujah!"

Do not forget that a child's resolve is often recorded in heaven, and many of the best men whom God has taught have in their very early days given their hearts to God; and then there are one half that die very early, and some very soon. Your little ones are this Sunday in the school, the next in eternity. It will stir them up to sing again before you leave,

"Children, will you go with me?"

CHILDREN, WILL YOU GO.



YON BRIGHT WORLD.

Children, will you go with us,
To YON BRIGHT WORLD.
Glory, hallelujah! praise him, hallelujah!
In yon bright world.

Yes, we'll go along with you,
To yon bright world. Glory, &c.

WE SHALL SEE OUR SAVIOUR THERE,
In yon bright world. Glory, &c.

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Crowns of glory we shall wear,
In yon bright world. Glory, &c.

God our Father ever reigns,
In yon bright world. Glory, &c.

We shall sing in sweeter strains,
In yon bright world. Glory, &c.

CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

CHARLES I.

Ascended the throne in 1625, and died in 1649, after a reign of twenty-four years.

129. *Who succeeded James the First?*
James the First was succeeded by First Charles his son,
Called unfortunate Charles, when he came to his throne.

130. *Why was Charles called unfortunate?*
The people this king did directly oppose;
He was forced to take arms 'gainst his cowardly foes.
But he being made a prisoner, was brought to disgrace,
For they said that this king did his people oppress.

131. *What followed?*
King Charles was condemned to death, and indeed,
Some soldiers as they from the court did him lead,
Insulted this monarch, and though he was king,
He bore all with patience, for nought could him move.

132. *Was the king executed?*
This king was allowed three short days to prepare,
And this time he did pass in reading and prayer,
In advising his children, who then did remain
In England, as he ne'er should see them again.

133. *What said this good king to his children?*
He took the young duke, who was not more than eight,
(Of Gloucester,) and told him his poor father's fate;
And said, "Henry, my boy, they will cut off my head,
And perhaps, make thee king, when thy father is dead;
But the crown accept not from those very bad men."
The child looking up in the king's face again,

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(Which with troubles and trials, and sorrow was worn,)
Said, "Ere I'll do that, I'll in pieces be torn."

134. *Where was the king executed?*

The scaffold in sight of the palace was built;
The death place of those convicted of guilt,
When the king on it came, to the bishop he said—
"I shall have an immutable crown when I'm dead;
And to heaven I shall go, my dear Saviour to face,
And where no disturbances ever take place."

Extracted by P. COATES

ALWAYS SEEN; OR, A GOD EVER NEAR.

"Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence?"—Read Psalm cxxxix. 1-12.

God, I know, is ever near,
When I doubt, or when I fear,
When I sell, or when I buy,
When I speak the truth, or lie,
When I swear, or when I pray,
When it's night, or when it's day,
When I hate, or when I love,
God is watching from above.

When I'm weak, or when I'm strong,
When I'm right, or when I'm wrong,
When I'm sick, or when I'm healthy,
When I'm poor, or when I'm wealthy,
When I'm lowly, when I'm meek,
When I'm silent, when I speak,
When I'm bound, or when I'm free,
I am seen, great God, by Thee.

Weardale. N. EGGLESTONE.

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MOUNTS EBAL AND GERIZIM, AND THE VALLEY OF SHECHEM.

THESE celebrated mountains, and the narrow valley between them, are objects of intense interest to Christian and Jewish travellers. The mountains are rocky, steep, and barren, about eight hundred feet high; but the valley is distinguished by great fertility and beauty. The locality is memorable on account of the numerous in-

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teresting and solemn transactions which took place there, as recorded in the Old and New Testament. It appears to have been one of the first places at which Abraham dwelled when he quitted Haran to sojourn in the land of Canaan, Gen. xii. 2. Jacob also came to this neighbourhood when "he came from Padan-aram. And he bought a parcel of a field, where he spread his tent, at the hand of the children of Hamor, Shechem's father, for an hundred pieces of silver. And he erected there an altar, and called it El-elohe-Israel," or, as it is translated in the margin of our Bible, "God, the God of Israel," Gen. xxxiii. 18-20.

But the most remarkable event narrated in sacred history as taking place in this locality, was the solemn covenant there made by the Israelitish nation to serve the God of their fathers. "These shall stand upon Mount Gerizim," said Moses, "to bless the people, when ye are come over Jordan; Simeon, and Levi, and Judah, and Issachar, and Joseph, and Benjamin. And these shall stand upon Mount Ebal to curse; Reuben, Gad, and Asher, and Zebulun, Dan, and Naphtali," Deut. xxvii. 12-14. This direction was observed by Joshua immediately after he had entered Canaan, and taken Ai. Josh. viii. 33, 34, "Six tribes were stationed on the sides of Gerizim, and six on the sides of Ebal; while in the valley between was placed the ark of God, with the priests and Levites standing round. When all this was arranged, and every man of Israel held in his breath in anxious suspense, the Levites in a clear voice, uttered the curses in the name of Jehovah. At every pause the six tribes on Ebal responded 'Amen.' Then the blessings were uttered with the same deep solemnity, and the six tribes on Gerizim responded to every blessing 'Amen.' It is not difficult to understand how the united voices of the band of Levites in the valley would be heard by

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the multitude that lined the hills on each side, when we remember that the sound floated upward amidst the stillness of an assembly awed into deepest silence. This lovely valley formed a noble sanctuary, with these rocky mountains for its walls, and only heaven for its canopy. And where can we meet with a scene of more true sublimity than was witnessed there, when a covenanted nation bowed their heads before the Lord, and uttered their loud 'Amen,' alike to his promise and threatening?"* Well had it been for Israel had they, in all generations, attended to the solemn lessons then read from Divine revelation. And well will it be for us if we are rightly mindful of the richer blessings and more fearful curses contained in the Gospel.

ALICE'S FAITH.

ALICE was a little girl of four years of age. She had been taught that God loved her, and always took care of her. One day a heavy thunderstorm passed over the house where Alice dwelt. Her mother and sisters laid by their sewing and drew their chairs into the middle of the room, pale and trembling with fear.

Alice stood by the window watching the storm with bright eyes. "O, mamma, an't that bu'ful!" she said, clapping her hands with delight, as the vivid lightning burst from the black clouds, and the pealing thunder rolled over their heads.

Her mamma with trembling voice said, "It is the Lord's own voice, Alice."

Little Alice then replied, "He talks very loud, don't he, mamma? S'pose it's so as deaf Betsey can hear, and uver deaf folks."

One of Alice's sisters, with cheeks blanched with fear,

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* Scottish Deputation's Narrative of a Mission to the Jews.

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said, "O Alice dear, come straight away from that window."

Alice asked, "What for?"

Her sister answered, "Oh, because the lightning is so sharp, and it thunders so loud."

Alice shook her head, and looking over her shoulder with a happy smile on her face, lisped out: "If it funders, let it funder! 'Tis God makes it funder, and He'll take care of me. I a'nt a bit afraid to hear God talk, Sissy."

Reader, learn lessons from little Alice. Trust in God. He says, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Brinkworth. H. PORTALL.

CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

OLIVER CROMWELL,

Was Protector from 1649, to 1660.

135. *What followed the death of Charles?*

Young Oliver Cromwell Protector was made,
But King Charles the Second, who was not afraid,
A fresh army did raise, and endeavoured to gain
The throne, but this quickly he did not obtain,
For Cromwell near Worcester the king did defeat,
And Charles was obliged to make good his retreat;
And being pursued for his life he did flee,
And shelter he took in an aged oak tree.

136. *Was the king discovered?*

No, when his pursuers came under the tree,
They thought he was there, but no Charles could they see;
For a bird flying out of the branches, did lead
Them surely to think he was not there indeed.

137. *What happened afterwards?*

After many concealments, the king did escape
To Normandy, and in that kingdom did wait
Till Cromwell was dead, who long filled the throne;
Then to England he came, and the crown was his own.

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CHARLES II.

Ascended the throne in 1660, and died in 1685, after a reign of twenty-five years.

138. *What was the period of Charles' return called?*
His return by the name "Restoration" is known,
And for twenty-five years he possessed the throne;
But leaving no children, was followed by James,
(His brother) and he made a very great change.

JAMES II.

Ascended the throne in 1685, and died in 1688, after a reign of three years.

139. *Did not the Duke of Monmouth oppose Charles' title?*
Yes, the Monmouthshire duke, Charles' natural son,
Raised six thousand men, to try what could be done;
But James did defeat him (thus ended the strife),
In Devonshire, Monmouth then fled for his life.

140. *What became of the duke?*
Monmouth being pursued, after two days was found
In a ditch full of fern, lying on the bare ground.
On being then seized, he burst into tears,
And he begged for his life, but it was with great fears
That it would not be granted, but James did him send
To the Tower, and to death he was quickly condemned.

141. *What was James the Second's character?*
The people then found what religion he had,
For the Catholic 'twas, and they thought this so sad,
That his subjects invited a king who was known
(Prince of Orange by name), to accept James's throne.

142. *What became of James?*
After fruitless attempts to regain his own throne,
At St. Germains he died, far away from his home.

143. *What family had James the Second?*
King James had two daughters, both by his first wife,
By his second a son, who ne'er reigned all his life.

Extracted by P. COATES.

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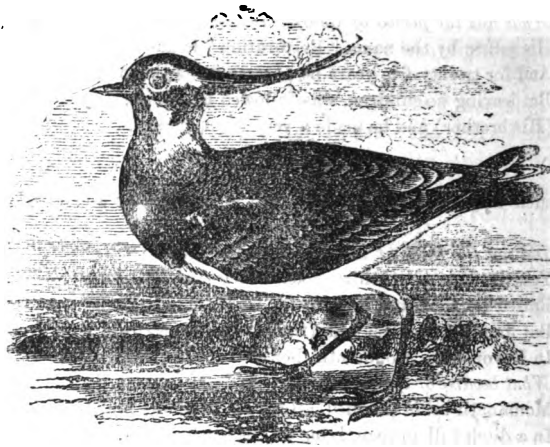

THE LAPWING.

THE lapwing is mentioned twice in the Bible, Lev. xi. 19. Deut. xiv. 18, where it is classed among *unclean* birds, and forbidden to the Jews as an article of food. It is, however, difficult, if not impossible, to determine exactly what bird is meant in these places. It is now generally supposed that the *hoopoe* is intended—a bird so called from the resemblance of its note to the word "hoop." This bird is rarely seen in England, but is well known in Asia and Africa.

The annexed engraving does not, however, represent the *hoopoe*, but the *lapwing*, or, as it is called in many parts of England, the *pee-wit*, from its note being like the sound of that word. It is of the snipe kind, and is about the size of a pigeon. On the back it is of a dark green colour, glossed with blue shades; the under parts are of a snowy white. It is very remarkable for its affection for

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its young. It flies before the sportsman, often near him, uttering a mournful cry, and by this method draws him away from its nest.

The following anecdote of one of these birds shows how they may be tamed. Two of them having been put into a garden, where one of them soon after died, the other began to come nearer the house in search of food. As the cold of winter increased it became more familiar, and, with some caution, took its place near the kitchen fire, by the side of a dog and cat, and every night shared with these new companions the comfort of a warm rug. In the spring it betook itself to the garden, but returned to its old companions at the approach of winter. It afterwards became so bold as to wash itself in the bowl set for the dog to drink out of; and, while so doing, would show marks of displeasure if either of its companions dared to interrupt it. It at last came to an untimely end, being choked by something it had picked up on the kitchen floor.

INFANT CLASS-SINGING.

"COME, CHILDREN, COME."

To teach the little ones this hymn ought to be a joy and a pleasure. Introduced some years since by the Sunday School Union in one of their magazines, it has been often used to stir up the feelings and impulses of little ones. Its joyous, single notes, are so well suited to the children that they quickly learn by pattern from the teacher. The hymn so prettily amplifies the text of the Gospel invitation, furnishing so many verses as stages of invitation. You commence by inviting their attention—"Come!" we say, "Come!" Why?—

"God bids you come;
Early learn to sing the story,
Of the Lord of life and glory."

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You are naturally reminded of the hymn—

"Who should sing if not the children,
Did not Jesus die for them?
May they not, like other jewels,
Sparkle in his diadem?"

You proceed, and tell them—

"Christ bids you come."

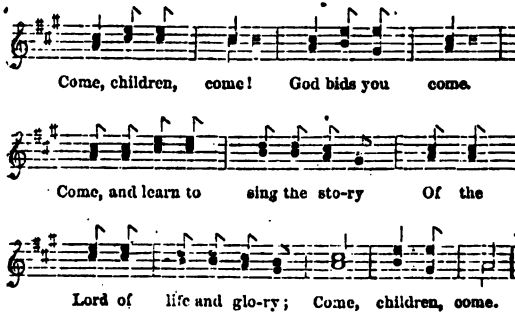
And here you refer to the invitation of Christ himself when the children were brought to him, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The third verse reminds you that the Word declares, "The Spirit and the bride say, come; and let him that heareth say, come; and let him that is athirst come, and take of the water of life freely."

The whole hymn will well bear pleasant questioning and loving remarks, such as they may always remember. They can have fixed in their minds the fact that if they "Come to Jesus," which verse may be sung to them,

"They may live in heaven for ever,
A heaven of joy and love."

COME, CHILDREN, COME.



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Come, children, COME: God bids you come,
Come and learn to sing the story,
Of the Lord of life and glory;
COME, CHILDREN, COME.

Come, children, come: Christ bids you come:
Early seek his face and favour,
Love and serve your blessed Saviour:
Come, children, come.

Come, children, come: the Word says come,
Come with Zion's sons and daughters,
To the spring of living waters:
Come, children, come.

Come, children, come: all bid you come:
Come, unite your hearts and voices,
Listening heaven then rejoices:
Come, children, come.

Come, children, come; make heaven your home
Then, though earthly ties may sever,
YOU MAY LIVE IN HEAVEN FOR EVER:
Come, children, come.

DEW.

WHAT can be more beautiful than dew-drops, the jewels of the glad summer morning, the glittering fringe of the misty veil in which the earth awaits the coming of the sun. Touched by the magic fingers of the dew even a cobweb becomes a thing of beauty. All nature rejoices at its presence. It bathes the drooping flowers, and they lift their heads with renewed beauty and strength to bear the heat of the burning noonday sun. The thirsty wheat ears listen for its coming in the calm twilight. The skylark sips its crystal drops and soars away to greet with joyful warblings the rising sun. The little children shake its sparkling showers from the hedgerow with laughter and delight. In all lands it is the symbol of freshness

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and fertility. Dew is many times mentioned in the Bible. Isaac when blessing Jacob said, "God give thee of the dew of heaven;" and Moses in blessing the tribe of Joseph mentioned it as one of the precious things of heaven. David compares brotherly unity to the dew of Hermon; and Solomon says the favour of the king is as dew upon the grass. Job, in recounting his former prosperity, said, "The dew lay all night upon my branch;" and the word of the Lord through the prophet Hosea is "I will be as the dew unto Israel."

The love of Christ in our hearts is as the dew on the garden. It brightens and beautifies our pathway; it strengthens us to bear our daily trials and to meet the fiery darts of the devil; and it nourishes the sweet blossoms of love, of faith, of prayer, of patience, of virtue, and hope. May we all seek to be more and more watered with this heavenly dew until we are removed to blossom for ever in the Paradise of God. R. F.

BLIND ALICE.

When visiting the people we soon meet with cases which draw forth the sympathy of our hearts, as there is so much suffering in the world. We meet with some who have been bed-ridden for years, and entirely helpless. Others are cripples, or deaf, or dumb, or blind. To the latter class the subject of this sketch belongs. For an aged person to be blind is a great calamity, but much more so for a child, who has never seen its parents, nor gazed upon the beauties of nature. Alice is now ten years of age, and has been blind seven years. She has two brothers and two sisters. The first time I saw this dear blind girl my soul was stirred within me, and when praying with the family I offered a special petition in her behalf. Never do I see her without learning lessons either of gratitude or submission. Though Alice is de-

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prived of seeing the light, and also a cripple, she takes a great delight in attending the Sabbath school and the chapel. Gladly will she go three times a day. During the week she often inquires about the services, the preachers, etc. At the anniversary she recites pieces, and can even now remember one which she said three years ago. She has also a knowledge of Scripture. Not long ago, while in their house, she quoted to me those beautiful words which fell from the lips of Christ, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

Such cases as this should teach us something. How many there are who can see, and who enjoy good health, that count it drudgery to attend the sanctuary, and never give praise unto God for all the blessings they receive. An example worthy of imitation is set them by this poor afflicted blind girl. Those thus suffering require our sympathy and aid. When praying to our heavenly Father let us not forget to make special mention of all such as poor blind Alice. FERDINAND ARMINE.

JACK THE INDIAN.

JACK was a native of North America; a scholar in one of the schools for the Indian children. He was taken ill; a missionary visited him. He was lying on a pile of leaves in a rude hut. The missionary said, "Poor boy, I am sorry to see you in this state; if you had sent to me, I would have cared for your wants."

The contented Indian replied, "I do not want much now, only something softer to lie upon, as my bones are sore."

The missionary asked, "Are you happy?"

He cheerfully replied, "Oh yes, I am very happy, for Jesus Christ has died to save me. I trust only in him."

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A Bible lay by his side. The missionary said, "I am glad you have the Word of God to comfort you."

The dying boy, holding up the Bible, smilingly said—

"This is my dear friend. You gave it me. I have read it much. I nearly lost my Bible last year, when I visited my sister, beyond the great lake. When coming back, about half way home, I missed it. I turned round, and crossed the lake in a canoe by myself. I was tossed about on the waves, but at last I got to the house, and obtained my Bible. I will not lose it again. I once thought that I should like when I die, to have it buried with me. But now, I wish you to give it to some one when I am gone, that it may tell them of the same Jesus, who has plucked me as a brand from the fire."

Reader, see the love this young Indian had for his Bible. Happy boy! its truths were his hope and joy, as he lay dying, in that poor hut. May David's heart-breathing be yours, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

Brinkworth. H. PORTNALL.

VALUE OF A MINUTE.

A SMALL vessel was nearing the shores of the Bristol Channel in a storm, and was in imminent danger of being dashed upon the rocks. Everyone seemed to have lost all hope, and expected every moment that the ship would strike and founder. The captain stood on the deck, his watch in his hand, and his eye fixed on it. Suddenly he cried out as he glanced across the water, "Thank God, we are saved—the tide has turned; in one minute more we should have been on the rocks!" Both captain and crew felt then, as perhaps they never felt before, the value of a minute.—*Early Days.*

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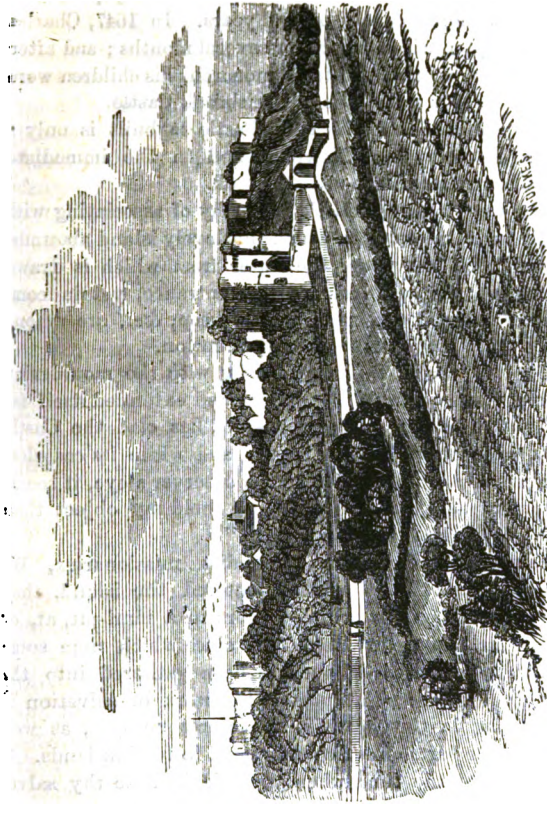

CARISBROOK CASTLE

Is now in ruins, but these ruins, a representation of which we furnish with this sketch, are of a very interesting character, and in many respects well calculated to gratify the antiquarian and the tourist. It is probable that the

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origin of the castle dates back into the misty past, considerably more than a thousand years. In 1647, Charles I. was kept a prisoner here for several months; and after the execution of that ill-fated monarch, his children were imprisoned for some time in Carisbrook Castle.

The eminence on which the Castle is built is only a short distance from Newport, and in the immediate vicinity of the village of Carisbrook.

The view from the Castle is worthy of associating with the beautiful views with which this lovely island abounds. A well 300 feet deep, the water from which is drawn by an ass, the beautiful archway entrance, yet in comparatively good preservation, the keep, &c., are among the objects that attract general attention.

The ivy, which in its sympathy with the mouldering masonry, has climbed the height, and extended itself far in breadth on the dilapidated walls, has clad the Castle in a garment of fadeless green, and while its ceaseless verdure is a grateful relief to the observer's eye, it seems to say to old time, "While I can hold my object thou shalt not wrest it from my grasp."

When the Primitive Methodist missionaries, W. Harland, and W. Clemitson, entered the island, they commenced their preaching labours in a marl-pit, at, or very near, the top of Carisbrook, since which time some of the fruit of their labour has been gathered into the garner of God, and at present the work of salvation is extending in this beautifully picturesque spot, as well as in other parts of our country, and in foreign lands. O Lord hasten the time when all flesh shall see thy salvation. Amen.

LADY JANE GREY.

Among the many mournful memories that linger round the Tower of London, few are more sad than that of Lady

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Jane Grey, descended on the mother's side from a long line of kings, young, lovely, learned, and above all, eminently pious. United in marriage to the husband of her choice, life seemed opening before her with more than usual brightness, when the restless ambition of her husband's father involved her in troubles and sorrows that ended only with her life. Lady Jane Grey was granddaughter of Mary, youngest sister of King Henry VIII., and Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. She married Lord Guildford Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland. King Henry at first made a will bequeathing the crown of England to the heirs of his sister Mary, in the event of his own son Edward dying without children, but he afterwards altered that will and left the throne in succession to his son Edward and his daughters Mary and Elizabeth.

Edward, who ascended the throne whilst still young, grew up an amiable pious youth, strongly attached to the Protestant faith. It was soon evident that he was doomed to an early grave, and the Duke of Northumberland began scheming and plotting to get the Government into his own hands. Two great religious parties were then striving for mastery in the land, the Reformers or Protestants, and the Catholics. The princess Mary, the King's sister, was a very bigoted Catholic, the crafty Duke, working on the young king's love of Protestantism, and his affection for his cousin Lady Jane, persuaded him to follow the first will of King Henry and leave her the crown.

The ill-fated lady earnestly protested against the perilous elevation, but her objections were silenced if not removed by her kindred, and immediately on the death of Edward she was proclaimed Queen. But her reign soon came to an end. The injustice done to the Princess Mary aroused the loyal spirit of the nation. Men of all

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classes and creeds forget for the moment their mutual hate, and hastened to unite in support of the lawful Queen. After reigning ten days Lady Jane and her chief adherents were committed to the Tower, and paid the penalty of their rashness with their lives.

The unscrupulous Duke deserved his fate, but many tears were shed for the gentle lady "Born all too high for happiness," who had been forced into playing so disastrous a part. The earthly crown she expected to obtain eluded her grasp; but from the hands of our blessed Redeemer she has gained one that will never fade, the reward laid up for all who love and serve the Saviour when on earth.

And now, dear children, I ask, do you love the Saviour? The Lady Jane sought him in early life, and when her hours of trial came he was her strength. Let us all follow her as she followed Christ, and then we shall be partakers with her in the glories of the kingdom of Heaven. R. F.

OUTLINE ADDRESSES.

PETER'S CONFESSION AND FALL.

(Matthew xxvi. 35.)

My Dear Young Friends,—I am going to speak for a little while on Peter. You must not think that Peter did not love the Lord Jesus; he certainly did love Jesus; he left his work and his home to follow Jesus; he was never so happy as when he was with Jesus; he was brought to the Saviour by his own brother. Peter signifies stone or rock. Jesus called the two brothers Andrew and Peter—they were fishing on the lake, and Jesus said to them "Follow me."

It was Peter with James and John who accompanied Jesus to the Mount of Transfiguration. Let us consider briefly, for a few moments, the following thoughts, which are suggested by our text.

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Much zeal.—Many young persons are very anxious to exert their zeal by high pretensions, by unmatured and injudicious discrimination, not influenced by calm self-command, of Christian reliance in the Saviour. Peter was of this description to a certain extent which leads us to consider

II. *Ready Profession.*—When our Saviour said "All ye shall be offended because of me this night," *i.e.*, they, the disciples, would stumble and leave the Saviour, yet Peter, who is ever ready with zeal and ready profession, utters the words of our text, "Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee."

Jesus turned to Peter and declared that he should deny him, and he did. What a crisis this was in the history of Peter! What a picture of being over confident, and of making such high pretensions; like many young people when they promise they will do this thing or that, very often they do not do it at all. Theirs was only the saying, the promising, but not the doing. There are examples in holy Scripture of those who placed confidence in themselves in their own strength: Goliath, Absalom, and others.

III. *True repentance.*—Peter repents and is forgiven. The secret of that is the Saviour prays for Peter. Jesus, you observe, my dear young friends, was his intercessor, and he is our intercessor and mediator, therefore when Peter repents Jesus forgives him.

Application.—Learn, dear young friends, from our subject, the importance of having a strong personal attachment to the Saviour. Look to him at all times. Be firm and stable when you make a profession of religion. When you look away from Jesus, soon, very soon, you may expect a departure from Jesus, which will result in a final fall unless you repent. May you seek Jesus now. Amen.

Plymouth. THOMAS HEATH, JUNR.

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THE ALPACA, PACA, OR LLAMA.

When the Spaniards conquered South America, they found the Alpaca, which seems to have been the only beast of burden possessed by the natives, to whom it supplied food and raiment. The flesh was eaten, and the hair or wool was woven into cloth. The Spaniards called these animals sheep. De Zarate says these sheep resemble the camel in shape, though they have no hump. He states that they can carry about a hundred pounds or more; that the Spaniards used to ride on them; and that their rate of travelling was twelve or fifteen miles a day. When they are tired, it is said they will lie down, and the load must then be taken off, for neither beating nor help will make them get up.

The wool of the Alpaca, like that of the sheep, differs in length, and is superior to English wool in softness and pliability. The fleece averages from ten to twelve

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pounds, and the wool varies from eight to twelve inches in length.

The lustrous appearance of the Alpaca wool renders it applicable to many of the purposes for which silk is frequently used; and it is found a good substitute for Angola wool. The manufacture of plain and figured stuffs from the fleece of the Alpaca was commenced at Bradford, in Yorkshire, many years ago. In 1844, five different articles were manufactured at Bradford, for Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, from the wool of an Alpaca which had been kept at Windsor. The fleece weighed sixteen pounds and a half; and when combed and sorted, it weighed ten pounds, including one pound of white, the remainder being almost entirely jet black. One of the articles manufactured for Her Majesty was an apron, all of Alpaca wool; a dress of the wool mixed with silk; another dress, made of the wool mixed with silk and worsted; another dress, a plain black lustre, in which the wool was mixed with cotton, which, when taken from the loom, resembled silk, but was much softer.

The flesh of the Alpaca is wholesome and palateable. The carcase is said to weigh on an average 180 pounds.

CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

WILLIAM III.

Ascended the throne in 1688, and 1702, after a reign of 14 years.

144. *When did William the Third ascend the throne?*

He ascended the throne in sixteen eighty-eight,
And the great change which then took place in the state
'Revolution' is called both by poor and by great.

145. *Who was Duke Schomberg?*

Duke Schomberg a nobleman was, who did come
To England (which was far away from his home),

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With King William the Third, very great was his fame,
He was killed in a battle and Boyne was its name.

146. *What are the Whigs and Tories?*
These names to the parties that then did prevail
In England, were given, nor now do they fail;
Those Tories were called the king who supported,
And those who opposed as Whigs were reported.

147. *How long did William the Third reign?*
He did reign fourteen years, but having no child
Was succeeded by Anne, James's daughter, so mild.

ANNE.

Ascended the throne in 1702, and died in 1714, after a reign of 12 years.

148. *What was Queen Anne's character?*
Many virtues she had, by the name she was known
Of gracious Queen Anne when she came to the throne.

149. *Who was the Pretender?*
A name which was quickly applied to the son
Of King James the Second, because he did own,
Or pretend to be heir, to the great British throne.

150. *Who were the Jacobites?*
These were the men who supported the claim
Of King James the Second, and all in his train.

151. *Was not Queen Anne engaged in a war with the French?*
Yes, and Marlborough's duke, one of Anne's valiant men,
Distinguished himself by his victories then.

152. *Did Queen Anne reward the Duke?*
Yes, the battle of Blenheim established his fame,
And she built him a house and call'd Blenheim its name,
For himself and his heirs to inherit the same.

153. *Was Queeen Anne ever married?*
Yes, George, Prince of Denmark, did marry Queen Anne,
And she many children had by this great man,
But they died in their infancy; George did succeed,
And he was a German Elector indeed.

Extracted by P. Coates.

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INFANT CLASS-SINGING.

"JESUS LOVES ME."

If William Bradbury had given us no other school carol than this, it would be a gift more precious than a millionaire's gold.

Oh, how the eye of many a pretty child glistens when "Jesus loves me" is struck up in the infant class. It is a lovable tune to loving words. "Jesus loves me," thinks the little one; oh, how good of Him! and you think, perhaps, of the well-known chorus of another—

"I love Jesus, yes I do,
Jesus weeps, and loves me too."

Glory to God, this is gloriously true for every little child; and this is gloriously new and fresh to our jaded, care-worn spirits, and to the hearts of the little ones.

Teachers, you have a noble theme for song, and a noble song to sing with them. This truth wants but little teaching. The little ones, wiser while babes and sucklings than those of riper years, sing with joy, and rejoice that—

"Jesus loves me! for the Bible tells me so."

Here you can teach the worth of the sacred Book, that Book that tells me what I am, whence I came, how to live, and how to die, and shows me—

"There is beyond the sky,
A heaven of joy and love.

As well as—

"There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains."

The little ones belong to Christ; can we realise it in our teaching?

Then teach them of Jesu's love in death, and question fully on the second verse. It is well to learn the tune of the song, better to know the words, and together they have a mystic power; but better still to sing with the

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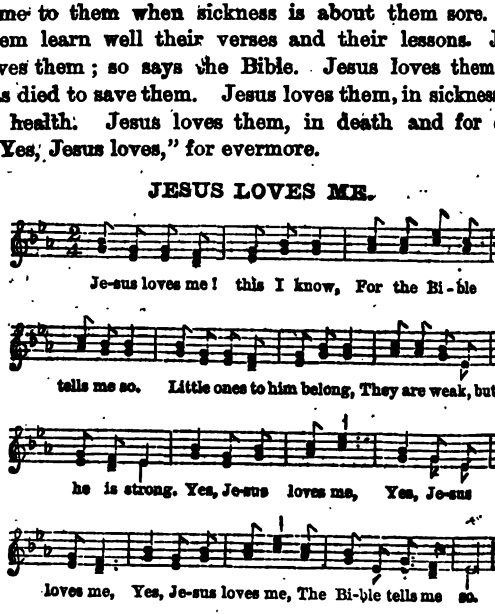
spirit and understanding also. Our children can do this with hymns like these, and so carry away with them facts and truths that will gladden their home life, and come to them when sickness is about them sore. Let them learn well their verses and their lessons. Jesus loves them; so says the Bible. Jesus loves them; he has died to save them. Jesus loves them, in sickness and in health. Jesus loves them, in death and for ever. "Yes, Jesus loves," for evermore.

JESUS LOVES ME.



Jesus loves me! he who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.
Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.
Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

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Jesus loves me! he will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him, when I die,
He will take me home on high.
Yes, Jesus loves me, etc.

POMPEII.

I HAVE been reading to-day an account of a house lately excavated from the ruins of Pompeii. This city was buried under showers of ashes, pumice-stone, &c., thrown by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius as far back as the year A.D. 79; on the 23rd of November. Consequently the remains of this beautiful city have been under the lava of the volcanic eruption for more than 1,700 years. In the apartment which answers to the kitchen of the present day, cooking operations were being performed when the house was gutted with the fiery liquid issuing from the crater of Mount Vesuvius. In the oven were found several loaves of bread. They have been there all these hundreds of years. M. Fiorelli has twenty-one of them in his possession as curiosities in his museum at Pompeii. They are black, but in a complete state of preservation. On a bronze dish in front of the oven was a sucking pig ready to enter it when the loaves were taken out.

What a length of time for such perishable articles to be preserved! What a change the world has seen since then! The dark age of the Christian Church has rolled along! Keen persecutions have swept over the world with terrific fury! War and bloodshed have been rampant! Many a noble heart has bled in death for the gospel's sake! The scarlet whore has swayed her diabolical sceptre! Luther and Melancthon have shaken the world and gone to rest! Wesley and Whitfield raised a jubilant shout, and went forth chasing darkness and error from

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the land! Bourne and Clowes took up the chorus—yet they too are gone. The reader still lives. Oh live to purpose. Leave, oh leave your footprints on the sands of time. ANNIE E. PORTNALL.

SAMMY'S PART.

SAMMY'S intellectual faculties had not advanced in harmony with his physical growth, and for this reason his infantile name had been perpetuated in his manhood. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise.

In a period of religious awakening Sammy thought himself a subject of the work, and with others presented himself for admission to the church. The office-bearers hesitated on the ground that he might not have sufficient capacity to comprehend the doctrines of the gospel and the evidences of conversion. They concluded however to examine him, and began with the subject of regeneration.

"Do you think, Sammy," said the pastor, "that you have been born again?"

"I think I have," was the answer.

"Well, if so, whose work is that?"

"Oh, God did a part, and I did a part."

"Ah, what part did you do, Sammy?"

"Why, I opposed God all I could, and he did the rest."

The result of the examination was that so far as they could judge the Holy Spirit had been Sammy's theological teacher, and had also created him anew in Christ. Not of works, lest any man should boast. *Sent by* W. F.

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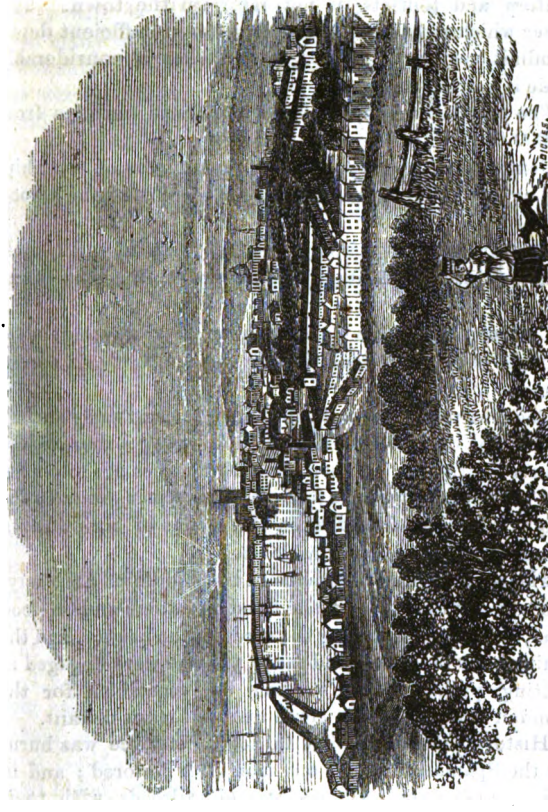

PENZANCE.

Of which we have furnished a view in the preceding page, is a very interesting sea-port in Cornwall, only a few miles from the Land's End, and is situate on the north-west side of a beautiful bay, called Mount Bay. St. Michael's Mount, a place of considerable interest, especially to

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visitors and tourists, is not far from the town. The water which enters the harbour, is not of sufficient depth to admit very large vessels, nevertheless a considerable trade is carried on by shipping.

The population of this place amounts to perhaps from 10,000 to 12,000 souls.

Penzance is favoured with several places of worship, and among the rest the Primitive Methodists have a good chapel.

The surrounding country abounds with metallic ores, some of which constitute the staple productions of the county.

Considerable efforts have been made to accommodate visitors, and afford facilities for the comfort and convalescence of invalids.

The climate is very mild in the winter and early spring, hence hydrangeas, geraniums, and many other tender plants flourish in the open air. Fruit trees are plentiful and productive, and the tamarisk sometimes grows to the height of eight or ten feet in the course of six or seven years, and forms an admirable shelter.

The writer visited Penzance in the middle of February, 1858, and at that time, in sheltered situations and on good land, nature was assuming the verdure, the beauty, and the fruitfulness of spring, and many persons were engaged in cutting, packing, and sending off vegetables for the London market, nearly three hundred miles distant.

History informs us that in 1595, Penzance was burnt by the Spaniards, but it was soon after restored; and in this age of enterprise, this age of railroads, with their moving houses, drawn by iron steeds, whose food is fire, and whose breath is steam, and while our Cornish friends make such ample provision for the health and comfort of visitors, and especially while they honour the Lord by seeking the salvation of souls, we trust increasing pros-

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perity will be their portion, and that we shall unite with many of them with whom we have met in Christian fellowship, among the ransomed family of heaven, in the eternally happy home of the faithful at God's right hand.

"I GOT A-GOING AND COULDN'T STOP."

A LITTLE boy, named Frank, was standing in the yard, when his father called him—

"Frank!"

"Sir!" said Frank, and started full speed and ran into the street.

His father called him back, and asked him if he did not hear his first call.

"Yes, sir," said Frank.

"Well, then," said his father, "what made you run into the street?"

"O," said Frank, "I got a-going, and couldn't stop!"

This is the way a great many boys get into difficulty: they "get a-going and can't stop." The boy that tells lies began first to stretch the truth a little—to tell a large story or relate an anecdote with a very little variation, till he got a-going and couldn't stop, till he came out a full-grown liar?

Those two boys that you see fighting, began by bantering each other in fun. At length they began to get angry and call each other names, till they got a-going and couldn't stop. They will separate with black eyes and bloody noses!

See that young man stealing from his master's drawer. He came from the country a promising boy. But the rest of the clerks went to the theatre, and he thought he must go too. He began, thinking he would only go once. But he had got a-going and couldn't stop. He has used up his wages, and wants more money. He cannot resist

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the temptation, when he knows there is money in the drawer. He has got a-going—he will stop in the prison!

Fifty young men were, some years ago, in the habit of meeting together, in a room at a public-house, to "enjoy themselves." One of them, as he was going there one evening, began to think there might be danger in the way. He stopped and considered a moment, and then said to himself, "Right about face!" He turned on his heel and went back to his room, and was never seen at the public-house again. He has become rich. Six of the young men followed his example. The remaining forty-three got a-going, and could not stop, till they landed most of them in the drunkard's grave. Beware, then, boys, how you get a-going. Be sure before you start that you are in the right way, for when you are sliding down hill it is hard to stop.

ALWAYS SINGING.

While talking with a neigbour, I heard a sweet plaintive voice singing that beautiful hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul."

The child was upstairs: I knew it was a child's voice from its silvery sweetness. I listened for a while and then said, "That child has a sweet voice." "Yes, she has," returned my friend, "She is always singing." I passed that way again; summer was here in its fulness, strewing the earth with flowers, and the earth with stars. The same sweet voice was trilling on the air—"Oh, had I wings like a dove, I would fly." This time the little singer was outside. I gazed upon the spiritual softness of her features—the sweet eyes "like twin birds flying to the light;" the pure expressive lips, the dark silken curls;—I felt that she would soon have her wish answered and "find a refuge in heaven."

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"Always singing." Autumn came. The wild swan was turning toward the south; the leaves were dropping from the trees, and spears of frost glittered among the grass.

A strip of crape fluttered from the shutter of the house where my little singer lived. By the great white throne, by the river of eternal gladness, she was striking the golden harp, and singing in the gushing fulness of the everlasting glory. *Per* W. FULTON.

CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

GEORGE I.

Ascended the throne in 1714, and died 1727, after a reign of thirteen years.

154 *Did George the First reign undisturbed?*

No, in George the First's reign the Pretender did make
Many efforts to rule (and thus the crown shake),
But the King did prevail. After thirteen years' reign
George died; and his son, George the Second by name,
Did succeed, and this King for his learning had fame.

GEORGE II.

Ascended the throne in 1727, and died in 1760, after a reign of thirty-three years.

155 *Did anything remarkable happen in George the Second's reign?*

The Pretender's bad son a rebellion did raise,
And attacked all the kingdom in various ways;
Far as Derby he came, a Duke him did defeat;
In Scotland he fled, and there found a retreat.

Extracted by P. COATES.

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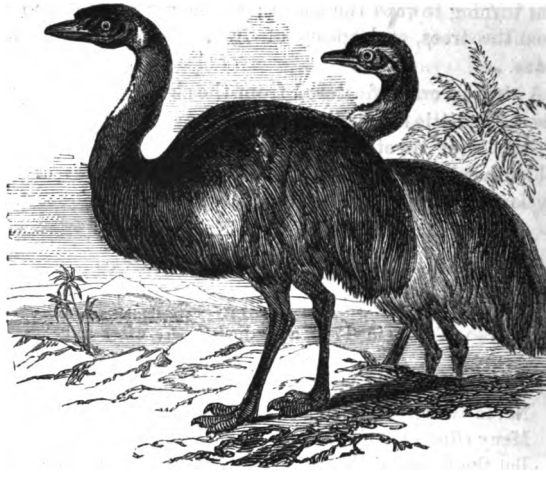

THE EMU.

THE Emu, or Emeu, is one of the largest of birds, being nearly equal in size to the Ostrich, while its legs are thicker and much stronger in proportion.

Emus of the largest size are often equal in height to a moderately tall man, being five feet six inches, or more, from the extremity of the claws to the point of the bill. The largest toe, including the claw, is said to be five inches long. The wings of these birds are exceedingly small, and under ordinary circumstances, are not seen, but are hid by feathers of the back. There are feathers on the head and neck, but they are so short and thin, that the skin appears naked, except towards the hinder part of the head where they are a little longer. The part which most distinguishes this bird is the head, which though small like that of an Ostrich, does not fail to inspire some degree of fear. The Emu, however, is gentle,

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and it is said, is never the first to commence an attack; but when it is attacked, it makes use of its large strong legs, and kicks like a horse, or runs against its antagonist, beats him down, and treads him to the ground.

Although unable to fly, from the smallness of its wings, the Emu can run faster than a race-horse can gallop. Its eggs are of a greyish colour, inclining to green. The largest of these is fifteen inches round one way, and about twelve inches the other. A gentleman at Tunbridge Wells has one of these huge birds, and as the writer was walking in the grounds adjoining the mansion, this stupendous bird paced along on the opposite side of an iron fence, with much majesty and grace. Emus, with some varieties, are to be found in the southern parts of the East Indies, New Holland, &c. The flesh is said, in taste, to resemble beef.

THE TURNING POINT.

A GENTLEMAN once said, "The turning-point in my life, was when I was a boy, not going to a low circus. Some kind of low circus came into the town, and all the boys were on tip-toe to see it. My mother did not want me to go. I might have stolen off. I had money enough in my pocket. The boys did all they could to persuade me to go, and people in vast multitudes were going to see it. It is so easy to go with the multitude; it is so hard to make a stand, break away and go in another direction. That is exactly what I did. I mastered the situation. I mastered myself, and did not go. This first resolution has, under God, served me many a good turn since, and made me what I am."

Reader, keep away from all such places. Cease to do evil. Learn to do well. Prove all things. Hold fast that which is good.

H. PORTNALL.

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INFANT CLASS-SINGING.

"I WILL SING FOR JESUS."

THE pleasure of children's song is much increased by some attention being given to the time they keep, so as to sing all together, and to the extent of noise some will make. To check the noisy ones, to stimulate the feeble sound of others, and in fact to watch and induce them all to sing is worth a little pains. To open the mouth wide, is one great requisite with children, and to stand with heads up, helps much the learner. Music, sweet music, should be taught at times in the infant class as well as in the senior school.

Philip Philips, the American Singing Pilgrim, whom all loved that knew him here, taught us teachers a little hymn which is just suited to our classes, and which the children readily learn. Its chorus suits the children of all ages, and we join in singing—

"O help me sing for Jesus,
Help me tell the story,
Of him who did redeem us
The Lord of life and glory."

This was his joy and pleasure for many years, and who can forget his beautiful hymn of "Singing for Jesus" so truly the history of his life and work?

Let us teach our children to sing for Jesus—sing at school, sing abroad and sing at home. To learn this carol, and teach it well, you do a life's work on many a child's heart. They shall think of his loving hand when lying suffering and dying. In life's hours, it is worth while to crowd their memories with loving words of song, and so fill their hearts with thoughts of Jesus and of heaven, where he is gone. The songs of Zion are the best antidotes and preventives of the silly songs of frivolity and fashion so common among us.

Teach well the truths of this hymn, let them under-

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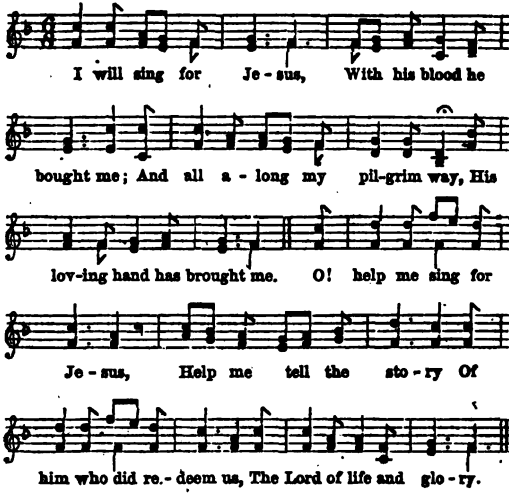
stand the sweet resolves of the hymn. O, how they remind us of the hymn which children know as—

"Good David, whose praises have often been sung,"

when he said, though his heart and his flesh should fail, the Lord would be his guide for ever.

I WILL SING FOR JESUS.



"Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
My blessed, blessed Master?
O! help me sing, &c.

I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing
Shall be my sweetest music
When heart and flesh are failing.
O! help me sing, &c.

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Still I'll sing for Jesus!
O! how will I adore him,
Among the crowd of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him.
O! help me sing, &c.

MEMORY'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

No 1.—A Rural Village.

This rural village stands between two hills on the old Roman road, from London to Exeter—not sixty miles from Salisbury, and in the west of Wiltshire. In 1836, its population numbered between fifty and sixty. It consisted of five old-fashioned farmsteads, a small State Church, a pretty parsonage, a private family residence, and labourers' cottages. The school was kept in an old farmhouse by an aged matron of the olden time. To the eye of a traveller, standing on an eminence, for miles distant, the farthest point from whence it could be seen, the village appears like a small forest of trees, growing on the slope of two hills. The rural scenery around it consists of arable and pasture land. The arable produces corn in abundance. The pastures principally are the noted Wiltshire Downs, where hundreds of sheep feed, and fill the air with melody, by their tinkling bells. In the summer season, the fields and downs look beautiful, but in winter they appear like a barren desert. What changes have there taken place, during the last quarter of a century. The old farmsteads have been broken up, the property exchanged owners, the old church renovated, a new schoolroom built, and a local magistrate resides there. Some of the houses and gardens, once neat and respectable, are now (1872) in ruins, and numbers of the ruralists have gone to their "long home."

Reader! learn from these changes, the fleeting character of all earthly things. Our life is like "a vapour that

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appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away," even—

> "Stars, like spring flowers, shall pass away:
> Time, like the stars, must cease to roll:
> *We* have what never can decay—
> Like flowers, and stars, and time—*a soul.*"

H. PORTNALL.

A YORKSHIRE COLLIER.

COAL-MINERS are looked upon as being a low and degraded class of men by the multitude. But whatever may be their character they should not be despised. The country is greatly indebted to them, and in their behalf prayer unto God should continually be made. They are not all alike, for many among them are some of the noblest and truest Christians that can be found in the world. Of these the person of whom we write is one. He was converted upwards of forty years ago, and became a member of the Primitive Methodist Connexion, in the prosperity of which he has ever taken a deep interest. There is much to admire in this old Christian. He has always felt it to be a duty and a delight to give attention to closet prayer. To do this he usually rises in the morning an hour before time for going to his work. This is certainly a most pleasing trait in the character, especially of an aged man.

How few young Christians there are who would deny themselves of an hour's sleep at early morn so to do. He is known as a praying man among his fellow workmen, and in the village in which he lives. He pays no less attention to public means than to private. He regularly attends his class, the prayer-meeting and the preaching-service. When the time arrives for going to chapel the weather is not consulted, but like a true hero he braves

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the storm or enjoys the calm. He is glad when the people say "Let us go into the house of the Lord."

Religion has taught him to be liberal. His house has been a home for the travelling preachers for years, whom he always welcomes to his dwelling, and his good wife takes an interest in making them comfortable. He has a system of giving by which he is able to do much towards supporting the cause of Christ. This is worthy of imitation by all. Systematic giving is a course which ought to be generally adopted.

The Bible is the favourite book of this good old man, but he also reads others; he has a special liking to those on heaven. Recently he bought "Our Home in Heaven," by the Rev. C. T. Coulbeck, which he has read several times, and recommended it to his friends. He seems to become more heavenly every day.

Though this man has seen others killed while at work he has never himself been injured. This he attributes to Divine providence. Wherever he goes he leads a godly, righteous, and sober life. How beautiful piety appears in such a one! Though unknown to the world, he is exercising an influence for good according to his ability in his own circle. His one talent is not wasted, but used to the glory of God. May not something be learned from the self-denial and steady perseverance of this Yorkshire collier?

FERDINAND ARMINE.

I will love thee, O Lord, my strength.

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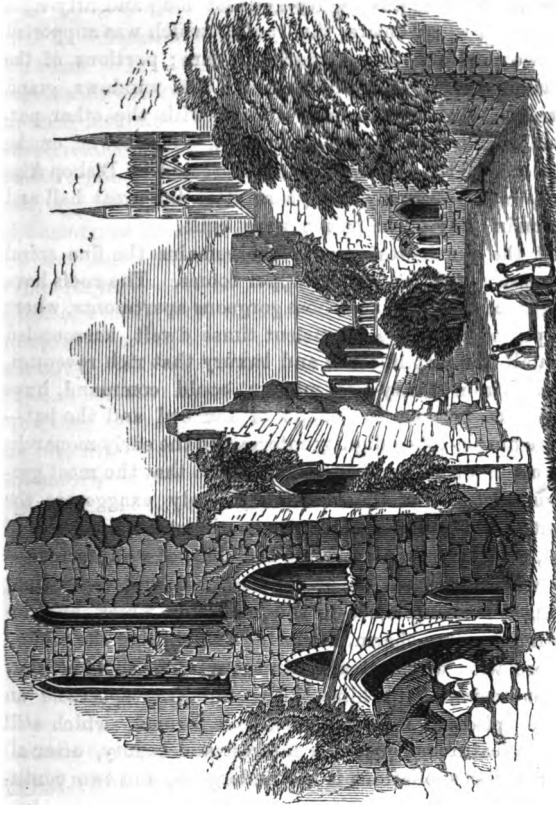

THE BISHOP'S PALACE RUINS, LINCOLN.

THIS once noble structure, and now interesting ruin, claims peculiar interest as an ancient episcopal residence. The shell of the magnificent hall was commenced by Hugh de Wells, who built its famous kitchen. The great hall,

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now an orchard, was eighty-five feet long and fifty-eight feet broad when entire, the roof of which was supported by two rows of purbeck marble pillars; portions of the pilasters and corbels still remain. The windows, grand entrance, &c., were equally superb with the other portions of this sumptuous apartment. The tower, on the west side of the carriage-way, was erected by Bishop Alnwick, in 1436, nearly 250 years after the great hall and the main body of the palace were built.

At the north-west corner yet remains the fine spiral staircase which led to the upper rooms. The roofs have long since fallen in, and those gorgeous apartments, where the princely prelates of ancient times dwelt, surrounded with all the magnificence and luxury that rich revenues, derived from thirty-two manors, could command, have long since become the abode of the owl and the bat—where purple-robed dignity entertained the early monarchs in a manner so magnificent and profuse that the most gorgeous pictures of imagination scarcely exaggerate the reality—the tables groaning beneath massive services of gold, and knights performing the office of waiting-men—the walls are bare, or overspread with wild vegetation, giving a pleasing effect to the venerable wreck, and investing it with a charm, rendering less chilling the feeling of desolation which steals into the mind of the beholder, whilst visioning to himself the imposing spectacle an entire episcopal mansion must have formed, which still retains features of peculiar interest and beauty, after all the ruthless spoliations it has undergone, and two centuries of neglect and decay.

The last prelate who kept up the princely state of the ancient Bishops was Longland. Henry VIII. and Catharine Howard were entertained at the palace by Longland, and James I. dined at the palace with Bishop Neale, in the year 1617.

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To the wars which dethroned Charles I., the building owes its desolation; rendering it untenable, and leaving it a ruin.

From the materials of the old palace has been built a modern, insignificant looking mansion, now occupied by the secretary of the Bishop, W. Moss, Esq. The present Bishop's palace is at Riseholme, two miles north of Lincoln, and was built in 1841-2, by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, at the cost of about £10,000, exclusive of the site and the adjacent estate.

The Right Rev. John Jackson, D.D., Provincial Chancellor of Canterbury, created a Bishop in the year 1852, occupied the palace in 1859, and the net salary of the Bishop amounted, it is stated in the commissioner's report in 1836, to £4,542; the corporation, consisting of the dean, sub-dean, precentor, and chancellor, to £6,986; there are also fifty-two prebendaries, varying from £2 to £125, but mostly under £50. There is, on the whole, a large sum expended in the support of cathedral services, which, on ordinary week-day occasions, have often not more than from twelve to twenty attendants, exclusive of the church dignitaries. P. DAYKIN.

INFANT CLASS-SINGING.

"IF I COME TO JESUS."

THIS month you have a simple tune, but easy and pleasant for the class. Its chorus is what the children should never forget, that—

If I come to Jesus
  Happy shall I be;
He is gently calling
  Little ones like me.

It is a sweet thought for them to remember and for you to teach. Most scholars love a chorus. There is some-

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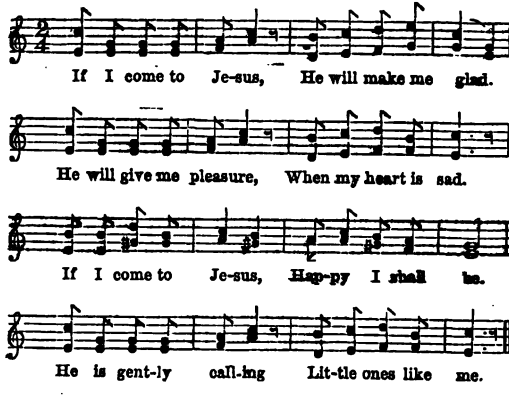
thing for the dullest, and all popular song is the better for the repetition of the master-thought of the piece.

You have a fund of beauteous truth to question them on, and teaching them of Christ and heaven in song; you have here what children's hymns ought to have if possible —the way, the truth, and the life—contrition, faith, and hopes of heaven. All the confidence of childhood is brought out in the hymn, and you can enlarge on the thought that Christ will take their hand and kindly, sweetly lead them to the better land.

Let us not forget that though others of our songs have much of the same truth, but then to the children they are put in different words, and become as fresh as ever.

Teach them here that Jesus hears the prayers of the children when they pray that indeed He is gently calling them to the joys and pleasures of that world so bright.

IF I COME TO JESUS.



If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer,

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He will love me dearly—
He my sins did bear.
If I come, &c.

If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.
If I come, &c.

There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour,
In that world so bright.
If I come, &c.

BOYS AND TOBACCO.

A strong and sensible writer thus speaks of boys who use tobacco:—"It has utterly spoiled and utterly ruined many thousands of boys. It tends to softening and weakening of the bones, and greatly injures the brain, the spinal marrow, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who smokes early and frequently, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, is never known to make a man of much energy, and generally looks muscular and physical as well as mental power. We would particularly warn boys who want to be anything in the world, to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison. It injures the teeth, it produces an unhealthy state of the throat and lungs, hurts the stomach, and blasts the brain and nerves."

Boys! shun tobacco. Don't smoke. Abstain from the appearance of evil. In all things show yourselves patterns of good works. Love Jesus, and heaven will be yours.

Brinkworth. H. Portnall.

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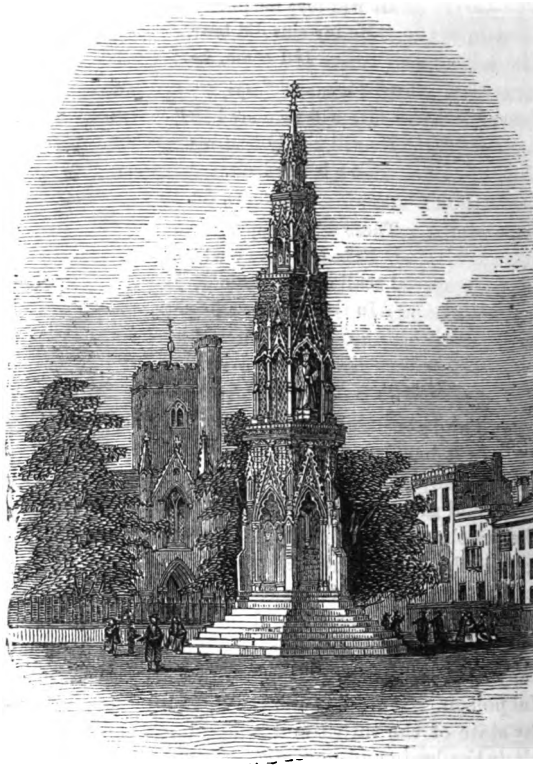

MARTYRS' MEMORIAL, OXFORD.

The inscription states this monument was erected in the year of our Lord 1841, by public subscription, to the glory of God, and in grateful commemoration of His servants, Thomas Cranmer, Nicholas Ridley, and Hugh Latimer, prelates of the Church of England, who near this spot, yielded their bodies to be burned, bearing wit-

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ness to the sacred truths which they affirmed and maintained against the errors of the Church of Rome, that to them it was given, not only to believe in Christ, but also to suffer for His sake.

The following is an extract from the "Handbook for Oxford," published in 1847 :—

"The memorial cross, commemorative of the sufferings of the martyrs above-named. It is of the decorated period, and has for its model the Eleanor Cross, at Waltham, which lovely monument, in some respects, it may be said to surpass. It was built from designs drawn by Messrs. Scott and Moffatt, of magnesian limestone, taken out of a quarry near Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, and the first stone laid 19th May, 1841. It is divided into three stories, in the centre of which are the figures of the bishops, very successfully carved by Henry Weeks, for a long time the first sculptor in Sir Francis Chantrey's studio, and recommended by Sir Francis himself as a fit person to undertake the work. In the northern compartment of the lower story is the inscription, stating the object for which the cross was erected.* Over this, facing St. Giles's Church, is the figure of Cranmer; that to the Corn-market is Latimer; the other, facing Balliol-ward, is Ridley. Its measurements are as follows :—First story, 21 feet 7 inches; second story, 20 feet; third story, 13 feet 2 inches; from crocketed parapet to the top of the pineal cross, 11 feet 11 inches; the platform on which it stands, 6 feet 4 inches; total height, 73 feet."

Dear young friends, never persecute the followers of Christ, but in all things prove you belong to the Saviour, by walking in His steps. H. PLATT.

* The precise spot of the suffering of the martyrs is not known; the most likely supposition is, that it was in the town ditch, the site of which is now occupied by the houses in Broad Street, which are immediately opposite the gateway of Balliol College, or the foot-path in front of them.

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CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

GEORGE III.

Ascended the throne in 1760, and died in 1820, after a reign of 60 years.

156 *Who succeeded George the Second?*
George the Third did succeed, he was his grandson,
And his father did die in seventeen fifty-one.

157 *Who was General Wolfe?*
Wolfe an Englishman was, and bravely did gain
Many victories over American men.

158 *What became of this young officer?*
At the siege of Quebec this young general was kill'd,
And as he was dying all on the cold field,
He heard the loud shout of "They run, oh they run!"
And this cry was repeated; he then questioned one
Who stood near him, and ask'd him which army did flee,
When the person replied "It's the Frenchmen I see;"
His countenance brightened, just raising his head,
Cried "Contented I die," and was instantly dead.

159 *Was not the King very ill?*
After many great wars, when all wrongs were redress'd,
The minds of the English were greatly distress'd
For their King was so ill, that they published it then
That they never should see their good monarch again.
But to prove that none know what in future will be
Quite in health this great monarch again they did see.

160 *What have been the late events of this nation?*
A war did break out in the year ninety-one,
Which continued with little relief till 'twas done.

161 *Who governed France at this time?*
The Frenchmen ere that their good king did behead;
And they raised Buonaparte to the throne in his stead:

162 *Who was Buonaparte?*
Now, a native of Corsica was this great man;
And was not very old when his reign he began.

163 *What became of this general?*
He after a shameful campaign did retreat

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From Russia; when he did an English ship meet,
He surrendered himself, was confined in the Isle
(St. Helena by name), where he lived a long while,
Till his death, which occurred in eighteen twenty-one;
Though he liv'd many years little good had he done.

164 *During the King's illness, in whom did the government of the English rest?*

The great Prince of Wales then the Regent became,
And afterwards King George the Fourth was his name.

165 *What happened afterwards?*

Soon his daughter, the young Princess Charlotte by name,
Was to Leopold married, a prince of great fame.

166 *What became of this Princess?*

When the English expected an heir to the Crown,
It pleased gracious God on their projects to frown,
And the mother and babe to the kingdoms of light
Were call'd, on the Fifth of November, at night.

167 *What was the character of this Princess?*

This pious princess an example did set
Of Christian religion; she ne'er did forget
To be constant in prayer; many happy she made,
And lamented she was, when in the tomb laid.

168 *How long did George the Third reign?*

He reigned sixty years, and did close his career
On the twenty-ninth day of first month in the year,
One thousand, eight hundred, and twenty; his reign
Is the longest recorded in annals of fame.

169 *Who succeeded to the crown?*

The great Prince of Wales was directly made King,
But his reign was by painful events ushered in;
For before to his aged sire's funeral he went
He lost his third brother, the good Duke of Kent.

170 *Did not great religious events adorn the reign of George the Third?*

Yes, unparelleled efforts were constantly made
That the Scriptures, God's Word, might be quickly conveyed
To the heathen, who in thick darkness did lie,
And we may now hope that the period is nigh,

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When the glory of God shall be spread o'er the land,
As the ocean, unbounded, doth wash o'er the strand.

Extracted by P. COATES.

MEMORY'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

NO. II.—THE HOUSE IN THE BOTTOM.

THIS house in 1836 was best known as "The House in the Bottom." It stood on the eastern boundaries of the "rural village," mentioned in No. 1, close by the turnpike road, leading to Exeter. This road was much frequented in the days of stage coaches, and cumbrous road waggons. Then there could have been seen an old-fashioned house, supposed formerly to have been an old farmstead, standing in the midst of a productive garden. Its front view was southward, facing a very steep, high hill, at the foot of which was an old Roman road, where herds of cattle by hundreds passed for the up-country markets. This was before railways became so general. The eastern view was an immense down, or sheep-range, where flocks fed and lambkins played. The northern part was sheltered from the nipping north winds by hundreds of acres of dense wood. There wild game of all kinds resorted; there primroses, violets, blue-bells, and other flowers scented the air with their sweet odours; and there nuts, wild strawberries, and raspberries grew in abundance.

In this "House in the Bottom," a member of the Primitive Methodist Connexion first saw the light.

But now (1872), how changed the scene! The old roads are almost abandoned, a portion of the beautiful sheep-range is cultivated, the property has passed into other hands, and the old house has become a heap of ruins, desolate and forsaken.

Reader, learn to hold all earthly things with a loose

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hand, and strive to obtain "a better and an enduring substance. Sing with the poet—

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place."

Brinkworth. H. PORTNALL.

ALMOST SAVED!

A MAN is drowning! He fell off the pier-head into the sea, and look, you can see his head just above the waves! There! he has caught hold of the rope those men have thrown to him. Now he has it! No, he has missed it! Ah! that huge wave has carried him further out. Nothing can save him now! Oh, if he had but caught the rope when he was so near it!

"And he so near being saved," says one honest fellow, dashing a tear from his eye; "why, the rope fairly touched his hand!" Ay, that made it all the worse. To think of him being drowned after all, when he was almost saved!

Almost saved! Reader, do you not hear that cry from another world? "I was once very near being saved, I had almost made up my mind to accept of Christ, but did not do it, and now it is too late! Lost, lost! and for ever! Oh, if I might go back to earth again, and hear once more of Jesus. Oh, that I had come to him then, when I might have come!"

Dear reader, are you almost persuaded to be a Christian? Then there is one great difference between you and that poor drowning man. *It was not his fault that he missed the rope.* He did all that he could; he clutched at that rope with all the strength of despair, and who blames him because he missed it? But ah! it is not so with you.

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You know that you might be saved at this moment, *if you liked:* but instead of taking hold of Christ at once, you are thinking about it, and wishing, and hesitating, and putting off. "Ye *will* not come unto me that ye might have life," says Christ.

Almost within the gates of the heavenly Jerusalem, lingering about the door, catching an echo of its music, and yet shut out! Better, better far, never to have heard of Jesus, than to come so near to him, and yet, at last, to hear him say, "Depart, I never knew you!"

DO YOU LOVE JESUS?

A LITTLE girl upon hearing that a stranger was coming into the house, said—

"I shall ask her if she loves Jesus, Mamma."

Little reader, let me ask you the same question, "Do you love Jesus?" You must answer in your heart, when none but God is looking at you. He looks into your heart, and you will not reply lightly, but truthfully. What a beautiful reason this text gives for truly loving the Saviour, "He loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*," Gal. ii. 20.

"Jesus loves me! He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let a little child come in."

ADVANTAGES OF A SABBATH.

"Tell me," said a gentleman, addressing a clean, tidy cabman, "how is it that *some* of the men on the stand look so smart on a Monday morning—they have clean shirts, and are much happier looking than the other men; and their horses are sprightlier too. What is the cause of the contrast?" "O, they are six-day men, Sir! They have green plates; their cabs *don't run on Sundays*; both men and horses have now a weekly rest. *That's* the reason why they are not jaded like others, Sir."

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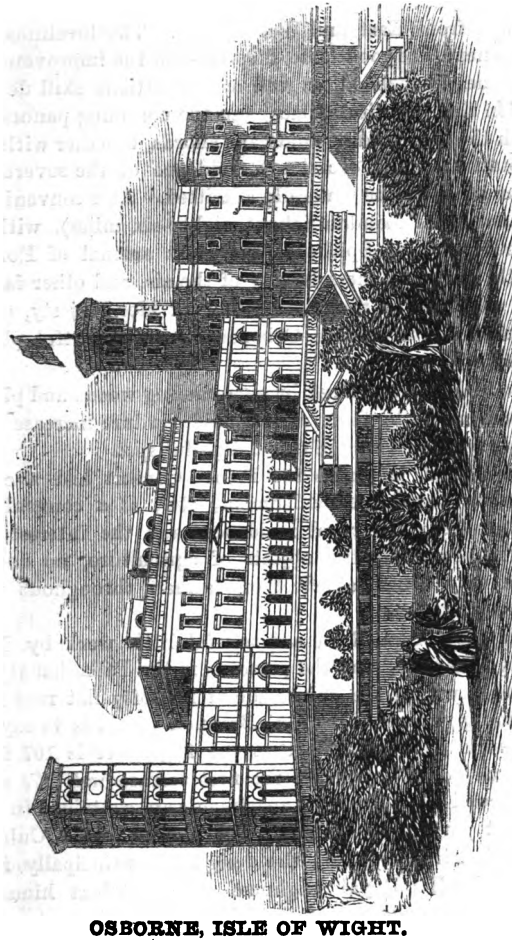

OSBORNE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE marine residence of her Most Gracious Majesty is situate on the north side of the island, and at a limited

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distance from East and West Cowes. The loveliness of the scenery, the good taste displayed in the improvement of the neighbourhood, as well as the artistic skill developed in this beautiful palace, and the charming panorama which the surrounding landscape affords, together with its adaptation for the occasional residence of the sovereign of our isles, will be generally admitted. At a convenient distance from London (about eighty-six miles), with a splendid view of Spithead, the great arsenal of Portsmouth, &c., &c., the salubrity of the air, and other facilities congenial to the predilections of Her Majesty, contribute towards making Osborne a very delightful place of abode.

The palace is sheltered by surrounding woods and plantations, which by their variety and verdure increase the beauty of the scenery of this delightful spot.

His Royal Highness the Prince Consort had a considerable farming establishment, &c., at a convenient distance from the royal residence, and the interest he took in promoting the objects of agriculture, no doubt had a very beneficial effect on farmers throughout the united kingdom.

We are informed in a beautiful little work by Mr. George Brannon, that the palace is in the Palladian style, and that within the balustrade of its lofty flat roof is a charming promenade. Mr. Brannon proceeds to say in the work above-named, that the flag-tower is 107 feet high, the clock-tower 90, the first terrace wall 17, and the second 10. The royal apartments are contained in the loftiest parts of the palace. The builder was T. Cubitt, Esq., but it is supposed the design was principally furnished by His Royal Highness Prince Albert himself, whose superior taste and proficiency in the fine arts, well qualified him for such an undertaking.

Dear children, beautiful as is the Royal residence in

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the lovely Isle of Wight, you are invited to a better residence, that is a heavenly one, to mansions in glory which will be radiant in beauty, when this world and all that is therein shall be burnt. "Lay up treasure in heaven," and secure a mansion there.

CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

GEORGE IV.

Ascended the throne in 1820, and died in 1830, after a reign of 10 years.

171 *By whom was the government threatened at the commencement of the present reign?*

By a number of persons whose object was bad,
Who assembled together for purposes sad;
And they wished to assassinate all the great men,
And they hoped to accomplish their purposes then,
For Lord Harrowby wished a large party to see,
And there all the great lords were expected to be.

172 *Who was the Queen Consort of George the Fourth?*

Carolina, the late Duke of Brunswick's own child,
Was married to King George the Fourth (very wild),
She was parted from him, for misconduct was tried,
Received nought but bad treatment, and soon after died.

173 *How has religion been promoted during his reign?*

Though exposed yet unmoved, does the Church of God stand,
And the servants of God are in every land;
And the period seems near, when the people abroad,
From the ends of the earth shall all turn to the Lord.

WILLIAM IV.,

Ascended the throne in 1830, and died in 1837, after a reign of 7 years.

174 *Were there not many privileges granted during this King's reign?*

This King many favours did grant in his reign,
All he strove to make happy, and strove not in vain;

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But he did not reign long (it was just seven years),
When he died, and the people lamented with tears,
Their King, while respect most sincere they confest;
But all pass away, from the worst to the best.

175 *What has been the state of religion during this reign?*
The friends of religion have tried all they can,
To do all their duty to God and to man,
To bring sinners to Christ, both at home and around;
While error and vice many patrons have found.
But all nations created, shall bow at his throne,
And confess that the Lord is mighty alone.

VICTORIA,

Ascended the throne June 20th, 1837. "Long live the Queen.

176 *Who succeeded William the Fourth?*
His niece, called Victoria, daughter to one,
The late Duke of Kent, and George the Third's son;
She ascended the throne soon as William was dead
In the year thirty-seven, as was before said.

177 *Whom did Victoria marry?*
She married a German, Prince Albert by name,
He was pious and learned, a prince of great fame;
And long have they reign'd, and much happiness seen,
Conferred only by Him, who their ruler has been,
"By whom Princes reign, and King's justice decree."

Extracted by P. COATES.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS,—Death stops for no one, he cuts down rich and poor, young and old; how often have we seen the funeral procession wending its way along our streets; sometimes it has been one of a person who has lived in a fine house; sometimes one who was very poor; sometimes one that has lived till grey hairs have bedecked their furrowed brow; and at other times it has been that of the young and beautiful, with the flower on their cheek, fresh and unfaded.

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Such was the case with a little boy named James Humphries, who lived at Tiverton, near Bath; he was cut down by death's resistless hand on March 6th, 1872, aged seven years. A short time before his death he was in health and strength, the bloom of youth upon his cheek. He was blessed with pious parents, and his attachment to God's house and the Sabbath-school was great, he would, if possible, be at every service, especially the early prayer-meeting, and he would be often heard singing—

"I am a little soldier,
Only seven years old;
I mean to fight for Jesus,
And wear a crown of gold."

He suffered much during his short affliction, but he often spoke of heaven, to which he was going. On the Wednesday previous to his death he spoke of his grandmother, who had died three weeks before, and said he could see her, and that she was waiting for him; he also asked her to shake hands with him, and he felt sure that he was going to heaven, to be with her and with Jesus. Thus our little friend passed away; he is now before the throne and the Lamb, clothed in a white robe, holds the palm of victory, crowned with a crown of life, and joins with all the little ones around that throne, singing glory, &c. And you, my little friends, may not live to grow old, you may now be healthy and strong, the bloom of youth on your cheeks, but death may soon cut you down. Then love Jesus; Jesus loves you. May we all meet our little friend in heaven at last. Amen. S. JOHNSON.

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THE BUFFALO.

THERE are several varieties of buffaloes, and they are found in different parts of the world.

The common buffalo is a native of Asia, but is tamed and used in Italy for drawing carriages, and other purposes. These buffaloes are not driven as we see horses, and sometimes oxen, in this country, but are guided by a rope which is fastened to a ring, or something of the kind, which is thrust through their noses. They are capable of carrying or drawing a very great weight, being larger than our oxen, and having a thicker body. The hair on the backs of these animals is very hard, and but thinly scattered over them. Their hides are very hard, their horns are large and black, first extending outwards, then bent backward and inward.

Buffaloes feed in herds. The females, which are called cows, go twelve months with young, and yield a great

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deal of milk, of which good butter and cheese are made. Their flesh may be eaten, but it is not to be compared with our fine English beef. The wild buffalo is a fierce and dangerous animal; he is known frequently to attack travellers, whom he gores and tears to pieces. If a wild buffalo pursues a man in a wood or forest, there is not near so much danger as in the open plain; the horns of the animal being so long, sometimes from eight to ten feet, they are liable to get entangled in the branches of the trees, which affords the pursued party time to make good his retreat. As civilization prevails, and the population of the world increases, many of the wild beasts of the mountains and forests will be destroyed. Buffaloes are excellent swimmers, hence they cross large rivers with ease.

TAKE HEED WHAT YE HEAR.

A LITTLE boy one day earnestly said, "I don't want to hear naughty words." "It is no matter," said another boy to him, "what wicked Joe says; it goes in at one ear, and out at the other." "No," said the first boy, "the worst of it is, when naughty words get in, THEY STICK; so I mean to try and keep them out."

That little boy was right. Some naughty words stick so tight that you never can get rid of them. The only way is to try and keep them out. Pray to Jesus to help you. Our Saviour, when on earth, said "Take heed HOW ye hear," and "Take heed WHAT ye hear." If your souls are saved at last, they will be saved by what you hear. Therefore, "watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

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INFANT CLASS-SINGING.

"I THINK WHEN I READ"

BUT little more need be said about the singing of our songs; with eight songs well learnt, there will be a good variety to keep the children in practice. The teacher's experience will suggest many little things, such as the necessity for cheerful singing and lively measure: as the tune, however good, must be sung in good time, no dragging on the one hand, nor galloping on the other. There should always be time for distinctly uttering every word in Sacred Song, faster than this is merely profanity, and slow singing is a sad want of adaptation to children's liveliness. Let time be kept well with them, and better beat time to every note with the hand, than have them spoiling their song by being one behind another throughout. It should not be forgotten that they should give all eye and all ear—trifling and playing should be avoided.

This month an old favourite may well be introduced. Let the teacher bring this properly before the scholars, and most children will respond to the idea of the hymn, and "wish that his hand was placed on their head." There is a sweetness and beauty in the behaviour of Christ to the little children, that should be pictured out. The time, the place, the Teacher, the disciples, the mothers and the children might be pourtrayed, and if remembered, the common hymn written by Mrs. Gill recited, beginning:—

"The Master has come over Jordan,
Said Hannah, the mother, one day,"

No subject has more charms for the little ones than this—use it well, the children will profit by it.

Mrs. Luke, the author, was the daughter of Thomas Thompson, of Bath, a man devoted to the young, and in this hymn has left us a Sunday School gem. The verses will bear recital by them till they know them well, and then questioned and illustrated till they appear to under-

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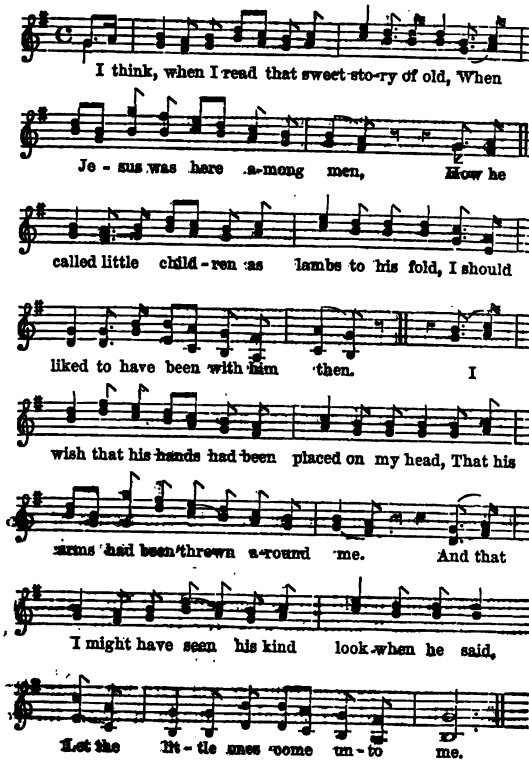
stand them; true, there will be dunces, and you cannot stop for them, but most of them will not forget when you have afresh told them of heaven, that:—

"Many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

I THINK, WHEN I READ.



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I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children like lambs to his fold—
I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"LET THE LITTLE ONES COME UNTO ME."

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above:
In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that JESUS HAS BID THEM TO COME.
I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest, the brightest, the best,
When the dear little children of every clime,
Shall crowd to his arms and BE BLESSED.

WHAT A LITTLE CHILD CAN DO.

THERE was a man who never went to the house of God, and he seldom spoke but he swore. One day his little boy heard him swear, and, going to his mother, he asked whether swearers could go to heaven? "No," said the mother: "Then," said the boy, "father will never go to heaven, for father swears." When the little boy's father came home he was told by his wife what the little boy said. The words of the child made a deep impression on the heart of this swearing father, which resulted

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in his conversion, and he is now usefully employed in preaching the gospel to others.

How strangely God works, for the weak things of this world bring to nought the things which are mighty. My dear children, if any of you have swearing fathers let me persuade you to pray for them, for you know not but God may bless your efforts and save your fathers. Do not follow their example, but be ye followers of Jesus, and again it may be seen that "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them," Isaiah ii. 6.

SHORT ADDRESS—DAVID AND GOLIATH.

1 Sam. xvii. 45.

The subject, dear young friends, which we have selected, is one of a very interesting character, and one which you will do well to consider. The sacred story is graphically told.

The Philistines and Israelites.

The Philistines gathered together their armies twenty-seven years after their overthrow at Michmash. Having now recovered their spirits and strength, they sought an opportunity of wiping out the infamy of that national disaster, as well as to regain their lost ascendency over Israel. Observe these particulars,—

I. Goliath challenges a combat.

II. David accepts the challenge, and slays Goliath.

Have we any giants to fight?—Yes.

I. Giant Pride.

II. Giant Dress.

III. Temper.

IV. Disobedience.

May we learn one grand and chief lesson from our subject, namely, God for our friend, defender, and salvation. May you seek Jesus now.

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ONLY A LITTLE BROOK.

The following incident is told concerning the peaceful death of a little girl, aged nine years.

Just before she died as her sorrowing friends stood around her, watching the last movings of the gentle breath, and the last faint fluttering of the little pulse, they became aware that she shrank with natural dread from the last enemy death. She had come to the banks of the cold narrow stream death, which separates us from the dim hereafter, and her timid feet seemed to hesitate to stem the swelling flood. But after a few moments her fears subsided, she grew calm, and ceased to talk about the loud, turbulent, and boisterous voyage, till at last she brightened up suddenly, a sunny smile of confidence and courage lit up her sweet face, as she said "O, it is only a little brook!" And so she passed over to the heavenly shore. Children, meet her there.

GOING TO THE MISSIONARY MEETING.

WHERE are you running so fast?" asked a man of a ragged little fellow on the trot. "I'm running to the missionary meeting." "The missionary meeting! What have you to do with that?" "Oh! I've a share in the concern!" cried the boy. This boy had given his penny, perhaps his prayer, and that made him eager to go and see what had become of them.

Children! Go and do likewise. Think of the poor Africans, the Canadians, the New Zealanders, and all who are living without the gospel. Give your pennies, your prayers. Work your missionary boxes well; give them plenty of exercise, feed them well, and then, when opened, you will see the results. Above all, love Jesus, and heaven will be yours.

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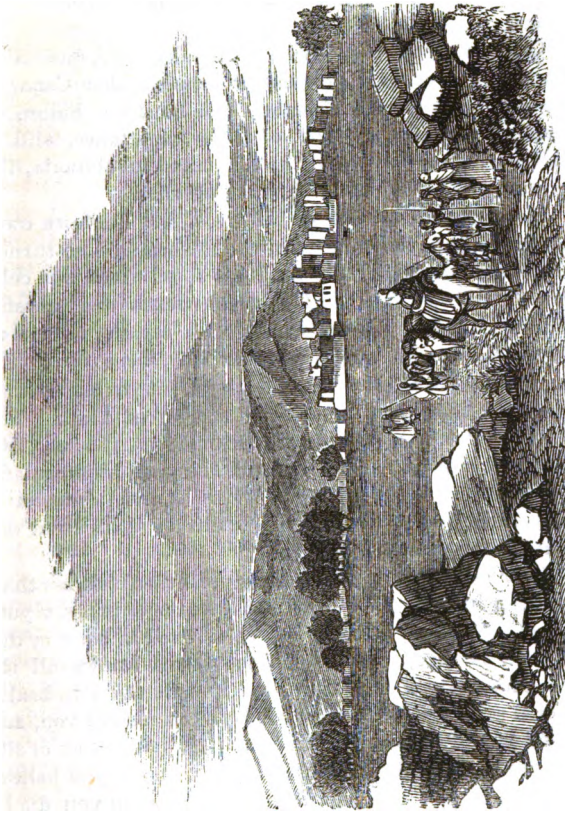

CANA OF GALILEE.

As represented in the engraving, is pleasantly situated on the declivity of a gentle eminence, surrounded with plantations of olives and other fruit trees. The town is about six miles north-east of Nazareth, sixteen miles from

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Tiberias, and between fifty and sixty miles from Jerusalem.

Cana belonged to the tribe of Zebulon, and was called Cana of Galilee to distinguish it from another Cana, or Kanah, in the tribe of Asher, not far from Sidon, or Zidon. The place is now of little importance, and is said to contain only about three hundred inhabitants, the greater part of whom are Roman Catholics.

It was the birth-place of Nathaniel, but the town owes its celebrity to the miracles of the Redeemer, who turned the water into wine at a marriage feast which was celebrated at this place, and at which Jesus was present. The Saviour was also at Cana when a certain nobleman from Capernaum, whose son was sick, went up to the town where Jesus was, and besought him to come down and heal his son, for he was at the point of death. The Saviour did not immediately attend to the anxious father's request, and the latter became importunate, saying, "Sir, come down ere my child die. Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way, thy son liveth; and his child was restored from that hour."

Dear readers, it is a matter for great thankfulness that, whether you have or have not parents to present your case to the Lord, whether you be afflicted in body or distressed in mind, the Lord Jesus Christ knows all the circumstances of your case, and if restoration to health would secure your greatest good, he can restore you, and what is still of far more importance, if you be sick of sin, he can pardon all your transgressions, and if you believe in him, he will save you from hell, and when you die he will receive you to his father's house, of which he said to his disciples, "there are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." And we add, dear children, for you he has a place prepared, and if you love and serve him, he will come

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and take you to himself, and you will inherit his kingdom, share his glory, wear the crown which he will give you, and sit down on his throne, and be happy in the enjoyment of his love for ever and ever. Dear young friends, love Jesus, and be happy on earth, then, abiding faithful, you will be happy in heaven, world without end.

INFANT CLASS-SINGING.

"I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

FEW hymns have had more time wasted on them, at least on the first line, than this, and yet I take it that to use it to profit it only wants a little explanation from the teacher. It may be true that many a boy or girl might perhaps as sensibly pray "I want to be a good boy," or girl, yet for all this it is an infant's wish when told of heaven and the angels, to forget itself, and really wish the language of the hymn. Indeed, the hymn was first written, I am told, by one who heard the wish expressed by a little child, and directly after put it into verse. Perhaps after all, even with the alteration—"I would be like an angel"—there is not much gain to infant minds. Apart trom this, it is a beautiful hymn, one too good to lose; perfect in its kind; such a hymn, that if a dying child could think of no other would bring its thoughts face to face with Deity. Many a child has gloriously triumphed while these words have passed their feeble lips, and the dying strains of childhood have often been this verse—

"I know I'm weak and sinful."

Teach it well, sing it sweetly to the little ones, and your reward will be on high.

You can tell them in the midst of your song of the angels at Bethlehem, and the glorious anthem there, of the angels who comforted the Saviour in Gethsemane;

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and after all do we not believe in angelic messengers to convey the blest spirits home. What mean we else when we sing—

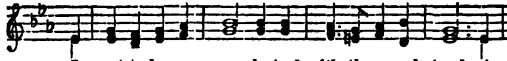
"For angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

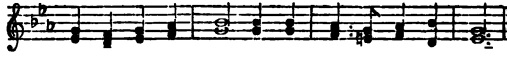
An eminent local preacher in Cornwall, when a little child, was in a room downstairs when his father lay in the agonies of death above him, and looking up, he said to his aunt, from whom I heard it, "These angels are carrying my father away." And on going upstairs it was found that he had then died.

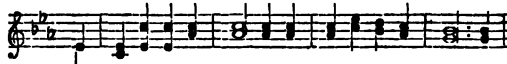
Never fear then to sing with your children—*for them* I mean—

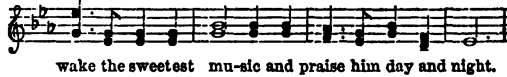
"I want to be an angel."

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.









I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

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I never would be weary,
  Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
  Nor ever feel a fear;
But, blessed, pure, and holy,
  I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands
  PRAISE HIM BOTH DAY AND NIGHT.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
  BUT JESUS WILL FORGIVE;
For many little children
  Have gone to heaven to live;
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
  And lay me down to die;
O! send a shining angel,
  And bear me to the sky.

BESSIE AND THE PEACH.

"BESSIE, there is a peach for you, the finest I have seen this season," said Mr. Kohler to his little daughter It was very beautiful, so ripe that it looked just ready to burst through the skin, and a painter might have attempted in vain to rival the colour. It was the first one Bessie had seen this summer, yet she stood with it in her hands, seemingly lost in thought.

"May I take it to my cousin Mary? she is sick, and she has been wishing much for a peach."

"Yes if you like."

And away ran Bessie on her kind errand. She went softly into cousin Mary's sick chamber, laid the peach before her, aud quickly glided from the room. As the parched lips were moistened by the delicious juice, the little sufferer declared that it made her feel "almost well." Don't you think that little act of kindness made Bessie much happier than eating the peach would have done?—*Early Days.*

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THE LION.

THE lion appears to be of the cat tribe, hence the striking similarity in several particulars, to a few of which we will direct the attention of our readers. In the lion, as in the cat, the form of the head and jaws are the same, short and strong, with very deep grooves on the top of the skull, to which extremely powerful muscles are attached. The mouth presents teeth, the form and size of which are indicative of the use for which they were intended. Perhaps one of the most curious parts of the similarity that exists between the lion and the cat is to be found in the foot; if you examine the foot of a cat, you will find that when she is pleased the sole of her foot is as soft as velvet, but if you excite her anger, her claws are at once thrust out, and ready to scratch. This arises from her having the power of withdrawing her claws into a kind of sheath in the substance of her foot.

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Lions are much less numerous now than they were in ancient times. It is said that Pompey exhibited, in the circus at Rome, six hundred of these animals at one time, for the amusement of the people, and under the Roman emperors it was by no means uncommon to cause one hundred at a time to engage in combat for the same purpose.

After Darius had ascended the throne of Belshazzar, he was made the dupe of a deep conspiracy into which one hundred and twenty princes of his dominions had entered, for the destruction of Daniel, a good man of God; hence Daniel was thrown into a den of lions, but the God whom he served sent his angel, and shut the lions' mouths, and Daniel came from the midst of them unhurt. O how good is the Lord!

The lion ranks amongst the most noble animals in his aspect and bearing, when not excited.

Lions are most numerous in Africa, and there are still some to be found in Asia. The only distinction between the African and Asiatic lion is the colour of the mane, which in the former approaches nearly to black, while in the Asiatic it is of the same yellowish tawny hue as the body of the animal.

The legs of the lion are thick, his loins light and graceful, his chest is of immense width, while his form and countenance are sufficient to convince us that he is very powerful. The lion springs on his prey, and is reported to be able to bound forward from twenty to thirty feet at one leap.

As a roaring lion, Satan, the enemy of mankind, goes about seeking whom he may devour, but Jesus is the salvation of all those who put their trust in him.

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CHAPTERS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

The first of kings in England's noble land
Was Conqueror William, we do understand.
The next, King William Rufus, reigned alone:
His brother Henry then possessed the throne.
Next Stephen reigned, he fought the throne to get;
The next was Henry Great Plantagenet.
First Richard, Lion-hearted, then became
The King of England, in his father's name,
Then John, a prince of mean and vicious ways;
Third Henry next, and he reigned many days.
Then came First Edward, full of pomp and state;
Then Second Edward, shocking was his fate:
His son, Third Edward, many years he reigned;
Then Second Richard, many victories gained;
Fourth Henry, shamefully the crown did hold;
Fifth Henry, who in wickedness was bold;
Sixth Henry next, and when he King became,
An infant was, 'twas nothing but a name:
Fourth Edward then, a cruel king was he;
Fifth Edward next, his son, as now we see;
Third Richard then, in battle he was kill'd;
By Seventh Henry next the throne was fill'd;
Eighth Henry, who disputed with the Pope;
Sixth Edward next, religion was his hope:
Mary, a furious Catholic became;
Elizabeth, did great good in this reign.
By first James then, the English throne was filled;
Then Charles the First, who wickedly was kill'd.
Protector Cromwell, then the throne did gain;
Then Charles came next, the second was his name;
Next, James the Second, who was Charles' son;
And then King William did ascend the throne;
Then came Queen Anne, the next in royal line,
Then George the First for thirteen years did shine;
Next, George the Second, many years he reign'd;

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The third George next, who many victories gain'd,
Then George the Fourth, he was third George's son;
And then Fourth William, did ascend the throne;
Then to Victoria he the throne did give,
Her present Majesty—"Long may she live."

FINIS.

Extracted by P. COATES.

HARVEST.

THE crowning time of the year has come, and the glory and joy of harvest has filled the land. From valley and upland the ripened corn has been borne away to the barns and store-houses with the shouts and songs of the reapers. On the shooting corn and the bright fruit blossoms fell the soft spring showers and the glowing heat of the summer sun, nourishing and ripening, until, after many weeks of watching, the farmer said with gladness that the fields were, "white to harvest."

"Thou crownest the year with thy mercies," said the Psalmist, as he looked upon some scene of plenty in the land of Israel, and shall not we look up with grateful thanks to the "Lord of the harvest" for another fulfilment of his ancient promise, "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest shall not cease."

One of the great feasts appointed by God to the Israelites was the feast of harvest, and it was a time of great rejoicing, for Isaiah, in foretelling the gladness brought into the world by the birth of Christ says: "They joy before thee according to the joy of harvest;" and again, as a mark of the great desolation sent by God to punish the Jews for their idolatry, he says: "The shouting for thy harvest is fallen."

Our Lord compares the end of the world a great harvest, when all his faithful people shall be brought by the angels to their everlasting home to dwell in his pre-

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sence for ever. May it be our earnest and constant endeavour so to grow in grace daily, that when our reaping time shall come, we shall be admitted through the merits of our dear Redeemer, into the glories and raptures of that great harvest home, and as shocks of corn fully ripe be gathered into the heavenly garner.

R. F.

ANECDOTE OF AN INDIOT.

A FRIEND writes us as follows :—

When I was an apprentice at Bakewell, Derbyshire, for about six and a half years I had to go weekly on my master's business to a village called Youlgreave, and often met on the road a poor, harmless idiot, named James Toft, who for a living fetched water from the brook, and travelled two miles to milk two cows. One day we walked together about three quarters of a mile, when I tried to hold a conversation with him. He hacked and stammered so much that it was with great pain and difficulty I understood him. I said to him—

"Well, James, do you ever go to church or chapel?"

"Oh aye, I go to chapel."

"Which do you go to?"

"I go to t'Reformers."

"It does not matter where you go to so long as you attend to your soul's salvation."

"I know that."

"Do you ever think about that?"

"Well, to tell you t'truth, I never think about ought lse."

I then began to give him a little counsel from Scripture, when he observed—

"That's fro' t'word o' God."

"Do you believe that?"

"I do."

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And then he began, without giving me a chance to get a word in—

"Jesus Christ says, 'Him that comes to me I'll not cast out,' and t'road to heaven is a narrow road, but there's room enouf for us all, and if there's ony lumps in t'road he'll awther clear 'em out o' t'road for us, or else he'll lift us o'er 'em."

How true it is that the plan of salvation is so simple, that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. Any little child that can talk may know something of this glorious plan.

JOHN GOODE.

JOHN, the sixth child of Thomas and Margaret GOODE, died at Kempton, Bishop's Castle Station, July 9th, 1871, being in the twelfth year of his age. The first three years of his life he was so delicate and weakly that his parents were constantly thinking the hand of the destroyer was upon him. And although the sickly flower was never intended to burst into the bloom and vigour of manhood, yet its drooping form was so far nourished and revived as to give the promise of a lengthy existence of health and usefulness. But fond hopes thus begotten lived but a short duration. Affliction's rude gust of six or seven days' continuance broke the tree, and the fair blossom of youth faded and died. Being the son of a local preacher, he had the benefit of a godly example and tuition, and bore the marks of youthful piety. He was a scholar in our Sabbath school at Norbury a few months prior to his death, and his disposition to goodness rendered him attractive. During his illness, and when conscious of the nearness of approach of the last enemy, he gave clear evidence of his acceptance with God, and that he was going to be with Christ, which is far better.

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"'Twas not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day
'Twas an angel visited this green earth,
And took the flower away."

R. WYCHERLEY.

FOOLAS.—The Foolas are a pastoral wandering tribe of Africans, without any certain home or dwelling-place, and very much resemble the gipsies of Europe. They are frequently found in the regions of Senegambia, where they live by mere sufferance among the Mandingoes and Jalloffs, to whom they pay tribute for the privilege of grazing their cattle, as they make no claim whatever to a right in the soil. They are often sorely oppressed by the petty despots under whose government they are located for the time being, but they bear it all patiently and without resistance, being remarkably mild in their disposition, and knowing that they are perfectly powerless. When they are unkindly treated in one place, they remove to another, subsisting on the milk of their flocks, without much labour beyond that of tending their cattle. The pastoral Foolas have a tradition among themselves that they originally sprang from a white man who settled in their country, and whether there be any real foundation for this tradition or not, it is a remarkable fact that they have a striking resemblance to Europeans, not only in their complexion, which is comparatively fair, but also in their general aspect and features, being destitute of the flat nose, thick lips, and retiring forehead, which distinguish most of the other African tribes. These people never pray, neither are they addicted to many of the Pagan superstitious rites and ceremonies so common among the negroes generally; their highest idea of virtue is to refrain from fighting, and to live in peace with all men.—*The Missionary World.*

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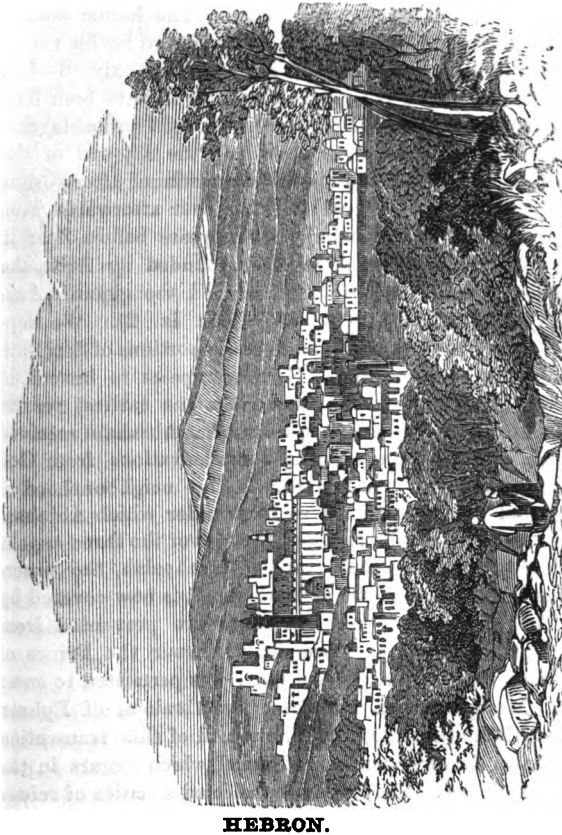

HEBRON.

THE term Hebron is said to mean—joining, alliance, society, enchantment. The town of Hebron was situated on an eminence adjoining the fertile valley of Eshcol, about eighteen or twenty miles south of Jerusalem, and about the same distance north of Beersheba. It was in-

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cluded in the territory of Judah. The heroic Joshua made a gift of Hebron to Caleb as a reward for his valour and fidelity in serving the Lord (Joshua xiv. 6—14). Its original name is supposed by some to have been Kirjath-arba (Joshua xiv. 15), but it is more probable that this name was given to it during the sojourn of the children of Israel in Egypt, and discontinued after Joshua restored the name by which it has ever afterwards been distinguished. It was built seven years before Zoan in Egypt, and is said to have been founded by Arba, the father of Anak, from whom descended the gigantic Anakim (Num. xiii. 22, 28, 32, 33; Deut. ix. 2). We hope our young readers will turn to these portions of Scripture and read them carefully. Hebron appears to have been a very ancient city. "It was one of the earliest resorts of the patriarchs; and it was here that Abraham received some of his most wonderful communications from God (Gen. xiii. 18). A fine oak in the neighbourhood is pointed out by tradition as that under which Abraham was sitting when he received the visit of the three angels. Close to Hebron was the cave of Machpelah, the venerable burial place of the patriarchs. It is now covered by a Turkish mosque, and Christians are prevented from entering it;" but as a wonderful favour the Prince of Wales, when on his Syrian tour, was permitted to enter it. Machpelah was purchased by Abraham of Ephron the Hittite (Gen. xxiii.) The record of this transaction contains the first mention of burial which occurs in the Word of God. Six cities were selected as cities of refuge and Hebron was one of them; it consequently fell to the lot of the tribe of Levi (1 Chron. vi. 57). Later on in Israelitish history we find Hebron became a royal city. It was here where David resided upwards of seven years before the conquest of Jerusalem (2 Sam. ii. 11; v. 4—9). But this fact did not command the loyalty of

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the Hebronites, and so we find that when Absalom rose in rebellion against his father David the Hebronites proclaimed him king (2 Sam. xv. 10). Many places of much greater historical note have long since passed into ruins and even their sites cannot now be determined, but Hebron still remains a place of considerable importance, with a population variously calculated at from two thousand to ten thousand inhabitants.

"Volney," a French infidel, "informs us that the Arabs have no other name for Hebron than *El-kalil*, or the *Well-beloved*, which is the epithet they usually apply to Abraham." This is one of the many instances in which this writer unwittingly contributes statements confirmatory of the truth of the Bible which he despised.

INFANT CLASS-SINGING.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

THE songs of heaven, how grand their subject, how magnificent the language, how glorious the choir, and enchanting the music! Harpers harping with their harps, and the hallelujah chorus of the world's Saviour! Do we not say—

"O may we bear some humble part
In that immortal song."

No trouble that we may take is thrown away to teach our children of Christ and heaven. It will bear fruit to the end of time. Our magazines teem with the records of the children who have been ready to say—

"Come, sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy
To waft my soul on high.
There'll be no more sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no more sorrow there."

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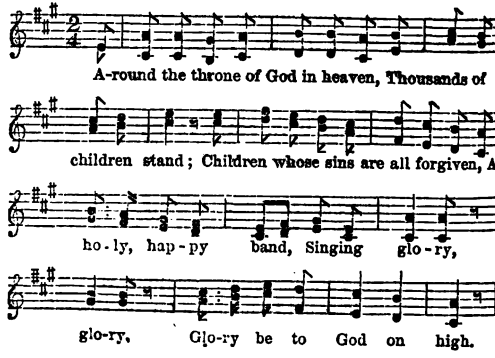
Simply and sweetly are the facts brought out that around God's throne in glory the children have a place. They crowd the streets of the heavenly Jerusalem as they did the glorious city of David when under the protection of the Almighty.

The chorus is one they will not forget—it has now grown old, but is not yet used up, though another tune has challenged the attention of the scholars; either has its associations, and will not be forgotten for years to come. Every little one should learn it; and then the words—how well heaven is pictured; and then the question asked and the reason given. What a field for a teacher's singing lesson combining fruitful truth and pleasant fact. One thing is plain, that this hymn appeals to them—the children alone,—and to us who love our little ones they are always the children, while those left grow older, and the child is lost in the man or the woman.

With the song we should not neglect to teach the truths of the hymn, so that the children may go even to their parents and sing to them of the Saviour who shed his blood for them.

AROUND THE THRONE.



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Around the throne of God in heaven
  Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
  A holy, happy band,
    Singing GLORY, GLORY,
  GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH.

In flowing robes of spotless white
  See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
  And joys that never fade.
    Singing glory, &c.

What brought them to that world above
  That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
  How came those children there?
    Singing glory, &c.

Because the SAVIOUR SHED HIS BLOOD,
  To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
  Behold them white and clean;
    Singing glory, &c.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
  On earth they loved his name,
So now they see his blessed face,
  AND STAND BEFORE THE LAMB.
    Singing glory, &c.

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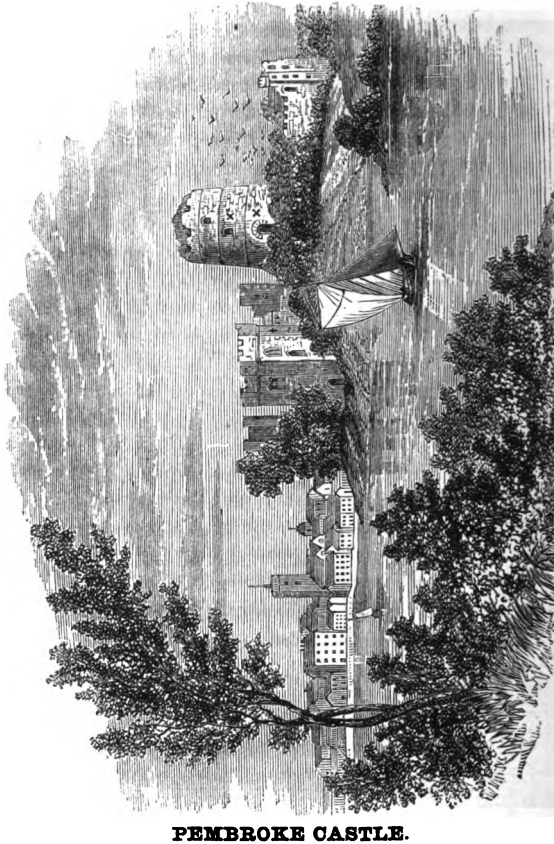

PEMBROKE CASTLE.

THE engraving which we present to our young readers in connection with this article, represents the beautiful ruins of what was once a magnificent building, situated at the west end of the borough and market-town of Pembroke, South Wales. This castle is said to have been founded

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more than 760 years ago, by Arnulph de Montgomery, son of the Earl of Shrewsbury, on the site of a more ancient British work. During the Welsh wars, this castle was frequently besieged, but for a long time it was considered impregnable. This opinion was, however, falsified by its being reduced under the direction of Oliver Cromwell. Near to the town of Pembroke is the harbour of Milford Haven, "one of the finest harbours of Europe, and without doubt, is the best in Britain. It is very large, safe, and deep; there is no danger in going in or out with the tide, or almost with any wind. If a ship comes in without a cable or anchor, she may run ashore on the ooze, and then lie safe till she is refitted; and in an hour she may get out of the harbour into the open sea. A thousand sail of any size may ride secure in it. It has sixteen deep and safe creeks, five bays, and thirteen roads." The county of Pembroke is the most distant of the Welsh counties, lying at the extreme southwest of the principality. The people occupying the counties intervening between Pembroke and England, speak the Welsh language, but, although it seems strange, in Pembrokeshire the English is the prevailing speech. The town of Pembroke lies about ten miles south by east of Haverfordwest, and 256 west from London. One of our predecessors in office, writing of this place, remarks:—"One thing the editor wishes to name in connection with his last visit to South Wales, and the journeys he took in the neighbourhood of Pembroke, is the intelligence and very superior behaviour of the children with whom he conversed. Those children were intelligent, modest, and quite polite, and it is to be hoped some of them, at least, loved the Saviour. Dear young friends, when you look on the ruins of this once splendid castle, and think of the changes that have taken place in the circumstances of its once noble occupants, whose bodies have long since

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mouldered into dust, and when you contemplate the changes that have taken place in the state of the building, you have before you an impressive lesson on the instability of human greatness and grandeur; and while you meditate on these things, O give your hearts unto God, and secure mansions in heaven, where the inhabitants never sicken, and where the habitations once secured, will never become dilapidated world without end."

MEMOIR.

JOHN GEORGE WILLIAM TEED, son of John and Alice Teed, ironmongers, Wisbech, was born June 7th, 1864. He gave evidence of an amiable disposition from his childhood, avoiding that which is evil, and loving that which was good. At the early age of three years the name of Jesus and heaven would light up a ray of holy rapture in his countenance, proving that at a very early period the good Spirit of God had commenced to operate upon his young and tender mind.

Soon after his fourth birthday he laid one of the corner stones of the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Wisbech, upon hich his name is inscribed. Ever after that memorable event, he would say, "That is my chapel, and when I grow a man, I shall preach in the 'rostrum.'" There are many things in connection with John George, of a deeply interesting character, indicated in the following statements. Sometimes he would say, "I know I shall go to that beautiful heaven, and have a nice white robe, a crown, and a harp. I shall never want to come back to this old world."

Again, he often said, referring to the death of the Saviour, "Oh, were they not cruel soldiers, mamma, dear, to pierce my dear Jesu's side, when he came to die for them?"

His dear mother had from his earliest infancy impressed

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upon his mind that all we enjoy comes from God. Hence he said one day, after he had partaken of dinner with the writer :—

"Bless the Lord for my good dinner. Is he not kind, aunt, to send us all the nice food?" And then, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, he said, referring to God, "He does bless us, and 'then touches our lips with hallowed fire.'"

He then fell upon his knees, and offered up an extemporary prayer. Surely, O God, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

He would sometimes say, "Mamma, shall I go and see my dear grandmamma now? she is all alone, now that grandpapa has gone to heaven, and left her." And we are informed on many occasions he said while staying with her, "Shall we go on our knees and offer up a few words of prayer?" Sometimes at the family altar he would say, "Now keep down, while I have prayed."

We believe he thoroughly enjoyed prayer, but loved and prized though he was by his parents, their heavenly Father, who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind, saw fit to rob them of their treasure.

Little did we think how soon he was to be taken away, but so it was, death had marked him for his victim. September 29th, 1871, he caught a cold, which resulted in diphtheria; medical aid was at once called in, but gave no hope of his recovery; on the Sunday before he died he told his parents he was going to leave them, but said, "You will not weep, will you?" He said, "I have packed up all my toys, and shall never want them again." The writer visited him on the Tuesday before his death, when he tightly grasped her round the neck, although he could not speak. She said to him, "Dear Willy is not afraid to die, and go and see Jesus?" He meekly smiled, and shook his head, as if to say no. He often said, al-

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though he could only speak in a whisper, "Mamma, take me to Jesus, take me to heaven, and then I shall not suffer this pain." He lingered in the greatest agony until Friday, October 6th, 1871, when his happy spirit fled from the miseries of earth, and winged its flight to that heaven of which he so delighted to talk.

"He's another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another saint in heaven."

E. S. SHIELDS.

"DON'T CRY, FATHER."

MANY and various are the causes of grief and sorrow producing tears in this world; it is indeed a true Bochim, or place of weeping. The first recorded instance of weeping given to us in the Bible is that of a mother—Hagar by name—who feared her son would die. (See Genesis, chap. xxi. verse 16.)

Very recently in this station a certain father and mother, by the name of Northover, of Broad Oak, have been called to weep over the loss of a son and daughter, within the space of a week, by the ruthless hand of death. Their dear little Robert, about four years of age, who was a scholar in our Sabbath school at Sturminster Newton, has lately sickened and died. His sickness was of short duration, seized with a cough and palpitation of heart; but it was pleasing to see Robert so cheerful in his affliction, and we doubt not but this was one of the happy results of Sabbath school instruction.

His father was passionately fond of his son, and shed many tears, but when Robert saw his father crying so much he, in a very touching way, said—

"Don't cry, father," and he took his little handkerchief to wipe away his tears, saying: "I'm going to heaven, father, to Jesus, and you come too, father."

And to his weeping mother he said—

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"I'm going to Granny in heaven;" and all of a sudden, as though he espied the bold and daring tempter, Satan, near him, he broke out, and said: "Go into your own house, naughty man."

Waving his little hand towards the foe, he cried out very earnestly—

"Shan't have I, shan't have I; Jesus, Jesus, have I!" and holding up his hands he exclaimed: "I going to heaven!" and just afterwards his spirit passed away, escaping the snare of the fowler, to live with Jesus in heaven. This was on the 11th day of December, 1871.

And rather remarkable, just six days after, his dear little sister, Anna Maria, died also. Thus two household plants have been transplanted in the bud, from this sickly desert world, to blossom in a healthier clime.

"Don't cry, then, father dear,
Nor mother don't be sad;
On Jesus cast your care,
And let your hearts be glad.

"They sleep in Jesus, let the tear
Which dews the cheek be dry,
And labour with a jealous fear,
To meet them in the sky."

May it be so, Amen. E. HANCOCK.

MEMORY'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

No. III.—THE TWO SEMINARIES.

THE old seminary or school-house stood on the north side of the turnpike road that leads through "The Rural Village." It was originally an old fashioned farmstead called "Domminick." It had a pretty lawn in front, with a drooping ash in the centre; on the east were evergreens, the village church and cemetery, on the west an orchard, which in a fruitful season produced cherries, apples, plums, and pears in abundance. The school-

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mistress was a dame of olden time. This ancient seminary is now (1872) used for labourers' cottages, and a more convenient structure built in a modern style, fitted up with desks, seats, &c. This new seminary has been erected within the last twenty years, and has a competent governess to instruct the youth. It is under the supervision of the clergy. These ecclesiastics with ladies of the neighbourhood often visit it, especially on "The Lord's Day." There the children learn reading, writing, etc., there the Holy Bible is used as the principal class book. In these two seminaries some who have grown to manhood spent their first school days. There they learnt to love "the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make wise unto salvation;" there they read of God's great love in giving Jesus; there the "incorruptible seed" was first sown in their hearts, which has germinated and brought forth fruit to the honour and praise of God. All school teachers should be converted, and read their

"—— title clear, to mansions in the skies."

for if they fail *here* they cannot teach the children the way to salvation.

Reader, the best school is the school of Christ! The best Teacher is Jesus! Are you in His school? Is He your Teacher? Do you say no? Then enter his school to-day. Enter now. Enter by repentance, prayer, faith.

"No matter how dull the scholar whom He
Takes into His school, and gives him to see;
A wonderful fashion of teaching he Hath,
And wise to salvation He makes us through faith."

Brinkworth. H. PORTNALL.

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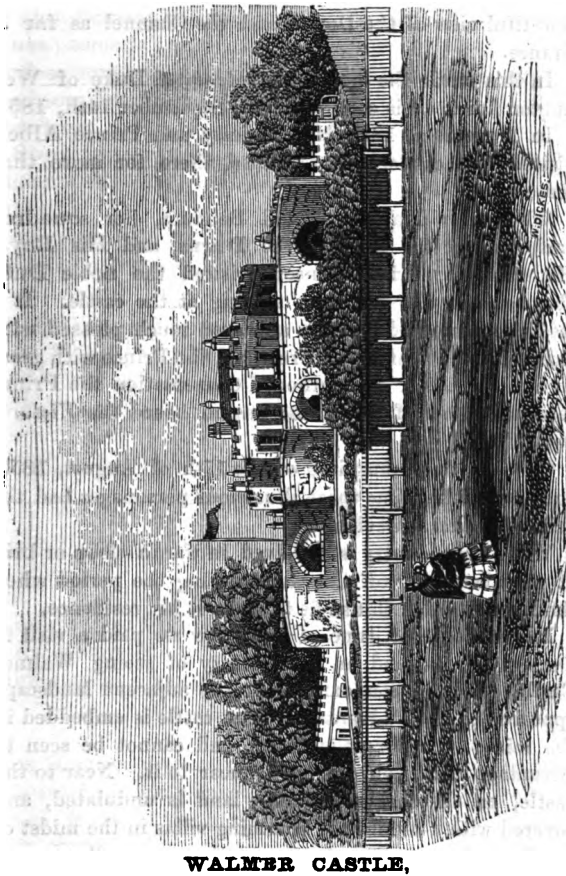

WALMER CASTLE.

THE official residence of Earl Granville, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, is beautifully situated close to the shore, at a small distance south of Deal, in the county of Kent. The prospect is very extensive, commanding a

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beautiful view of the Downs and the Channel as far as France.

In this castle the late justly celebrated Duke of Wellington finished his earthly career, September 14th, 1852.

In November, 1842, Her Majesty and Prince Albert visited this castle, and remained there for more than three weeks.

When Her Majesty visited Belgium, her squadron anchored for the night in the Downs, and His Royal Highness, the Prince Consort, visited the noble Duke above-named who was then staying at the castle. It is said the renowned veteran appeared much pleased with this mark of attention, and received the Prince with great cordiality. After a lengthened conversation the Prince returned to her Majesty, who was on board the *Victoria and Albert.*

This meeting transpired on the 17th of August, 1852, and was the last time these illustrious personages had the privilege of an interview.

When this country is involved in war, a sloop or brig of war always lies off the castle during the period when the Lord Warden thinks fit to make it his residence.

In the month of June of this year we paid a visit to Deal, when we had an opportunity of seeing Walmer Castle, which in connexion with the adjacent landscape appeared to great advantage. The castle is embedded in the midst of umbrageous trees, and cannot be seen to advantage until you get pretty near to it. Near to the castle, on the background, the land is undulated, and covered with a number of charming villas in the midst of shrubs and flowers of a richer growth than usually appears in the northern counties of England.

This neighbourhood stands connected with important historical facts. Here Julius Cæsar landed his Roman army, and took possession of this country, which was hel

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by the Romans till the year of our Lord, 410. Sometimes people talk of this country being invaded again, and profess very great fears for our safety. But such out-cries are more for the gratification of their ambition than from any dread of an enemy landing on our shores.

Standing in front of Walmer Castle you see the English Channel stretching out before you, and in the distance the chalky cliffs of France; and on a clear day, and with a good glass, you may discern the people walking about. What a pity we don't go over to them, and talk to them about Jesus. We believe many of them would be pleased to hear us. Perhaps some of our readers will make up their minds to be missionaries to the French people.

We add one short reflection on closing this subject, and it is, that while the beauties of nature and art contribute to make Walmer Castle a lovely marine residence, it nevertheless cannot screen its occupants from the fatal shafts of death: great statesmen and warriors must die as well as other people, whatever the beauties of scenery with which they may be surrounded, or however salubrious the air they breathe. "The living know they shall die." How important, then, dear young friends, that we should secure the favour of that blessed Redeemer who is the "Resurrection and the Life." May you believe in Him, and live for ever. Amen, and amen.

THE HOOPOE.

The Hoopoe, of which the engraver has furnished us with a beautiful block, whence the present impression has been taken, is one of the most elegant of the birds which visit this country, but its appearance among us is of rare occurrence, and when it visits us, it seldom, if ever, breeds among us. In France these birds are numerous.

The crest, which is represented in the print as erect, can, as in the case of many other crested birds, be raised

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or depressed at pleasure. Probably for the sake of convenience and comfort, the Hoopoe seldom raises its crest, except it be under the influence of some excitement. Hoopoes feed on insects, which they batter, then form the mass into a mould, and then eat it with a peculiar jerk of the head. It is stated that in France they may be seen in flocks, but in this country there can seldom be seen more than one pair at a time. One peculiarity in connection with the natural history of this bird is especially worthy of note; it is asserted if Hoopoes see a large bird on the wing, they will throw themselves on their bellies "in the twinkling of an eye," with wings stretched out by the side of their heads, so that the large quill feathers would touch the head, heaving up the back

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with the bill pointing upwards. In this curious posture they might be taken for old rags.

These birds frequently build their nests in hollow trees, and lay from four to seven eggs. The length of the Hoopoe is about one foot.

INFANT CLASS-SINGING.

HAPPY LAND.

"THERE is a happy land." Yes, so sang a little girl on my knee one Wednesday morning, and ere the Sabbath came she lay silent in death. Blessed thought, that cheers so many parents, that their children learnt to sing this hymn of heaven here. Let us teach it still to our children; it is ever fresh to the little ones as they come to us in the infant class.

While we teach them this cheery tune, as we have taught them others before, let us strive to fix the truths on their minds—personal and illustrative teaching is needed in the class. We must not only try to fix in the memory, but try to bring out the truth in the thought. Let them be told of the glorious vision that John saw, when they sang, "Worthy is the Lamb," and the fact that the song of praise shall never end. Do not forget to impress them with the fact that noise is not music, and that though we sing—

"Loud let his praises ring,"

we do not expect that we shall be esteemed for the noise we make, but for the sweetness with which we give expression to what we sing. The praise of the Redeemer demands our choicest and our sweetest songs.

There is the invitation to be noticed—

"Come to this happy land,"

and as they sing one with the other, how natural the language—

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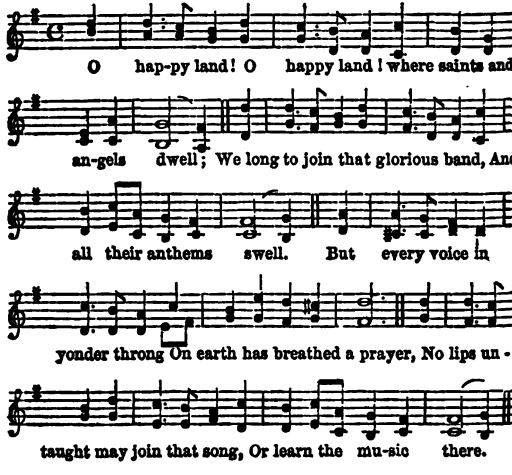
"Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free]
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye."

One fact may be noticed in closing this series of papers, that while years ago it was difficult to get suitable hymns for children's festivals, they are now so plentiful that the choice is made difficult by the variety. Let us be thankful that America has sent us such a mass of glorious Sabbath song for childhood that we need almost to cry, "hold, enough!" yet still they come, and in truth we may rejoice.

O HAPPY LAND.



There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.

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Oh, how they sweetly sing,
  WORTHY IS OUR SAVIOUR KING
LOUD LET HIS PRAISES RING—
  Praise, praise for aye.

Come to this happy land,
  Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
  Why still delay?
OH, WE SHALL HAPPY BE,
  When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee!
  Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land,
  Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
  Love cannot die:
Oh then to glory run,
  Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun,
  WE REIGN FOR AYE.

BIRTHDAYS.

PEOPLE have very different views concerning birthdays. Children often look forward to them with eager delight, hoping that a festival of some kind will mark the occasion. In their opinion birthdays follow each other very slowly. Adults look upon them more soberly, or perhaps allow them to pass by almost unnoticed. To them these days seem to come too frequently, and they would fain have time's car not to run so hastily.

Birthdays may be seasons of great profit if properly spent. They may be called days of sadness and joy—of sadness that so many sins have been committed, and of joy that God has given so many manifestations of his goodness. Then we seem to live, as it were, our whole

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lives over again. Scenes rise before us of various kinds, some of which we linger upon with delight, and bid them depart not; others that we do not wish to gaze upon, and we allow them to leave us without a murmur.

Birthdays are mile-posts on the journey of life, reminding those who pass by them that they are approaching towards the end. On these days personal examination should be made. We want to know more about ourselves, the state of our hearts and minds, our weaknesses and sins, our privileges, duties, and responsibilities. If we are to acquire sufficient knowledge of ourselves, such examinations must be made, and on these days attention may be given to them with advantage. There should also be a consecration of our all to God. The Lord has a right to our service, and this should be rendered to him without any complaining. We have many opportunities for promoting our moral and spiritual good, and these should be seized, for we are in great danger of becoming conformed to the world.

Resolutions should be made in divine stength that henceforth we will try to live to God's glory, and like Christ go about doing good. Let these things have attention on our birthdays, then they will not pass away in vain, but personal piety will be increased, and also personal influence, which may be felt in every succeeding generation of men. FERDINAND ARMINE.

ERRATUM.—The signature to the "Memoir of J. G. W. Teed" in the November number of the CHILD'S FRIEND should be *Phebe Hall* instead of E. S. Shields.

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THE

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THE

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HOW THE TREES PRAISE GOD.

If our readers would open their Bible and find Psalm cxlviii. *vv.* 7—9, they would there find that the psalmist calls upon trees to praise the Lord. Trees cannot do this with an intelligent expression of voice, for trees have neither voice nor intelligence. But just as the heavens declare the glory of God, so do trees declare the glory of God, and thus they praise Him.

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They show the wisdom and goodness of God, and everything that does this is said to praise Him. Trees afford us a great deal of pleasure. We have pleasure in looking upon a beautiful object. What a beautiful engraving we have as a frontispiece to this Magazine; but the trees themselves in such a scene would look far more beautiful, for human art can never equal Divine skill. Have not those trees a beautiful shape? Look at the trunks rising out of the ground, and the great branches spreading out like the arms of a giant, and then all are dressed in leaves. No wonder the man in the picture stands looking with pleasure.

Now among trees there is a great variety in shape, size, form of leaves, &c., and where many grow together it presents a scene of great beauty; for, in addition to their shape, their colour is pleasing. Every observant person, in a country part especially, is delighted to look on their green fresh leaves when they begin to show themselves in the spring. And what a rich appearance they have in the height of summer, before as yet a seared leaf appears. We have been delighted looking at the trees in autumn, when they have been just touched by the early frost, and their green was beginning to change into red, and brown, and scarlet, and purple, and gold. Such a sight is very grand, when from an elevated position, you look on the opposite bank of a winding river, which rises a few hundred feet from the water's edge and see the trees glowing and glittering with all the colours of the rainbow.

Some trees grow to a great height and some continue for a great number of years. Some are supposed to have existed three thousand years, some four thousand, and some even more than five thousand years. If this is true some of them must have begun to grow before the days of Noah. If these trees could speak what tales they

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might unfold. While trees are very beautiful to look at they are very profitable. Their fruit and timber are sources of wealth to man. Do you not, therefore, see that trees teach us lessons? If trees afford people pleasure, ought not we to try to make people happy all round us? We feel pleased to look on a pretty child, but a pretty dress is not a pretty child. It is lovely tempers that make lovely children. Ask mother if she knows anything about tempers, and how to make them lovely. And if trees are useful, should we not try to be useful too? If trees have such good qualities as we have said, if they teach us such useful lessons, we can easily understand how it is that they praise the Lord. May the life of every one of our young readers be a constant hymn of praise to God.

THE PIKE.

THIS voracious fish is sometimes called the "fresh water shark," and is to be found in most of the rivers and lakes in England, although it is asserted by some that it was formerly so scarce that it was esteemed of ten times the value of turbot.

This fierce invader in the home-element of the finny tribes, spreads alarm and death among his more peaceful neighbours, while he in his turn supplies considerable amusement to experienced anglers, who in fishing for pike generally practise a method which is called "trolling." In carrying out his object the angler takes a small fish, and so fixes it to a number of hooks, that when it is drawn through the water, it spins rapidly round, and attracts the notice of the pike, if he be on the watch in the neighbourhood. Deceived by the coveted bait, the ravenous fish darts at his expected prize, seizes his object, and swims away to his retreat, prepares the bait for swallowing by turning his head downwards, and then

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greedily swallows it. To bolt the bait is quite an easy thing with the pike, but the barbed hooks prove an effectual barrier to his disgorging his deceptive meal. This is felt by the pike as soon as the angler jerks his line, and the hooks pierce the inside of the caught fish. The pike feeling his position struggles to break the line by which he is held, but a good angler generally will frustrate all his efforts, and will give him a landing beyond the limits of his own element, and the fisherman will carefully secure his trophy, which maintains his ferociousness to the last.

These fishes vary much in size. They are found of from two or three pounds, to between twenty and thirty pounds weight.

The pike is a despot, a tyrant, a murderer of his associates, when he can catch them. Hence the lack of sympathy for him when he is caught, and effectually secured by his captor.

Yet ferocious as this fish is it is not beyond the power of the law of kindness. A tale is told of a surgical gentleman who was on a visit at a friend's country residence. One day as he was walking along the edge of the pond near the house he observed a pike passing through the water as swift as an arrow and dash with such violence against a sharp point of rock which shot out into the water, that the front bone of its head was severely crushed. This caused the poor pike great pain, which it showed by its violent contortions. At last in its agony it threw itself upon the grass at the edge of the pond. The surgeon who was a sympathising witness of this scene, and who happened to have in his pocket a case of surgical instruments, at once came to the relief of the pike. He raised the crushed bones to their proper place, and restored the pike to the water. It tossed about for a little in the pond, but

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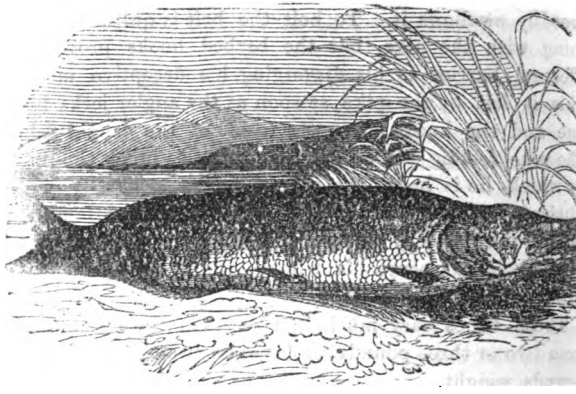

by and by the pain subsiding it dashed into deep water and was out of sight. Next day the surgeon walked down to the pond, and as he was passing round it to his astonishment he saw the pike approaching him. It gratefully recognised him as its friend, and as he walked round the pond it followed him. And every day that he visited the pond during his stay the poor grateful pike in this manner paid its acknowledgments to him.

No doubt the most ferocious of animals may be impressed by human kindness, and so also the hearts of savage and ferocious men may be deeply and savingly affected by manifestations of Christian kindness towards them. The surgeon was doubtless very much gratified that he had won the gratitude of the ferocious pike, but what gratification must be experienced when we win the gratitude of poor guilty sinners for having brought them to Jesus! We ought to cherish a kindly feeling towards all men, and especially we ought to try and comfort those who are in distress, whether in body or mind. If we do so, the reward we shall have in our own hearts will be a richer blessing than the value of any favour we may confer upon others.

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THE PEACH-STONES.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Once upon a time there lived a little boy named Paul.

This little boy was made one of the monitors in his school, and he deserved it, for he was diligent and painstaking.

He got his little scholars on famously, for he was clever in teaching, fond of order and discipline, and one who always set a good example. Yet for a monitor he had one great failing.

He was impatient and rough with such of his little pupils who did not immediately understand what was taught them, or who were slow in learning a lesson.

He would push and knock them about, set them down bad marks, and turn them in their lessons most unmercifully. This harshness was neither wise nor just, for when anybody does not understand what is taught him it is generally because enough pains has not been taken to make it clear to him. And a sensible and patient teacher will always take the trouble to explain it over again.

Paul, clever and industrious as he was, did'nt get his great wish, that of being head monitor of the school, for what good master would ever choose one for a head monitor who was neither gentle nor patient ?

One day, when Paul had been more cross even than usual, the master said to him as he was going away, "Paul, my lad, you spoil all your good qualities by being so impatient to your little scholars, and it distresses me very much."

"Sir," replied Paul, "they're all such dunces that they can't be made to understand anything. Their heads are as hard as peach-stones."

To these unkind words the schoolmaster answered in a displeased tone, "Even peach-stones, boy, are not

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hard in the hands of God, because He knows what to do with them, and can make them soft."

Paul blushed, and did'nt quite know what answer to make to this reproof, so he bade the master good-morning, and walked silently home. All of a sudden he saw a peach-stone lying on his path, and as it was just on the subject of peach-stones that he had been found fault with, he threw it from him with a great kick, then picking it up, he gave it a twist, and was about to throw it into the river, when a good old woman, who happened to be passing, called out to him—

"Don't throw away that poor peach-stone, my lad. Do you know there is inside it, without your being able to see it, a whole peach-tree, with leaves and blossoms and peaches?" Paul turned round and looked at the good little old woman without quite understanding what she meant. He thought, perhaps, that that particular stone was different to the stones of most peaches and of other fruit, and that when you opened it you would find a little full tree in it, like the thimbles and scissors and little dolls that were found in the toy Easter eggs that had been given his sisters.

He was determined anyhow to have the peach-tree, so he tried to open the stone with his teeth. But his trouble was thrown away for it was too hard. He then took his knife to cut it open, but that proved equally impossible. He next tried to crack it with his boot, but that would not do either—it seemed just as likely for the stone to break his boot-heel, as his boot-heel to break the stone.

Impatient Paul went into a great rage, he wanted so much to have the peach-tree but the stone would not let him have it, because he did'nt go the right way to work to get it.

Then the good old woman said to the little fellow,

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"My boy, take the peach-stone home with you, plant it in your father's garden, water it, see that it has plenty of light and air, and one day that thick hard wood which resists you now will gently open, and will give you of its own accord what you would never be able to snatch from it to-day, even if you were to succeed in breaking it open."

Our young friend, thinking of his thick-headed scholars, then said to the old lady, "But Ma'am, what ought one to do if one wants to make peach-stones soft?"

"What is wanted is time and patience, my boy," was the reply.

Young people who have to take charge of or teach little ones, remember the peach-stones when you are inclined to be impatient; and still more remember the long-suffering and forbearance of God.

JANET.

THE COMMON GREEN TURTLE.

ALMOST all our readers will be acquainted with the name of the animal represented in the print which we give with the present article, from the tortoiseshell combs which are nearly all made from the shells of the hawksbill turtle.

The feet of the marine tortoises or turtles, are modified into a sort of fins, and are of especial service in swimming, but they are not well adapted to supply the place of feet when the turtle is on land, hence their gait is awkward and shuffling.

Turtles make their nests in the sand, in which they lay a very large number of eggs. Sometimes nearly two hundred are deposited in one nest, and after the eggs are deposited, they are covered over. The eggs are esteemed quite a dainty, but the "white" does not harden in boiling as is the case with the eggs of fowls, &c.

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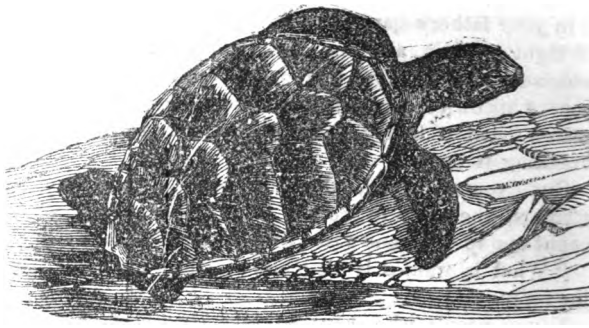

The flesh of the common green turtle is considered a great luxury, hence the very high price at which turtles are sold.

Australian meats are sent over to this country fresh and good, and probably the time will come when some enterprising individual will undertake to do the same with turtle. If a method of preserving turtle for transport to England, as effective and cheap as that for Australian meats were adopted, then, from the abundance of turtle, we might have it much cheaper than butcher's meat is at present in this country.

These creatures are common in Jamaica, and also in most of the islands of the East and West Indies. When turtles are met with by parties in pursuit of them, in order to secure their object they turn the turtles on their backs, in which position they cannot help themselves, but remain till their captors have leisure to take them away.

Turtles sometimes attain to the weight of five or six hundred pounds.

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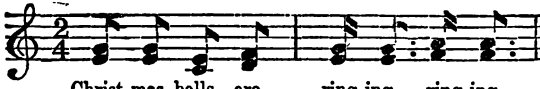
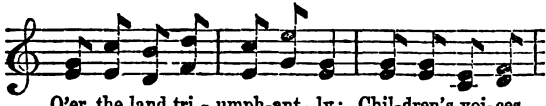
CHRISTMAS BELLS.





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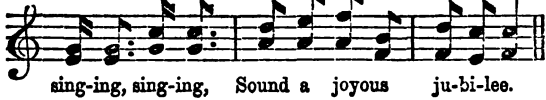

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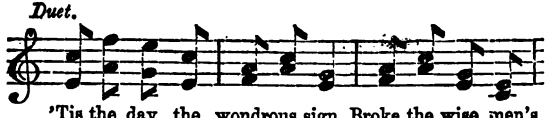

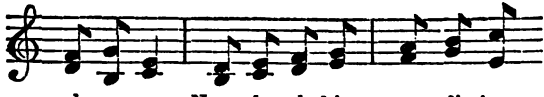

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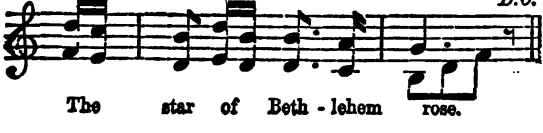

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Christmas bells are ringing, ringing,
  O'er the land triumphantly;
Children's voices singing, singing,
  Sound a joyous jubilee.
It's the day the wondrous sign,
  Broke the wise men's calm repose,
Newly rayed in robes divine,
  The star of Bethlehem rose.

Soft the world lay dreaming, dreaming,
  On the morning of his birth.
Its pure snow-veil gleaming, gleaming,
  When the Christ child came on earth.
He's the precious pearl we hail,
  Sent us from a Father's hand,
A fount of life that shall not end,
  A rock in weary land.

Angel hymns are pealing, pealing,
  Through the depths of yonder sky,
Ransomed saints are kneeling, kneeling,
  Kneeling at the throne on high.
With grateful voices come we now,
  Come both heart and hand to lift,
Lord of life, to thee we bow,
  And thank thee for thy gift.

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SCAPE-GOAT, YOUNG BULLOCK, AND KID OF GOATS.

In the accompanying engraving we have a representation of the animals required by the Jews on the day of expiation or atonement for sin, which was observed yearly on the tenth day of the seventh month. On this solemn day the high priest first presented a young bullock for a sin-offering, to make an atonement for himself and for

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his house, and a ram for a *burnt-offering*, to signify, as it is thought, "he and his associates were wholly employed in this work of the ministry." It is difficult to determine how many animals were slain on this memorable day, but none of the victims were more remarkable than the two goats which the high priest received of the congregation to present before the Lord at the door of the tabernacle. One of these was slain in sacrifice, and its blood was taken into the holy place and sprinkled upon the mercy-seat. The other was preserved alive: the high priest put his hands upon its head, and confessed over it the sins of the people and then sent it away "by the hands of a fit man into the wilderness," which was regarded as bearing away the sins that had been confessed over it.

The particulars of the day of atonement, and of the ceremony of the scape-goat, are given in the sixteenth chapter of the Book of Leviticus; and the typical or figurative meaning thereof is explained by the Apostle Paul in the ninth chapter of the Hebrews. Referring to the high priest's yearly entering the holy of holies, or second tabernacle, as the apostle calls it, and sprinkling the mercy-seat with blood, which he offered first for himself, and then for the people, he says, "The Holy Ghost this signifying, that the way into the holiest of all (meaning heaven), was not yet made manifest, which was a figure for the time then present, in which were offered both gifts and sacrifices that could not make him that did the service perfect, as pertaining to the conscience; which stood only in meats and drinks, and divers washings and carnal ordinances, imposed on them until the time of reformation. But Christ being come an high priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle not made with hands, that is to say, not of this building; neither by the blood of goats and calves, but

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by his own blood he entered in once into the holy place having obtained eternal redemption for us."

A NEW HEART—WHAT IT IS!

FOR THE YOUNG.

CHILDREN often hear and sometimes speak about a "new heart." But do they quite understand what the words mean?

A teacher once asked a little girl in her class, "Do you think you have a new heart?"

"Yes, teacher, I hope so," replied the child.

"But what makes you hope so?"

"Because I love the things which I used to hate, and hate what I used to love."

That was a good answer. All of us "by nature" love sin. We would rather please ourselves than please God. We do not wish to think about him, nor serve him. But when he gives a child a new heart, that child begins to love what is good and right—would rather please God than please himself—tries to imitate the gentle and holy Saviour—and wishes to do God's will more than anything else in the world. Dear children, have you a new heart?

Then there will be a "new life." You know what we wish to be we shall try to be. If a child really has a new heart he will be obedient, gentle, truthful; he will love prayer, the Sabbath, the Bible—things that once he did not care about. When he does wrong he will be very sorry, and will pray and try that he may be kept from sinning again. If there is not this new life it will be of no use for any one to make believe he has a new heart. The conduct will tell whether the heart is right.

But perhaps some of you are thinking that there may be good conduct without a change of heart. Perhaps there may, in part, and for a time. Sometimes in the spring I see little children go into the fields to gather

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flowers, and perhaps they will pull out of the hedge a thorn branch without leaves, and stick on every thorn a daisy or a buttercup, then come home to their parents with joy, crying out, "See what a beautiful bough of flowers we have brought you!" It is very pretty for a while, but the flowers do not belong to the branch, they never grew there; very soon they will all be withered, and the bough will be fit for nothing but to be thrown away. Those buttercups and daisies teach us a lesson about good conduct which does not spring from a sanctified heart. Such actions seem fair, but they have no root. They were not done because right and holy, but perhaps from a desire of praise, or fear of punishment, or something of that kind. They may seem good, but there is no real goodness in them, and at last they will be found all vain, and useless, and dead!

AN ATHEIST NONPLUSSED.

PARIS was at one time as much noted for its atheism as for its gaiety.

A certain person, alike celebrated for his eloquence and for his scoffing at everything pertaining to religion, was, upon one occasion, announced to deliver a discourse in defence of his opinions. His name, as well as the interest manifested in the subject, brought together a vast concourse of people.

The speaker entered upon his subject with his usual eloquence and energy. In the course of his remarks he exclaimed—

"We are told by the clergy and canting hypocrites that all infidels are harassed by fears of an approaching future. Sirs, I stand here before you to-night a witness to the falsity of the assertion; for even I, although a leader among those who espouse infidel doctrines, can proudly exclaim, I fear no evil."

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At this point, a little boy, sitting in one of the front seats, said in a voice tiny and timid, yet so distinct as to be heard throughout the vast edifice—

"But, sir, you have never yet entered the valley of death."

The effect produced was electric. The flowery orator, nonplussed, was hissed in disgrace from the platform; and the little defender of God's Word was borne triumphantly from the building upon the shoulders of the enthusiastic populace.

LOVE'S QUESTION.

A LITTLE girl often followed after her father when he came into the house, with the question: "Father, what can I do for you?" And never was she happier than when he gave her something to do for him.

Once he said, perhaps tired with her asking, "Child, why do you ask that question so often?"

"Oh, father," she answered, with two great tears swelling in her eyes, "because I can't help it!"

It was love that put the question, and her readiness to undertake whatever he set her about was proof of the genuineness of that love; she wanted always to be doing something for father.

People are sometimes in doubt whether they love God or not. I will tell them how they can find out. Are you often asking your heavenly Father the same question this little child was asking her earthly father? Is it one of your first thoughts, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And do you keep on asking because you can't help it?

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THE OSPREY, OR FISH-HAWK.

THE osprey is mentioned in Lev. xi. 13, and is there forbidden to be eaten by the Jews. It is a bird of the falcon tribe, nearly two feet in length, and is of a dark-brown colour on the back and wings, and bluish-white beneath. It lives on fish, and therefore builds its nest near the sea-shore. Its feet are scaly, large, and rough beneath, well suited to hold its prey, to seize which it sometimes plunges under the waves with amazing quickness—

> "True to the season, o'er our sea-beat shore,
> The sailing osprey high is seen to soar,
> With broad unmoving wing; and circling slow,
> Marks each loose straggler in the deep below;
> Sweeps down like lightning, plunges with a roar,
> And bears its struggling victim to the shore."

This bird is common both in Europe and America. A writer belonging to the latter, Wilson, in his "Natural

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History," speaking of the osprey, says, "At once from his sublime height he descends like a torrent, plunging into the sea with a loud rushing sound, and with the certainty of a rifle shot. In a few moments he emerges, bearing in his claws his struggling prey, which he always carries head foremost; and having risen a few feet above the surface shakes himself as a water spaniel would do, and directs his heavy course towards the land. A shad (a large fish of the herring tribe,) was taken from the fish-hawk, on which he had begun to regale himself, and had already eaten a considerable portion of it, the remainder of which weighed six pounds. The hawk, however, in his fishing pursuits, sometimes mistakes his mark, or overrates his strength, by striking fish too large and powerful for him to manage, by which he is suddenly dragged under the water and perishes. The bodies of large fish, with a fish-hawk grappled in them, have at various times been found dead on the shore, cast up by the waves.

THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

FROM THE FRENCH.

During a very cold winter a robin redbreast came knocking with little taps of his beak at the window of a poor man's cottage, as if asking entrance into the house. The kind man immediately opened the window, and trustful little Bobby flew in. Scarcely had he got into the room before he began to peck at the crumbs which had fallen from the table. The little children of the cottage were much delighted, and made such a pet of Bobby that he stayed with them all through the winter.

When the spring came back and the trees became once more covered with leaves, the man again opened his window and the Robin flew into a little wood, where he

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built a nest, and sang every day his merry song. But when winter came round again he returned, and brought with him another robin, his little mate. I need not tell you how delighted the children were when they saw the two birds hopping fearlessly about and looking up at them with their bright little eyes. And the children said to their father, "Father, the robins look as if they wanted to say something to us." The father replied, "I think they would say, if they could speak, 'If you trust others you will be trusted, and if you are friendly you will gain friends.'

JANET.

'TIS MEAN.

I wish all children, especially the bad, the proud, or the gay, to read and think about the following lines :—

'Tis mean the Saviour not to fear;
'Tis mean to mock, to scoff, or sneer;
'Tis mean to cause a mother pain;
'Tis mean to take God's name in vain;
'Tis mean to hurt or kill a fly;
'Tis mean at any time to lie;
'Tis mean to swear; 'tis mean to fight;
'Tis mean to steal by day or night;
'Tis mean to cause the smallest strife;
'Tis mean to lead a wicked life;
'Tis mean to cause a father grief;
'Tis mean indeed to be a thief;
'Tis mean to disobey the Lord;
'Tis mean to never read his word;
'Tis mean to break the Sabbath day;
'Tis mean to live and never pray.
So from what's mean you must refrain
If heaven at last you wish to gain.

N. EGGLESTONE.

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OUR YOUTHFUL BAND.

As every Sunday School should have a Band of Hope, it will be right to place before our little readers this year a selection of hymns and tunes suited to their use at school and at home, and such as embody the leading truths of Temperance. "The child is father to the man," and the hope of England is in the training of the young to avoid strong drink, therefore the Sunday schools of Methodism should aid in this good work. The voice of song and melody should be heard, and the children of every town and village should, like those on Boston common that Mr. Gough tells us of, who persuaded the drunkard to sign the pledge on his battered hat, be able to sing of "true temperance" to the poor drunkard; for even the strains of childhood have power on the parents' hearts.

Nothing more suitable can be found as our first song than the good old National Anthem—"God save the Queen." Every little boy and girl should learn this tune, for has not England a loving mother as her Queen, whose own children are the pride of the land we live in?

The words we take are those of an opening hymn, and is a prayer for the blessing of God, on whom we depend for every blessing. We sing cheerily,—

"God bless our youthful band,
O! may we firmly stand
True to our pledge."

Some little reader will say, "What is a pledge?" and need only be told that a pledge is a very solemn promise that we make. Our promise is to abstain or keep from the use of every drink that intoxicates.

We will not touch nor taste the drink that has in it a spirit called alcohol. It is this that makes the people drunkards, and we should avoid it.

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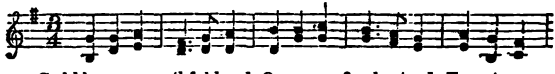
We should resolve in the fear of God, and ask him to help us to keep our promise, and guide us by his counsel.

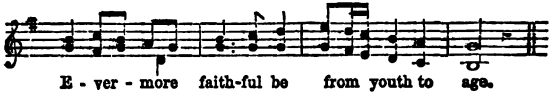
The words of the hymn should be learnt as they are here given.

OUR YOUTHFUL BAND.



God bless our youthful band, O may we firmly stand, True to our

pledge. May we to liber-ty, Truth, love, and char-i-ty,



E - ver - more faith-ful be from youth to age.

"While for the drunkard's weal,
We work with constant zeal,
Our labours bless;
And we thy aid invoke,
To save all little folk,
From the poor drunkard's yoke,
And deep distress.

May England's children stand,
A noble temperance band:
A joy to see.
And may our cause extend,
Until all people blend,
And one great shout ascend,
'The world is free.'"

THE PENITENT BOY-THIEF.

On a heap of chips and shavings, in a garret under the slates, a Christian at work in London found a boy about ten years of age, pale, but with a sweet face.

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"What are you doing here?" he asked of the boy.

"Hush, hush! I am hiding."

"Hiding! what for?"

And he showed his white arms covered with bruises and swollen.

"Who has been beating you like that?"

"Don't tell him; my father did it."

"What for?"

"Father got drunk, and beat me because I wouldn't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir; I was a thief once."

"Then, why don't you steal now?"

"Because I went to the ragged school, and they told me 'Thou shalt not steal,' and they told me of God in heaven. I will never steal, sir, if my father kills me."

The visitor said, "I don't know what to do with you. Here is a shilling; I will see what I can do for you."

The boy looked at it a moment, and then said, "But, please, sir, wouldn't you like to hear my little hymn?"

The visitor thought it strange that without food, without fire, bruised and beaten, as he lay, he could sing a hymn, but he said, "Yes, I will hear you." And then the boy sang:—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to thee.

Fain I would to thee be brought;
Gentle Lord, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of thy grace
Give thy little child a place."

The gentleman went again in the morning, went upstairs, knocked at the door,—no answer; opened it and

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went in. The shilling lay on the floor. There lay the boy with a smile on his face—but he was dead! In the night he had gone home. Blessed be Jesus that he has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." He is no respecter of persons. He sends to the homes of the poor and the destitute to take his blood-bought little ones to his own bosom.—*Children's Record.*

BIOGRAPHY.

James Edward Stuard Reeve was a scholar in our Sabbath school at Redditch. He was born June 6, 1864, and died June 3, 1872. Though a mere child he was remarkably thoughtful and serious, and evinced a strong attachment to the Sabbath school, to the Bible, and to God, which especially endeared him to his parents, who in their hearts had predicted for him a useful future. Early in May, however, the bud of promise began to show signs of decay. Efforts were put forth to restore him, but in vain. As droops the flower when smitten by the lightning's flash, so drooped this dear boy beneath the withering breath of consumption. But from what he said during his affliction it was clear that his spirit was prepared to bloom in the Paradise of God. For a whole week he lay, and did not speak. On the morning of the day, however, previous to his death, he broke the long silence, by beginning to sing, "My God, my Father, while I stray," etc. Just before he died he intimated to his parents that there were presences in his chamber that were invisible to them, and as he gazed he smiled and said, "Don't you see them?" Soon his spirit passed away to that glorious land where the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." J. Nock.

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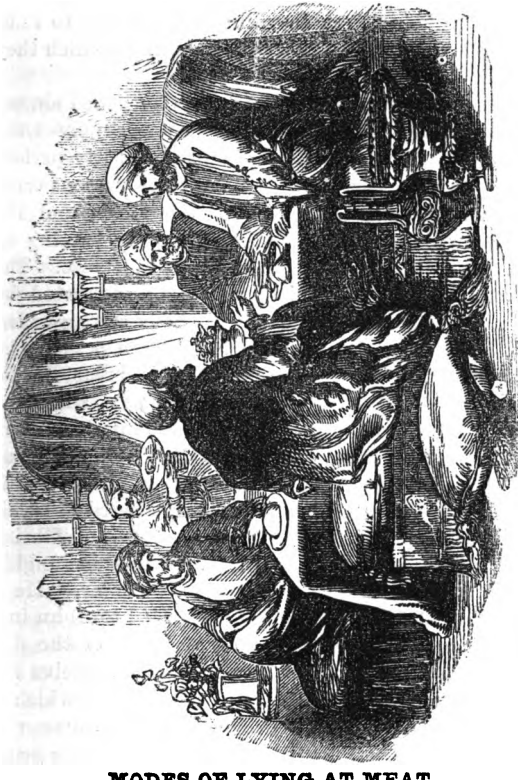

MODES OF LYING AT MEAT.

In John xiii. 23, we read, "Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples whom he loved." The circumstance here mentioned occurred at the Feast of the Passover, which the Jews were formerly accustomed to eat standing like travellers, or men in haste to depart. And at their ordinary meals, many of the people still

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continued to sit upright; but at the Passover they were required by their rulers to recline on couches, to indicate, it is supposed, the state of freedom to which they had arrived.

The custom of reclining at feasts was practised among the Greeks and Romans; but Dr. Kitto supposes the Jews had learned it from the Persians at an early period. Couches, capable of serving two or three persons each, were placed around three sides of the table; and the guests lay with the upper part of the body leaning on their elbows, their faces turned towards the table. The head was a little raised, the back being supported by cushions; but the lower part of the body was extended at full length, inclining outward behind the person who sat next below, whose head approached the breast of him above him. In this inclining position, next to Jesus, was John sitting, when Peter beckoned to him to inquire of their Divine Master who it was that should betray him. Dr. A. Clarke supposes that as the word is changed in the twenty-fifth verse, John altered his position a little, laying his head against the breast of Christ, and putting the question in a whisper. This seems highly reasonable; and also that our Saviour's answer, "He it is to whom I shall give a sop," was returned to John in a whisper, which neither Judas nor the rest of the disciples heard. Hence, Judas did not object to receive the sop which the Saviour immediately offered him, which it is probable he might have declined had the answer of Jesus been heard both by himself and the disciples generally, for he was too great a hypocrite willingly to be exposed before his fellow-apostles as the betrayer of his Lord.

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"JESUS IS MY WATCH NOW."

THERE are few things that boys and girls like better than a watch. The writer of these lines can remember the time when the possession of one would have been thought the highest happiness. It lets them know when to go to school, and when to come in from play, and when to begin their lessons, and when to go to bed, and when to do a great many things besides. As there is no harm in having one, we hope every boy and girl who reads this will live to have a watch bought by money justly earned, either by themselves or by their parents.

The father of the little girl whose memory made us sit down and write, once gave her a watch—a real watch—with a white face and two large hands, and that ticked under her pillow when she lay in bed. You may be sure she was very proud of it, and thanked her papa very kindly for it. But this little girl became very ill,—so ill that the doctor had to be sent for; and when he came he used to take out his watch and feel her arm. When she saw his watch she would speak of hers, and even get him to look at it when he was done. The doctor was a kind man, and many a talk they had about their watches.

But one day when the doctor came he found little Aggie (that was her name) lying very ill upon the sofa; and after looking at her, he said, "Well, Aggie, what about the watch to-day?" "*Jesus is my watch now!*" she said; and not many days after she died, telling her papa that Jesus was with her while she lay upon her bed. Now the words that this little girl used show us that we can have something better than a watch. To have JESUS is to have what is better than a watch.

When little Aggie died, the watch she had remained behind. It is in the house she left, to this day. But

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Jesus, whom she learned to love more than it, is with her still, and will be with her in heaven for ever.—*Children's Record.*

A SABBATH SCHOOL THANKSGIVING PIECE.

FOR A BOY OR GIRL AT THE CLOSE OF THE SERVICE.

[*Rises and bows to the congregation.*

DEAR FRIENDS, I rise and beg to say,
That thanks are due from us to-day,
For what we have received and heard,
And first of all we thank the Lord!

[*Turns to the pulpit.*

We thank you very kindly, Sir,
As our beloved minister;
For blessings you in prayer implored,
For preaching God's most holy Word.

[*Turns to the superintendent.*

Dear superintendent, teachers, too,
Our hearty thanks we give to you,
Who have so nobly toiled for us,
Throughout the year with such success.

[*Turns to the choir.*

To you who taught us how to sing,
Recite, and praise our God and King,
Our singers, male and female too,
We very kindly now thank you.

[*Looks round.*

Contributors, collectors too,
To you our thanks are SURELY due,
For if you did not come and give,
Our school could not our wants relieve.

We thank you all both young and old,
For copper, silver, prayers, and gold;
And we are thankful, let me say,
To see so many here to-day.

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'Tis prayer and faith and aid, you know,
That makes our Sabbath School to go.
What maketh rich? Why ask God's Word!
It is the blessing of the Lord.
[*Turns to the pulpit and around.*

We ask God's blessing, Sir, on you,
On you above, and you below,
On each now present here to-day,
In time, and through eternity!

Many have passed from earth away
Since our last anniversary;
We hope to each, and all is given
Eternal Sabbath-day in heaven.

We hope when days and years are past,
To meet you all in heaven at last;
No deaths, no partings to record,
But all be "ever with the Lord." P. DAYKIN.

FLOWERS AND THEIR TEACHINGS.

ALL the prophets were devout students of God's works, and warm admirers of the beauties scattered throughout them: as a proof of which they have hung unfading garlands, which they gathered in their lonely walks, in various parts of that temple of truth which they helped, as God's instruments, to rear and beautify. And He to whom they all bear witness, and point out as the "Plant of Renown," "The Righteous Branch," "The Rose of Sharon," He who gave these flowers their lovely tints, and moulded their faultless forms, He talked to man of the flowers teaching him to "Consider the lilies," and to learn from them to trust that Providence which overlooks nothing, to which nothing is impossible, and which is pledged to fulfil all the purposes and promises of God's excellent loving-kindness.

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THE KITE.

The kite is a bird of prey, which on account of its easy *gliding* motion through the air, is supposed to have received its old English name of *glede* or *glide*. It makes little effort in flying, but sails along with the gentlest breeze.

It belongs to the tribe of falcons, but is only a small bird. It weighs only about three pounds, though its stretch of wings is more than five feet. It is by its long wings and forked tail, that it is chiefly known from other birds of its class. "Its head and back are of a pale ash colour; the neck is reddish, as are also the feathers on the inside of the wing. Its legs and feet are yellow, and its claws are black."

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The kite feeds on moles, mice, frogs, and other small animals. It also sometimes makes sad havoc among young chickens and ducks. It slowly and noiselessly approaches, and if the older poultry perceive it, and scream out, it wheels off nearly out of sight, and then makes another descent, and if it finds a straggling chicken, it often succeeds in catching it, and carries it off in its claws. Emboldened by success, it sometimes repeats this act till the farmer's gun brings it to the ground; and in some parts its outstretched wings are nailed to the barn-door as a terror to other birds of prey.

The following account of kites in a foreign country has been furnished by a missionary: "Not far from us was the carcase of some large animal, which was literally covered with kites of an uncommon size, who were all tearing with immense rapidity the flesh from the body, and flapping their wings as if to increase their power. Standing by, were numbers of these voracious creatures, gorged to the full, looking stupidly on the ground; others were fighting for strips of the flesh which had been torn from the animal, and the fury of the combatants was most astonishing. Then, aloft, scores and scores again were hovering in the air, ready to pounce down on the first vacant spot, where another battle would be sure to ensue; and in the distance, as you looked around, you saw others flying with great speed to the prey, thus furnishing a striking example of the declaration of our Saviour, 'Wheresover the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.'"

The kite is mentioned in Lev. xi. 14, and Deut. xiv. 13; and is classed among unclean birds.

MIND.

MIND your *tongue!* Don't let it speak hasty, cruel, unkind, or wicked words.

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Mind your *eyes!* Don't permit them to look on wicked books, pictures, or objects.

Mind your *ears!* Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs, or words.

Mind your *lips!* Don't let tobacco foul them. Don't let strong drink pass them. Don't let the food of the glutton enter between them.

Mind your *hands!* Don't let them steal, or fight, or write any evil words.

Mind your *feet!* Don't let them walk in the steps of the wicked.

Mind your *heart!* Don't let the love of sin dwell in it. Don't give it to Satan, but ask Jesus to make it his throne.

Mind! —*Good News.*

GOD IS GOOD.

One of the first things to be thought of in a Band of Hope when the pledge is signed, is to make it a pleasant place, and while the awful facts of intemperance are dreadful to think of, and enough to make angels weep, yet I will next introduce a beautiful hymn, with its closing lines, "God is good."

My little friends will know as they grow older that we live in a beautiful world, where sin and its results are the curse that saddens all our life. God has provided water, bright water, for man and beast, and when people talk nonsense about not being able to work without ale and beer, and gin and rum, you may ask them, do cart horses and bullocks, lions or elephants drink ale? If you have good nourishing food, you need no drink that will make you drunk. Its use is only a custom.

Hold it, little ones, as a firm truth, that when God made the world, and gave it to man to live in, he knew best what was good for us; and he has given us the little

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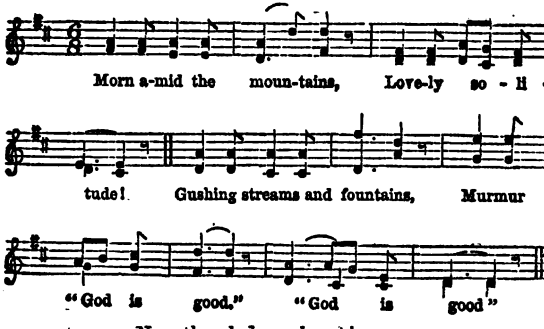
stream, and the rivers rushing from the hills to the sea. He never gave us the poison that comes from the still, nor the liquor that is made by the death and destruction of the golden grain.

Water, bright water, O give to me,
So pure, so joyous, and flowing so free.

Our hymn brings to us some beautiful thoughts that breathe of love and goodness—only listen to them, and learn to love them.

GOD IS GOOD.



Now the glad sun breaking,
Pours a golden flood,
Deepest vales awaking,
Echo, "God is good."

Hymns of praise are ringing
Through the leafy wood;
Songsters sweetly singing
Warble, "God is good."

Wake and join the chorus,
Men with soul endowed;
He whose smile is o'er us,
God, our God, is good.

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AH! BUT IT'S "WARDAY."

One week-day, a while ago, I heard one of our Sunday scholars take the name of the great God in vain. Seeing the boy in the wrong, of course, as a duty, I said a few words by way of reproving him for his sin. After I had done speaking, the little fellow, lifting his head, with an apparent look of innocency looked me in the face and said, "Ah! but it's warday (work-day)." Now, as it was a week-day and not the Sabbath day, it appears the little boy had no idea of his doing any wicked thing in the sight of Heaven by the irreverent manner in which he spoke of God. But, let me remind the young reader, whether it be a week-day or the Sabbath, whenever you use the name of God carelessly or thoughtlessly when engaged at your play or otherwise, you take it in vain. Remember the Bible says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."—Exodus xx. 7.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF PRAYER.

Little Nellie, who was only four years old, no sooner saw work laid aside than she ran to her mother's knee and claimed a seat there. Mrs. Lee lifted her to her lap, and went on busily thinking of her duties and cares, while she rocked herself and Nellie to and fro.

For a time Nellie amused herself very quietly by winding a string in and out through her fingers; but presently she began talking to herself in a low tone: "When I say my prayers, God says, 'Hark, angels, while I hear a little noise.'" Her mother asked her what noise was that?

"A little girl's noise. Then the angels will do just so (shutting her mouth very tight, and keeping very still for a moment) till I say amen."

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Isn't this a sweet thought? I wonder if the children who read this story of little Nellie have ever thought how wonderful it is that God always hears their prayers. He is surrounded by thousands and thousands of angels, and all praising him with their golden harps; and, yet, through all the music and all the praises, he hears the softest prayer of a little child kneeling by the bed-side. He must be very loving and very kind to children. We should think he would sometimes forget, and be listening to the beautiful sounds in heaven instead of the prayer of a little child. But he never does. There is never too much singing or too many praises there for him to hear a little girl's noise. Do you not wonder that children do not pray to him much more and much oftener than they do?

WILLING WORKERS.

At a missionary meeting, a young girl brought in *two* missionary-boxes. Now, most people are content with *one;* and a great many do not manage to get that one *half* filled. The reason is, that they have not learned, like this young collector, to be always at work, and to look after all the littles. She had filled two boxes, and then began a third,—all in one year! Of course these boxes were not filled with gold and silver. It was not in her power to do that. But she had diligently gathered all she could, whenever she could; and so it came to pass that when the two boxes which she brought in were opened, it was found that they contained no less than *five hundred and eighty-five* pieces of money; which, being put together, amounted to *one pound, fifteen shillings, and seven pence halfpenny.*

In a village in the same district there were a few scholars who were too poor to give anything to the mis-

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sions, and had no chance of collecting money in the usual way. But they loved the work, and wanted to do something to help in sending the gospel to dark lands. So they took this plan: During their play-hours they were very busy in getting sand, carrying water, housing coals, and doing other little jobs of household work for the people in the neighbourhood, who gave them pence and halfpence for their labour. All that they got in this way they gave, week after week to the missionary-box, often singing—

"Do you wish to be told the best use of a penny?"

When the time came for opening the box, you may be sure the little collectors were very anxious to know what it had in it. The money was emptied out by the secretary, and counted. There were *one hundred and eighty-five* coins in the box, amounting in value to just *eighteen shillings and tenpence.*

Don't you think that this was worth working for, and that those dear children must have felt very happy when it was counted, to think that they had kept on, always working and gathering for the Lord's good service?—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

EZRA vii. 21.

I WISH to place before our young readers, who are not yet acquainted with it, this wonderful verse of Scripture, which, in the English version, has all the letters of the alphabet in it, i and j being identical. The verse is as follows:—

"And I, eveN I, ArtaxerXes the King, Do Make a deCree To all the treasUrers Which aRe Beyond the riVer, that whatsoever EZra the Priest, the scribe of the Law oF the God of Heaven, Shall reQuire Of You, it be done speedily."

Weardale. N. EGGLESTONE.

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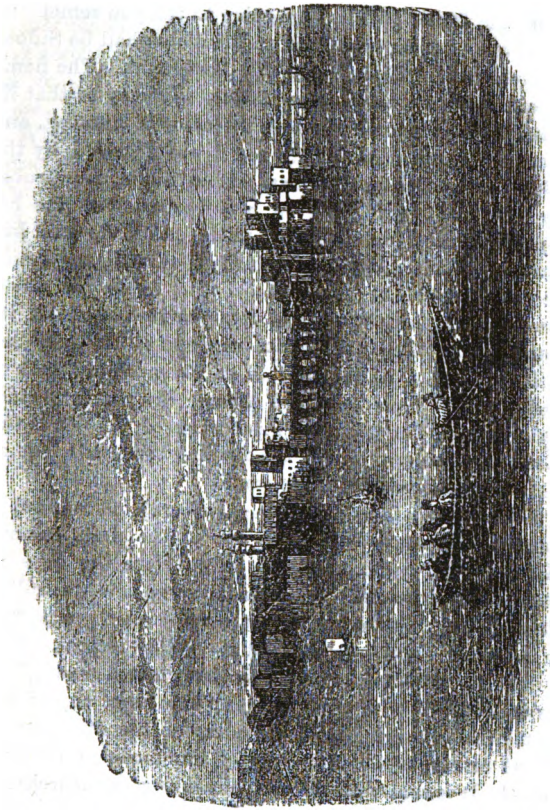

SIDON.

I DARE say many of our young readers have heard of Tyre and Sidon, and probably have read something about them in their Bibles. Thoughtful children are always glad to know all they can respecting places of which they have read, and especially of places named in God's good

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book, the Bible. Well, I am going to tell you something about one of these two cities, and that one shall be Sidon, generally called Zidon in the Old Testament. The name is said to mean *hunting* or *fishing*. It may be that its first inhabitants were given to the habit of hunting, and hence the name. But many say it was founded by the eldest son of Canaan, who was called Sidon, and probably this name was given to him because he, like his nephew Nimrod, delighted in hunting, not only land but marine animals, and perhaps chiefly the latter, and hence his name would be equal to fisher. Sidon lies about twenty miles, measuring in a straight line, north of its daughter city, Tyre, at the far east end of the great sea which lies right in the middle of the great divisions of land called Europe, Asia, and Africa. My young friends, perhaps, recollect that the proper name of this sea is the Mediterranean sea, which is so called because it lies, as it were, in the middle of the earth.

Sidon having been founded by Canaan's eldest son, it consequently must have been one of the most ancient places in the world. Indeed, long before the days of Joshua it had become an important city, and was called Great Zidon. It became at last a very wealthy city, but in course of time Tyre excelled it in this respect. One article for which it was particularly noted was glass. Every child knows what glass is; but have any of my young readers ever heard the story of the discovery of glass? or rather the discovery of the mode of forming glass? It is said that on one occasion some merchants belonging to this city, when cooking their victuals on the sand, placed lumps of soda to support the vessels over the fire. The soda and the sand, acted on by the heat, were melted, and thus formed into glass. It is, however, not at all likely that such a heat could have produced this effect, yet it may have suggested the idea. At all

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events Sidon became noted for its glass manufactures, and according to what we read they were acquainted with the methods of cutting, grinding, colouring, and gilding glass.

When Canaan was divided among the twelve tribes of Israel, this ancient city fell to the lot of the tribe of Asher, as appears from Joshua xix. 28. But this tribe did not take possession of it; on the contrary, the Zidonians oppressed Israel, at least for a time.

Wealth often leads to habits of luxury, and so we find it to have been the case with this people. We ought to guard against this propensity so common to human nature, for, if we do not, the painful consequences which always follow will certainly, in one form or another, overtake us. God is blessing us in this country with a great deal of wealth, and on all sides we see luxurious habits appearing, in dress, smoking, and many other things. Young people should learn hardy virtues. Our young people are the hope of our country, but what will our country become in a few generations if our young grow up as many thousands of them are now growing up?

Sidon had an excellent harbour, and so it became a great shipping port. A small promontory juts out from a low plain (less than two miles broad) on the northern slope of which the city was situated, so that it was almost surrounded with water. The best ships in the whole fleet with which Xerxes went against Greece were furnished by the Zidonians. About 351 years before Christ, this city was ruined by Artaxerxes Ochus, an event which was predicted in the Word of God. See Ezek. xxviii. 21-23; xxxii. 30; Joel iii. 4-8. It is said that when the inhabitants saw the Persians in their streets, they shut themselves up in their houses with their wives and families, and setting fire to their dwellings, perished in the flames. Since then it has suffered from

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an earthquake, and has passed into the hands of various masters. It is now a poor miserable town, but has a population of nine or ten thousand inhabitants, and is known by the name of Saida.

A SCEPTICAL PHILOSOPHER REPROVED.

A YOUNG man from the provinces, who was sent to Paris to finish his education, had the misfortune to get into bad company. He went so far as to wish, and finally to say, "There is no God; God is only a word." After staying several years at the capital, the young man returned to his family. One day he was invited to a respectable house where there was a numerous company. While all were entertaining themselves with news, pleasure, and business, two girls, aged respectively twelve and thirteen, were seated in a bay window, reading together. The young man approached them and asked,—"What beautiful romance are you reading so attentively, young ladies?"

"We are reading no romance, sir; we are reading the history of God's chosen people."

"You believe, then, that there is a God?"

Astonished at such a question, the girls looked at each other, the blood mounting to their cheeks.

"And you, sir, do you not believe it?"

"Once I believed, but after living in Paris, and studying philosophy, mathematics, and politics, I am convinced that God is an empty word."

"I, sir, was never in Paris; I have never studied philosophy, nor mathematics, nor any of those beautiful things which you know. I only know my catechism; and since there is no God, you can easily tell me whence the egg comes?"

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"A funny question, truly; the egg comes from the hen."

"Which of them existed first, the egg or the hen?"

"I really do not know what you intend with this question and your hen; but yet that which existed first was the hen."

"There is a hen, then, which did not come from the egg?"

"Beg your pardon, miss, I did not take notice that the egg existed first."

"There is then an egg that did not come from a hen?"

"Oh, if you—I beg pardon—that is—you see—"

"I see, sir, that you do not know whether the egg existed before the hen, or hen before the egg."

"Well, then, I say the hen."

"Very well, there is then a hen which did not come from an egg. Tell me now, who made this first hen, from which all other hens and eggs come."

"With your hens and your eggs, it seems to me you take me for a poultry-dealer."

"By no means, sir. I only ask you to tell me whence the mother of all hens and eggs came?"

"But for what object?"

"Well, since you do not know, you will permit me to tell you. He who created the first hen, or, as you would rather have it, the first egg, is the same who created the world, and this Being we call God. You, who cannot explain the existence of a hen or an egg without God, still wish to maintain, and to be able to explain the existence of this world without God."

The young philosopher was silent; he quietly took his hat, and, full of shame, departed, if not convinced of his folly, at least confounded by the simple questions put to him.—*Early Days.*

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THE SONG-THRUSH,

Of which our readers have a beautiful print at the head of this article, is deservedly esteemed as one of our best singing birds. It commences its cheerful songs very early in the year and continues them for several months. Its powerful, varied, and rich notes in connection with those of the blackbird and others of the feathered tribes, and especially during early morn in our southern and midland counties, where the nightingale joins in the chorus; the hills and dales, groves and meadows, are made vocal with music, that can scarcely fail to awaken pleasurable emotions in the human breast, and where a love for the beautiful is accompanied by fervent piety, such sounds and scenes are delightfully adapted to aid meditation and devotion.

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In the construction of its nest, which is often built very early in the spring, the thrush manifests considerable architectural skill, and its eggs and young are well defended by a thick coat of mud, so firmly put together, that when the external and internal materials are taken off it appears like a strong shell.

The thrush should be carefully protected, not only for its singing, but for the services it renders to gardeners and others, in devouring insects, snails, &c.

The eggs of the thrush are of a bluish green colour, sometimes spotted with rather dirty-looking brownish spots, and are generally five in number. During the time of incubation, the male bird frequently perches high in a tree not far from the nest; and while the female is sitting on her eggs, or brooding over her young, he cheers her with his delightful notes, which are often continued for a considerable time.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

FROM THE FRENCH.

CHARLES and Alexander, two boys of about the same age, had been friends from their earliest childhood. Their parents were near neighbours, they went to the same school, and were being educated in the same way; and yet the boys were not alike. Alexander was industrious, and attentive to his tasks, while Charles, on the contrary, was lazy, and did not care for books. Yet this difference between them did not hinder their being great friends, for both were affectionate, generous boys, though Charles was so far less diligent and painstaking than his schoolfellow.

Alexander's parents were not rich, but God had given him what is better than wealth, good abilities and a love of study. He was not what would be generally called a handsome boy, but he had a pleasant, honest

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face, and was generally a favourite wherever he went.

One day his mamma was sitting at work with his little sisters, Alexander came up to them with a cloud upon his generally merry face—

"Mamma," he said, "do come along with me. I want you to come and beg Charles's father to ask him to forgive Charlie. He didn't come to school this morning, and when I asked him what was the matter, he said his father had punished him, and wouldn't let him go out. You girls must come too. I want you all to beg for poor Charles."

Mother and daughters immediately laid aside their work, and all betook themselves at once to their neighbour's house. They found Charles' father just in the act of giving his son a severe reproof—

"You're quite mistaken, sir," he was just saying, "if you think I mean to let you grow up the lazy dunce you are now without trying to prevent it. If kindness won't do, you must be punished till you change your ways of going on: you were a nice little fellow enough when you were quite small, but since you've grown older you've grown more foolish instead of wiser; what'll become of you at last, sir, if you don't mend your ways I don't know. All I can say is, that when the end of the half year comes and the prizes are given away you won't have anything but shame to carry away with you, if indeed you can feel shame now, and have not grown too hard to feel any sorrow at the pain your conduct gives me."

Just at that moment Alexander, his mother, and the little girls arrived. The father of Charles guessed the reason of their visit.

"You've come to intercede for this bad boy. I'm very much obliged to you for your kindness in coming, but I must tell you this youngster's one on whom all kindness and interest is thrown away. I tell him if he gets a prize

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at all, it will be a *panier* for being the greatest donkey in his school."

Alexander was sorry for his poor friend, and made him bring his exercise books that he might help him a little, though fearing that even with his assistance to explain what was hard, Charlie would not take pains enough to win a prize.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER COPY.

A LITTLE girl went to a writing school. When she saw her copy, with every line so perfect, "I can never, never, write like that," she said.

She looked steadfastly at its straight lines, which were so very straight, and the round lines so slim and graceful. Then she took up her pen, and timidly put it on the paper. Her hand trembled, she drew it back, she stopped, studied the copy, and began again.

"I can but try," said the little girl; "I will do as well as I can."

She wrote half a page. The letters were crooked. What more could we expect from a first effort? The next scholar stretched across her desk and said:

"What scraggy things you make!"

Tears filled the little girl's eyes. She dreaded to have the teacher see her book.

"He will be angry with me, and scold," she said to herself. But when the teacher came and looked, he smiled.

"I see you are trying, my little girl," he said kindly; "and that is enough for me."

She took courage. Again and again she studied the beautiful copy. She wanted to know how every line went, how every letter was rounded and made. Then she took up her pen, and began again to write. She wrote

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carefully, with the copy always before her. But oh, what slow work it was! Her letters straddled here, they crowded there, and some of them looked "every which way." The little girl trembled at the step of the teacher.

"I am afraid you will find fault with me," she said; "my letters are not fit to be on the same page with the copy."

"I do not find fault with you," said the teacher; "because I do not look so much at what you do, as at what you aim, and have the heart to do. By sincerely trying, you will make a little improvement every day; and a little improvement every day will enable you to reach excellence by and by."

"Thank you, sir," said the little girl; and thus encouraged, she took up her pen with a greater spirit of application than before.

And so it is with the dear children who are trying to become like Jesus. God has given us a heavenly copy. He has given us his dear Son "for our example, that we should follow his steps." He "did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." How he loved people; how he forgave his enemies; how kind and tender he was; how "meek and lowly in heart;" how "he went about doing good;" he is "altogether lovely," and "full of grace and truth." And when you study his character, "I can never, never reach that," you say. "I can never be like Jesus." God does not expect you to become like his dear Son in a minute, or a day, or a year; but what pleases him is, that you should love him, and have a disposition to try. It is that temper which helps you to grow day by day, little by little, into his likeness, which God desires to see.—*Christian Treasury.*

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A VERY BAD MEMORY.

FATHER.—"Mary, my love, do you remember the text this morning?"

Mary.—"No, pa, I never can remember the text, I've such a bad memory."

Mother.—"By the way, did you notice Susan Brown?"

Mary.—"O yes; what a fright! She had on her last year's bonnet done up, a pea-green silk, a black lace mantilla, brown boots, an imitation Honiton collar, a lava bracelet, her old earrings, and such a fan—O my!"

Mother.—"Well, my dear, your memory is certainly *bad.*"—*Good News.*

WEEP WITH THEM THAT WEEP.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A MOTHER was in the habit of asking her children every evening whether they had done any *good* during the day. One evening her little girl came blushing up to her, and said—"Mother, I'm afraid I've not exactly done anybody any good to-day, but—"

"But what, my darling?"

"As soon as I got to school this morning I saw Annette, who hadn't been to school for some time. She used sometimes to bring her little brother with her, such a dear little fellow, and when I asked her after him she told me that since I saw her last he had been taken very ill, and had got worse and worse, and at last died. And then she laid her head on her open book, and began to cry *so* bitterly."

"And what did you say to her?"

"Mother, I couldn't say anything, I felt so sad too, so I put my arm round her waist, and laid my head on the other page of the book, and cried too. And after a long time she told me I had done her good, though how could I? for I hadn't done anything but cry."

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Had she *not* done good to poor Annette? Yes; for to know others feel for us is comfort.

"E'en the *look* of sympathy may
Cheer the lonely in the crowd,
Or may point the tearful mourner
To the rainbow in the cloud."

JANET.

BEAUTIFUL JESUS.

Beautiful Jesus died for me;
Beautiful Jesus on the tree;
Beautiful Jesus bleeding there;
Beautiful Jesus, sinners spare!
Beautiful Jesus glorified;
Beautiful Jesus by my side;
Beautiful Jesus, Lamb divine,
Beautiful Jesus, I am Thine.
Beautiful Jesus, Christ the Lord!
Beautiful Jesus, in Thy word;
Beautiful Jesus, lovely name;
Beautiful Jesus, Christ the same.
Beautiful Jesus, throned on high;
Beautiful Jesus, passing by;
Beautiful Jesus never sleeps;
Beautiful Jesus, souls He keeps.
Beautiful Jesus, full of truth;
Beautiful Jesus, guide my youth;
Beautiful Jesus, in my heart;
Beautiful Jesus, ne'er depart.
Beautiful Jesus, God above,
Beautiful Jesus, whom I love,
Beautiful Jesus, may I be,
Beautiful Jesus, more like Thee.

N. E.

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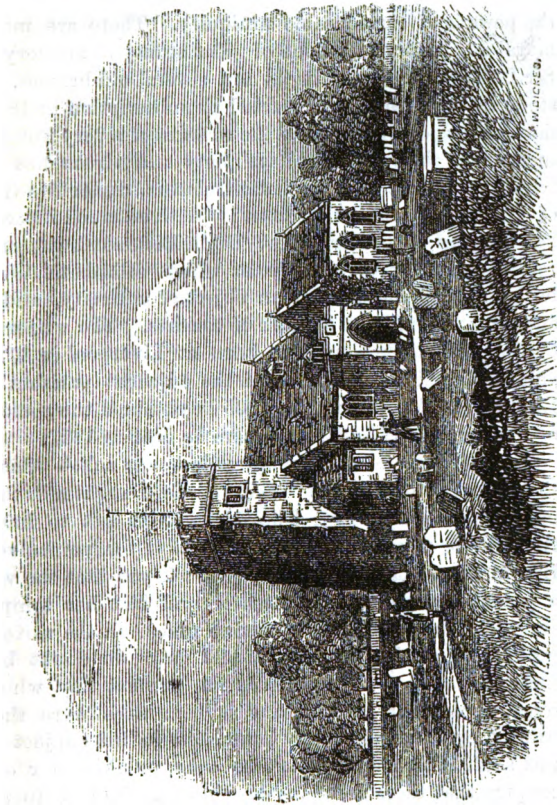

ARRETON CHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT.

St. George's Church, Arreton, Isle of Wight, is an ancient structure of the twelfth century, with a massive tower and four bells. The arches and columns of the nave are slender and graceful, and much of the woodwork of

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the pews is of considerable antiquity. There are many mural monuments, and one of great beauty in memory of Sir L. T. W. Holmes, Bart., and several old brasses. A stone in the churchyard erected by subscription in 1822, marks the spot where repose the remains of a very humble individual, the story of whose piety and virtue has attained an almost unexampled circulation, under the title of "The Dairyman's Daughter." With so much interest has the pen of the late Rev. Legh Richmond invested the subject that the cottage in which Elizabeth Wallbridge resided has become an object of curiosity, and is annually visited by a number of tourists. The writer of this popular little work was born at Liverpool in 1772, and in early life was curate of the adjacent parishes of Brading and Yaverland. In 1805 he obtained the rectory of Turvey, in Bedfordshire, where he died in 1827.

Perhaps some of our young readers may ask,—what is there in the story of the "Dairyman's Daughter" that makes it so interesting? The best way to get to know that will be to get the book and read it for yourselves. But in the meanwhile I would just tell you that she was a young woman in humble life, and had her temper sweetened and sanctified by divine grace. In the various walks of humble Christian life, I have no doubt but there are many young women at the present day whose lives would look as pleasant as hers does were they painted by an artist equally interested in his subject as was Legh Richmond. It is also a happy thing for our country that there are many people in it who love to acquaint themselves with such pictures. And what can be, as Mr. Richmond observes, a more delightful employment than "to discover and trace the operations of divine grace, as they are manifested in the dispositions and lives of God's real children?" He also remarks,—"It is peculiarly gratifying to observe how frequently among

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the poorer classes of mankind the sunshine of mercy beams upon the heart, and bears witness to the image of Christ which the Spirit of God has impressed thereon." And perhaps in no Christian community can this statement be more abundantly verified than among Primitive Methodists. An American paper lately commenting on the standing of the different religious bodies in England remarks in reference to us—"A body that increases at such rate is worthy of study; it will be found, we suspect, that the Primitives owe their prosperity to their close attention to the poor," and I would add,—and to the young. Every one of our readers may grow up displaying in their lives the lovely fruits of grace as much as did the Dairyman's Daughter, and if so each will have as happy a death, and, no doubt, in many a case, much earlier than she. Legh Richmond visited her on her death-bed. The interview he thus describes:—"I said to Elizabeth, 'Do you experience any doubts or temptations on the subject of your eternal safety?' 'No, sir; the Lord deals very gently with me, and gives me peace.' 'What are your views of the dark valley of death, now that you are passing through it?' 'It is not dark.' 'Why so?' 'My Lord is there, and he is my light and my salvation.' 'Have you any fears of more bodily sufferings?' 'The Lord deals so gently with me, I can trust him.' Something of a convulsion came on. When it was past she said again and again, 'The Lord deals very gently with me. Lord, I am thine, save me. Blessed Jesus—precious Saviour. His blood cleanseth from all sin,—Who shall separate?—His name is Wonderful.—Thanks be to God, he giveth us the victory—I, even I, am saved—O grace, mercy, and wonder—Lord, receive my spirit!—Dear sir, dear father, mother, friends, I am going—but all is well, well, well—.' She relapsed again,—we knelt down to prayer. The Lord was in the midst of us

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and blessed us. She slumbered for about ten hours, and at last sweetly fell asleep in the arms of that Lord who had dealt 'so gently' with her."

Each of you will have to die. Would not you like to die so sweetly as did the Dairyman's Daughter? I hope you will.

The following is the epitaph on her gravestone :—

"Stranger! if e'er by chance or feeling led,
Upon this hallow'd turf thy footsteps tread,
Turn from the contemplation of the sod,
And think on her whose spirit rests with God.
Lowly her lot on earth, but He who bore
Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor,
Gave her His truth and faithfulness to prove,
The choicest treasures of his boundless love.
Faith, that dispelled affliction's darkest gloom,
Hope, that could cheer the passage to the tomb,
Peace, that not hell's dark regions could destroy,
And love, that filled the soul with heavenly joy.
Death of its sting disarmed, she knew no fear,
But tasted heaven e'en while she lingered here;
O happy saint! may we like thee be blest,
In life be faithful, and in death find rest."

PRAYING FOR THE POOR.

We are taught in the Bible to pray for the poor, but in the Scriptures a great deal more is said about giving to the poor than about praying for them. Probably no class of people are more frequently remembered in prayer than the congregation of the Lord's poor, and yet it is to be feared that most of those who pray for the poor do little, if anything, to supply their wants.

A farmer whose cribs were full of corn, was accustomed to pray that the wants of the needy might be supplied, but when any one in needy circumstances asked for a

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little of his corn, he said he had none to spare. One day, after hearing his father pray for the poor and needy, his little son said to him :—

"Father, I wish I had your corn."

"Why, my son, what would you do with it?" asked the father.

The child replied : "I would answer your prayers."

We can answer our own prayers oftener than we think. With regard to the poor, Jesus says, "Ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good." How many answers to prayer depend on our willingness to do good!—*Sunday School Times.*

HOW KINDNESS WARMS.

THE Irish are often very witty, and generally very susceptible. Even among those of them who are in the humblest walks of life, we observe these peculiarities. One day a ragged little news boy paid a pretty girl who bought a paper of him, a delicate compliment.

"Poor little fellow," said she, "ain't you very cold?"

"I was, ma'am, before you passed," he replied.

We have sometimes seen bad tempers underneath a pretty figure, and O, how it has been spoiled when those tempers have shown themselves. But when a pretty face beams with kindly tempers, and is accompanied with kindly notions towards the poor and needy, it kindles within them the fire of grateful emotion, so that for the moment they forget their sorrow. True religion imparts kindly feelings where, naturally, there are none, and where there are, it perfects them. How warm and happy would life be, had we all those feelings which would lead us to treat each other with kindness and from Christian motives.

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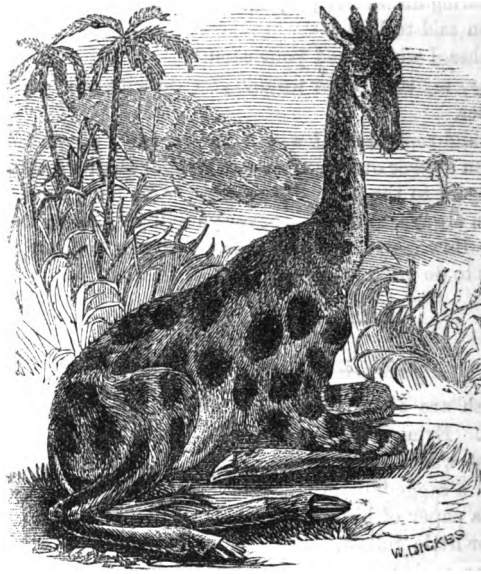

THE GIRAFFE.

THIS beautiful and extraordinary animal is found only in Africa. It seems to bear the characteristics of both the antelope and the camel. In the opinion of naturalists it occupies a place between the deer and antelope. At all events it forms a group to which no other animals belong. In height, the giraffe varies from thirteen to eighteen feet. Its beautiful long neck enables it to browse on the leaves of the trees on which it feeds. It is very dainty in eating, and plucks the leaves one by one with its long and flexible tongue. On its head it has two remarkable projections, resembling horns. They are not horns though

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but only thickenings of the bones of the skull, covered with skin, and each having a tuft of black hair.

The fore-legs appear longer than the hind ones, but this is not really the case; the shoulder blades being extremely long, cause this appearance. Its eyes are very large and prominent, so that the animal can see on every side without turning its head. Just over and between the eyes is a protuberance resembling the enlargements of the skull, called horns. It would seem these projections are more for ornament than for use; as it does not attack an opponent with them, but it uses its hind legs for this purpose, like the horse. It can kick so quickly that you can scarcely see its legs in motion, and it can strike so fiercely that a lion will often get out of its way. It is said to have kept a pack of dogs at bay by kicking.

The giraffe has much difficulty in reaching the ground with its mouth, and only when tempted by a lump of sugar, or something else which it likes, will it try to do so. It then stretches its fore-legs apart and manages to accomplish its object. This animal has a magnificent appearance where it can be seen in groups. It sometimes may be see in Africa in companies of twelve to sixteen, —or even thirty or forty now and then have been found together. About sixteen, however, is the usual company. In countries where man is not an inhabitant, the giraffe is sometimes found in great numbers; not, indeed, very great numbers together, but very many of them distributed through the land. This is specially the case in South Africa. An old male, or king, is generally found at the head of a group, towering above all the rest, and of a deep dark chestnut colour. The females are of lower stature than the males, but they average sixteen or seventeen feet in height. The giraffe is considered one of the handsomest animals in existence, and when seen among the parasol-topped acacias of its native plains, it has a

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most picturesque appearance. The movements of the giraffe are peculiar—the limbs of each side appearing to act together. It is very swift, and can outrun a horse, especially among broken rocky ground, for it leaps like a frog over any obstacle. There are some fine specimens of the animal in the Zoological Gardens, London. When our young friends visit London they should see these gardens, for useful as well as interesting knowledge is to be acquired there. They will find the giraffe very neighbourly if they will give it something. Is not this a human trait?

I LOVE WATER.

WHAT we love or like, my little readers, or in other words what we are fond of, is a pleasure to us to take. Often have I been sorry to hear little children saying "I love beer." No doubt they told the truth; and it is often the only truth told by those who drink strong drink, when they say, I take it because I like it. Some little ones are taught very early to drink at home, and others when with their friends, and then comes the sickness and the headache, for this is nature's way of showing her dislike.

The little boys and girls of Mr. Murphy's Band of Hope have learnt a little song of his to a tune well known in the Sunday school, of "Jesus loves me." It begins with—

"I love water pure and bright,
Laughing in the morning light,"

and its chorus is—

"I love pure water."

Oh, what a blessing it would be if all around us so loved this pure water that they would no longer spend their money on the liquors that have the dirty water and the

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poison alcohol mixed together, and sold at so costly a price.

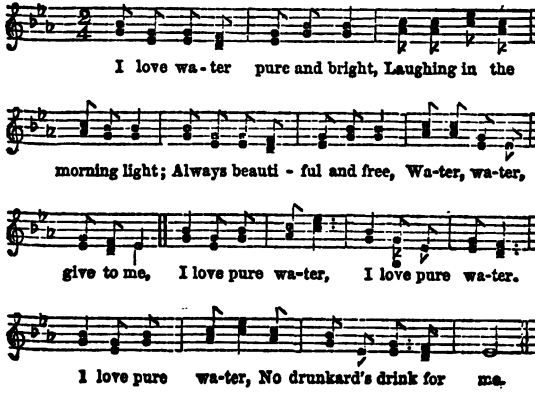
If men and women all loved pure water they would soon have happy homes all around them. Then schools and chapels would rise on every hand, and be as full as they could be.

Little ones, you and your teachers must work on,—keep your pledge, and live to please your God. There are many towns where the drunkard's liquor store is shut up, and this will come in England, but when we do not know.

Sparkling and bright in the liquid light,
  Is the water in your glasses;
'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth,
  Ye merry lads and lasses.
O then resign your beer and wine,
  Each smiling son and daughter,
There's nothing so good for the youthful blood
  As the sweet and sparkling water.

Now then let us merrily sing our loving hymn—

I LOVE PURE WATER.



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I love healthy food and drink
Which will help me laugh and think
I no fiery draughts bestow,
Which may be the cause of woe.

I love happy, peaceful homes,
Houses free from drinking drones,
So I sip the crystal wave,
And no drunkard's liquor crave.

I love churches, schools to see
Full as ever they can be;
Wisdom, praise, and prayer combine
To give earth a peace divine.

And I hope to see the day,
For it labour, for it pray,
When each drunkard's liquor store
Shuts to open never more.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

(Concluded from page 45.)

Three months after, the pupils of Charles and Alexander's schoolmaster were all hard at work, with the help of the master's little daughters and some other children, in preparing garlands, it being prize day.* A gentleman came up to watch them at work.

"Well, my lads," he said to one and another; "do you expect to get a prize this afternoon?"

"Oh yes! I hope so, sir."

"And what other boy do you expect will get a prize also?"

"Oh, Alexander, sir!" was the exclamation of each one addressed.

This was very gratifying to the gentleman, he being none other than Alexander's father.

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* In French schools it is usual for the best children, boys as well as girls, to be crowned with garlands of flowers.—*Translator.*

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"But where is my little friend Charles?" he said, looking round. "I don't see him anywhere."

The boys hesitated, and Alexander's father could easily guess from their *not* answering, that poor Charlie stayed away because he was sure not to get a prize.

Some hours after, a number of children dressed in their best, joined the busy party in the garden, who, by this time, had finished making their garlands. They were the brothers and sisters of the schoolboys, who had come to see the prizes given away. Their fathers and mothers were in the house, talking to the schoolmaster and his wife. Presently the young prizemen were summoned into the house, where, with encouraging words from their master, they were crowned with the garlands, and mos of them received likewise one or more beautiful books. I need not tell you that our friend Alexander was both crowned and laden with prizes.

But just as the distribution of prizes was over, whom should they see but the father of Charles, dragging his son along by the left hand, while in his right hand the gentleman held—what do you think? nothing else but truss of hay!

"Here, gentlemen and ladies!" exclaimed the angry father; "I have brought a young fellow who ought to have earned some of these beautiful things there, but who is such an ass that a donkey's reward is all he has merited."

Poor Charles looked ready to sink into the ground with shame and misery; when lo, his faithful friend Alexander, taking off his crown, and putting aside his books, that he might not be further mortified—went up to the poor fellow, took him by the hand, and whispered words of consolation into his ear. What these words were, I do not know, but I think they must have been very good words, because by the end of next year, Charles had, by

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the help of God, grown as industrious as Alexander, and pleased his loving though strict father, by gaining a beautiful prize. What a blessing is a good friend, who is faithful to us in trouble, prays to God for us, and sets us a good example. JANET.

A LITTLE BOY'S STORY.

I tell about a little boy
Who was his father's hope and joy,
To whom there happened something sad
When he had grown to be a lad:
His brothers, in an angry fit,
First put him down a dreary pit,
And then they pulled him up again,
And sold him to some merchant men;
And soon they killed a little goat,
And blooded all his pretty coat,
And told a naughty, wicked tale,
Which made their father weep and wail
And say his son was surely killed
By some wild lion in the field.
But Joseph soon to Egypt got,
And by an officer was bought;
And once they put him into gaol,
But God was with him without fail,
And he got out again, and grew
A gentleman both great and true,
And loved his cruel brothers still
Though they had done him so much ill.
I love my father and my mother,
And, oh, I would not sell *my* brother.

GRETHA.

THEFT AND LYING.—He that can steal a plum, a cherry, or an apple, can also tell a lie. Theft and lying are twin sisters, and if you be the father of the one, you will also be the father of the other.

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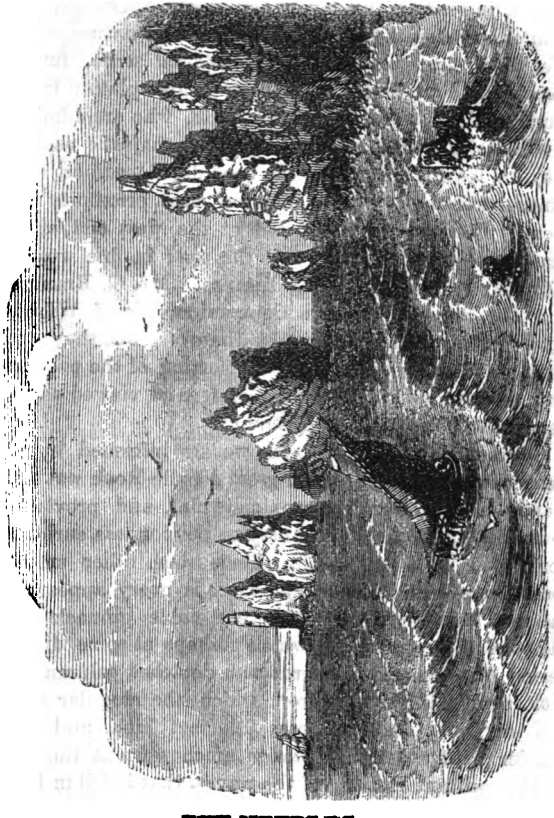

THE NEEDLES.

These truly picturesque rocks have long been celebrated as associated with the many interesting objects which are to be seen on, and in connection with the Isle of Wight, and a sight of them should never be omitted by the

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tourist, in visiting this lovely and justly celebrated Isle. While, however, these hoary monuments of nature, which offer such firm resistance to elemental strife, furnish pleasing and profitable objects for contemplation to the tourist and to people of superior taste, who are admirers of Jehovah's works in their rude and majestic aspects, they are fearful enemies to the bewildered mariner, when tempest-tossed, he comes into too close proximity with them. These rocks are situated at the west end of the island, and stretch far out into the sea; in fine weather they may be seen at a great distance. Mr. G. Brannon, in "The Pleasure Visitor's Companion, Isle of Wight," says, "There can be no doubt whatever, but they once constituted an undistinguishable portion of the promontory or main land; and must therefore be viewed as stupendous '*Monuments of Nature!*'"

Between the years 1815-20, we are informed by the same gentlemen, "the third great Needle Rock was completely isolated from the proximate cliff, and previously to that taking place, the connecting portion was curiously perforated by a large arch. Since then other smaller rocks have been formed; and there is every appearance that ere long there will be a very noble pinnacle near the edge of the precipice, which perhaps at some distant period may become a magnificent detached column like rock, similar to the one from which the singular name was derived; that rock was 120 feet high and very slender; but at length it was so much worn at the base by the constant fretting of the waves, that it fell in 1764, with such a tremendous crash, that the shock was felt for many miles round.

THE ILL WEED PRIDE.—Hearts are few wherein the ill weed pride does not grow with more or less perfection.

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A PRAYERLESS FATHER IN AGONY.

A SCOTCH minister tells of a man who rushed into his study one morning in an agonizing manner, and said—

"O sir, my daughter is dead; and when she stands at God's bar she must tell what now breaks my heart, that she never heard a word of prayer in her father's house."

Do you ever hear prayer in your father's house? Perhaps father thinks he loves you; well, how does he show it? He gets food and clothing for you; but these are for your body. These gifts may prove that he loves your body; but you have a soul as well as a body, and love for the soul is not love for the body. If father loves you altogether, he will love your soul as well as your body, and if he loves your soul he will *pray* for you. Watch then whether father prays for you. If he does not, ask him why it is he does not love his little child.

THE TEMPERANCE SOLDIER.

THERE is now in England a loving friend of youth. The Singing Pilgrim of America, Mr. Philip Phillips, has been among us, singing his beautiful songs, and he has one for little ones, "The Bible says I may." A kind friend has written some words for Band of Hope children, and they are so good that we may copy them for you.

If we feel aright, we should feel that to stand up for our temperance pledge before our friends and the world is a noble thing, and though we can do but little, yet like the soldiers we can stand to our pledge as they in battle have to stand by their great guns.

There was a lad some years ago, an apprentice in a large engineer's establishment, and being the youngest apprentice he had to go on errands for others, one part of which was to procure them ardent spirits, of which they drank every day. But he never drank any himself. The others laughed at and ridiculed him, because, they said,

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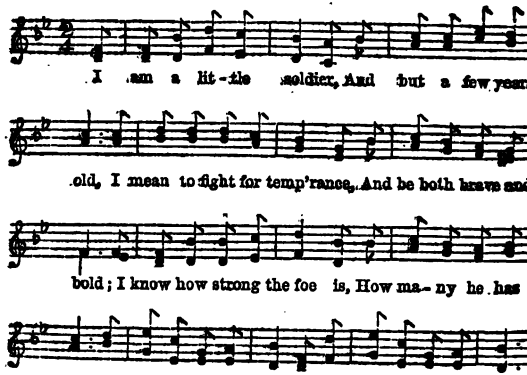
that he was not man enough to drink rum. Under their abuse he often gave way to tears. But still he held firm, and is at present owner of a large estate, which he has got by industry, and saving his earnings instead of spending them in liquor. He is now doing good, while all his fellow apprentices are either drunkards or in a drunkard's grave.

Boys and girls, the hymn is one that you may fairly use. It will help you to battle with the tempters around you, for there are many so wicked that they would try to make you break your pledge.

Once some such men tried a poor cabman, who was a Christian, but had been a drunkard, and they put sovereigns in a glass of spirits to be his own if he would drink it, but he would not, for he knew that if he did what was wrong he might lose the love of God, and then be miserable for ever.

"Then try to do for temperance
The greatest good you can."

I AM A LITTLE SOLDIER.



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I've heard of other soldiers,
Much younger too than I,
Who overcome the drunkard,
Then why should I not try?
I know that God will help me,
For 'tis a holy cause;
And all who don't keep sober
Are trampling on his laws.

I now can do but little,
Yet, though I'm not a man,
I'll try to do for temperance
The greatest good I can;
If God will give me courage,
In all I do and say,
Then I, with my companions,
Will win the glorious day.

Come, then my fellow soldiers,
And march along with me;
Though long and fierce the battle,
We shall victorious be.
And soon the temperance army,
With banner all unfurled,
Will go through every country,
And conquer all the world.

"DID HE GET IN?"

LITTLE Willie R—— had listened very attentively to his father read at family worship the 3rd chapter of Revelation. When he came to the words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock," Willie could not wait until his father had finished, and running up to him, said—

"O father, did he get in? and is Jesus knocking at my heart? I will let him in."

The Saviour is knocking now at your heart; bid him welcome, and it will be the happiest day in your life.—*Child's Paper.*

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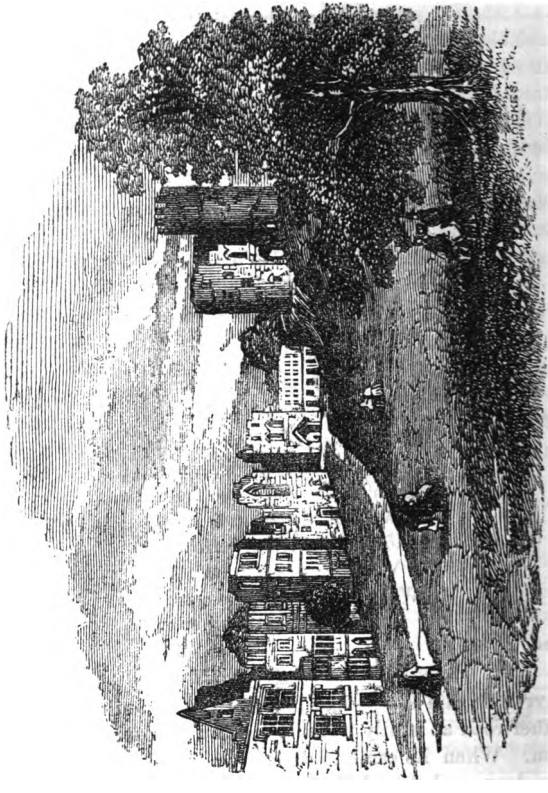

DUDLEY CASTLE.

THIS ancient and venerable building, or at least the ruins of the building, may be seen by the traveller along the London and North Western Railway, between Birmingham and Wolverhampton, and also on the West Midland line in journeying past the town of Dudley. It occupies

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a lofty and distinguished position, and seems to look down upon the town and surrounding country like some noble giant of the age of Methuselah. Tradition dates the foundation of a Saxon stronghold here about the year 700, by a great and redoubtable chief of the name of Dudo, from whom the town derived its name. Camden says, "In the very confines with Worcestershire, Dudley Castle towereth up upon a hill, built or named by one Dudo, or Dodo." Another tradition has it that the castle was built by Athelstan, son of Dudo, Earl of Coventry, who married the daughter of Edward Ironside.

The Doomsday book, containing a survey of the country, taken in the time of William the Conqueror, says, "William Fitz Ansculph then held this manor, where he had his castle." It was formerly in the possession of Earl Edwin, the last of its Saxon possessors, from whom it was seized, and given by William to one of his Norman followers (the said Fitz Ansculph), who received twenty-five manors in this country for his fidelity to his chief.

The original castle seems to have been demolished in the reign of Henry II., on account of the owners being implicated in a rebellion against that king. It was partially restored, and also enlarged in the time of Edward II.

About the year 1321 the noble edifice, and adjacent property, came into the hands of Sir John Sutton (a collateral descendant of the Suttons of Northamptonshire), whose son and successor, assumed the title of "Lord of Dudley." About three centuries the property remained in the Sutton family, and then it passed into the hands of the Duke of Northumberland. At his death, 1556, it reverted to the Suttons, who retained it till 1643, when it came by heirship to Frances, Baroness of Dudley, who had been previously married to Humble Ward, Esq., son of William Ward, Esq., goldsmith to the Queen of Charles

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I. This gentleman, Humble Ward, was created by the king Lord Ward, baron of Birmingham, in 1664. His descendants have enjoyed the estate down to the present time.

In the civil wars the castle was besieged by the Parliamentary forces for three weeks, but was relieved by the forces of the king, which were sent from Worcester for the purpose. A severe engagement took place on the east side of Cawney hill, and cannon balls have been found in that locality. Ultimately, however, the garrison surrendered to the Parliamentary troops, and the castle was dismantled by order of Parliament. The work of destruction was still further accomplished by a terrible fire which occurred in the building in 1750. Hence, but little now remains but mouldering walls to indicate its former magnificence. But it may be truly said, "It is great in its ruins." Many interesting portions of the castle walls and grounds we have had the pleasure of examining, and we are sure many of our young friends would enjoy the treat of going over them. Our space will not allow us to describe them minutely, but we may just say, "The Warder's Tower," under whose massive arch we entered, has the appearance of being very strongly built; then the "Watch Tower" to the right, and the "Keep" to the left engage attention. The grand entrance is a very formidable affair, being composed of three distinct gates, with a portcullis, or a sort of drop-gate, hanging over each of the inner gates. The armoury and magazine was formerly situated over the main gateway. The "Keep" was once a strong fortress, entered by a Gothic gateway, and having a formidable portcullis. The landscape scenery to be seen from the walls is truly delightful. On a clear day a person may see for many miles around. The surface is undulating or uneven, in some parts well wooded, but generally studded with unmistakable evi-

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dences of the industry of this generation. Canals, railways, collieries, iron works, churches, chapels, mansions, towns, and parks, present a wondrous panoramic scene. Wolverhampton, Bilston, Tipton, Darlaston, Wednesbury, Walsall, Lichfield, and other places lie stretched out in the distance. The Wren's nest, the remains of an old priory, and other interesting objects meet the eye. But to be appreciated, the scene around, as well as the castle, must all be carefully examined. There are not many spots in the midland counties more worthy of a visit than Dudley Castle and its surroundings. But we must leave these things for the present, and conclude by reminding our dear young friends that there is a world where still grander scenery shall be enjoyed; where we shall see even the King of Glory in his beauty, and the land which is very far off. O let us all prepare for that better land by giving our hearts to Jesus who gave His life for us, and live in the spirit of faith and prayer, and then at death we shall pass the "Warder's Tower" into the glorious "Keep," and amid the songs of angels and saints, and under the smile of our heavenly Father, feel we are for ever at home.

A WONDERFUL OLD HORSE.

About three years ago, a newspaper called the *Fifeshire Herald*, contained the story of an old horse, named "Jack," the property of a lady residing within a few miles of the town of Cupar. Once "Jack" could trot nine miles, with a dog-cart behind him, in forty minutes, with ease; but a cruel stable-boy having struck him a severe blow on one of his legs, he became totally unfit for hard work. His kind mistress, instead of selling him to some one who might perhaps treat him harshly, allows him to wander about her grounds at his own will.

In this state of happy freedom "Jack" rambles up and

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down, doing all sorts of odd things. There is no portion of the estate to which he does not claim the right of entrance. Wickets and gates are nothing to him, are no bar to his roaming. Indeed, so far as he is concerned, there are no such things. He has managed to unfasten every lock, check, and bolt about the grounds, except the one on the door of the garden, which is barred on the inside. It is his custom to take a walk daily, and for that purpose he opens a large gate leading to the main road, and from thence into the fields, where he wanders about wherever he chooses, for no one thinks of interfering with "Jack." He does this for the love of the stroll, and nothing more, as is shown by the fact that, in his wanderings in summer and autumn through the corn-fields, he never thinks of touching a blade or an ear. Though he can open gates, wickets, and doors, he is somewhat unmannerly; for, like some thoughtless people, he does not close them behind him. So whenever his mistress or any of her servants find a gate or wicket open, they know very well that the old horse has passed that way.

When rain begins to fall, "Jack" leaves the park or fields, and takes refuge in the court-yard, and to this he obtains entrance by a door which he opens with the same ease that he does all the other doors. When the shower is over, forth he goes to wander once more about the estate, or to crop the rich green herbage in front of the mansion. Once or twice a day, and sometimes oftener, he calls at the house, ringing the bell at the front door to announce his arrival. If, before opening the door, the servant should call out "Who is there?" "Jack replies to the question with a joyous neigh. When asked if he is quite well, he answers in the same manner. The object of his visits to the house is to obtain a portion of the tit-bits from the breakfast or dinner-table of his indulgent mistress, who generally feeds him on such occasions with

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her own hands. "Jack," however, regards the treat as altogether spoilt if the pet greyhound, who is always on the watch for his visits, as he seems to suppose, gets more than he thinks is a fair share of the good things on the dish, and he is not slow to mark his dissatisfaction by sundry movements of head and foot. He is altogether a spoiled pet; and, like all such, is apt to be selfish. In walking and visiting does harmless, sagacious, and docile "Jack" spend his time, and great is his delight when his indulgent mistress pats his neck, and speaks a few kindly words to him.

A REASON WORTH WEIGHING.

A LITTLE girl in an infant-class, named Susan, had a bad father, who used to get drunk and swear dreadfully. Bad as he was, however, he was fond of his little daughter, and she might remain beside him when her mother and brother had to fly out of the house. One day Susan said—

"Father, do you know how it is you are so wicked?"

"No," said her father; "can you tell me?"

"Yes," was the thoughtful child's reply; "it is because you never ask God to help you to be good."

My dear little readers, none of us can be good without God's help, but he is willing and waiting to help each of us, if we ask him. So in the morning, and at night, and many times during the day, whenever we are inclined to think, or say, or do anything that is wrong, let us just say from our hearts, "Lord, help me to be good!"

GRETHA.

ADVICE TO LITTLE ONES.

Do it if it is worth doing.
Do it if it is right to do it.
Do it not if it is not worth doing.
Do it not if it is wrong to do it.

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VERSES FROM THE BIBLE.

"BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD!"

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.—1 Tim. i. 15.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—St. John iii. 16. Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: Who,

being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the CROSS. —Philippians ii. 5-8.

THE WISE AND GREAT.—The wise and great are persons, whether men or women, boys or girls, whom the devil cannot coax to his service for the purpose of leading them down to the pains of hell.

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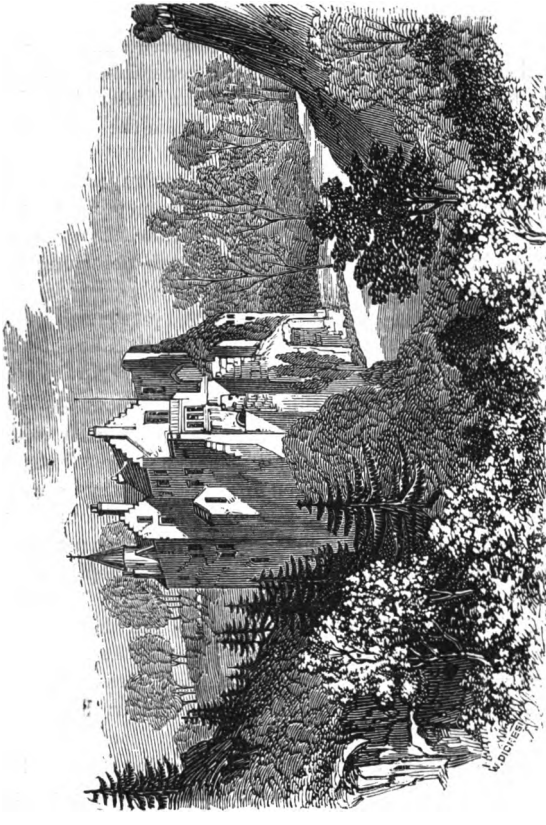

HAWTHORNDEN, NEAR EDINBURGH.

This spot has long been celebrated, not only on account of its magnificent scenery, but also as having been the residence of William Drummond, one of the most distinguished of Scotland's earlier poets, whose descendant, Sir

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James Walker Drummond, Bart., now occupies the family seat.

The poet was the friend of Shakespeare and Jonson; and there grows close to the house, a venerable sycamore tree, known by the name of the "Four Sisters," which is also called "Ben Jonson's Tree," from the following circumstance.

In 1618 Ben Jonson travelled from London, principally on foot, for the purpose of paying his respects to the genius of Hawthornden. When he arrived, Drummond happened to be seated under this tree, and, observing his friend approaching, he exclaimed,

"Welcome, welcome, royal Ben;"

to which Jonson responded,

"Thanks, thanks, Hawthornden."

The castle of Hawthornden is finely situated on the summit of a bold precipice of freestone rock that overhangs the North Esk, at a point where that river takes an abrupt bend. On the face of this cliff, midway between the castle and the river, are hewn out several extraordinary caverns, which are said to have been constructed by the British monarchs. A wall of prodigious depth in the court yard communicates with these caverns. Maitland says, "The entrance into these caverns is in the side of a perpendicular rock, of great height above the river, to which you descend by twenty-seven high steps cut into the said rock; then passing on a board about the length of five feet, and breadth of ten inches, you mount the rock on eight steps, and arrive at the mouth of the cave, within the entrance of which, at the right hand side, is a long and narrow passage, ascended by two steps, of the length of seventy-five feet, and breadth of six, vulgarly called the King's Gallery; near the upper end of which (likewise cut in the rock) is a narrow dungeon, denominated the King's Bed-chamber; and on the right hand side of

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these caverns is another cave, of the length of twenty-one feet, and breadth of six feet, descended to by two steps, called the King's Guard Room. And, in descending the rock, before you pass the board, there is a room cut out of the rock, of modern workmanship, called the Cypress Grove, wherein it is said Drummond composed his poems. The three rooms above mentioned I take to have been at first a shelter of thieves and robbers; and the house being since built over them, and a draw well sunk through the King's Guard Room, I imagine it to have been made by the proprietor to let down his effects by, to secure them from the enemy; for, by the narrowness of the way, by steps, and along a board, it could not be effected." In the present day the caves are approached by a door on the south side.

In 1598 Hawthornden was purchased by Sir John Drummond, father of the poet; and towards the end of the last century, it reverted to the family of Abernethy, by the marriage of a descendant of the poet with Dr. William Abernethy Drummond.

The first mention we have of the castle, is in a charter dated 1438. The walls of the tower are thick, but in ruins; and over part of them grows a sycamore tree of considerable size, which is supposed to be a seedling of the venerable tree before referred to. The modern mansion was largely repaired, if not built, by the poet. The views from the house and grounds are the most superb. Stupendous rocks and precipices, partly bald and partly covered with vegetation, frown over the stream that flows beneath, curling in foam among the large masses of rock that impede its course, and murmuring pleasantly as it meanders unseen through the dense foliage that clothes its banks. Bushes and creepers hang pendent in many places from the cliffs; and wherever the eye turns, it is charmed with natural beauties of the most picturesque

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and varied description. One of the most commanding views of the scenery around, is from a point of rock overhanging the river, not far from the house, which is known by the name of "John Knox's Pulpit." The sweep of the vale and river, as seen hence, is exceedingly grand and impressive.

From studying these lovely spots, and other objects of interest, let us turn our thoughts to the lovely world, whither all the pious shall go, and pray to be made ready for those mansions which shall never decay, and for that inheritance which fadeth not away.

MY ALARM-CLOCK.

An alarm-clock not only tells the time of day, but it can also wake people up in the morning. I have such a clock in my chamber. Every morning, about five o'clock, it sets up such a whizzing and a ringing that it wakes me up! "What a nice way to be roused up!" some of my little readers will say. Yes, it is a very good way *if I always get up when it wakes me.* But last summer, one morning, instead of getting up when my clock waked me, I turned over and went to sleep again. The next morning I did the same thing; and, in the course of a few days, my clock, though it made as loud a noise as ever, would not wake me. I had formed the habit of neglecting it.

I have often thought that alarm-clock was very much like one's conscience; so much like it, that you might call everybody's conscience their alarm-clock. Every young person who knows God's will has such an alarm-clock in his own breast; so that whenever he is going to do wrong, "whiz," "whiz," goes the alarm, saying, "That is not right; you must not do that; God sees you." I suppose every reader has had his conscience checking him as he was about doing wrong. And if it were not for one's conscience, there is no telling what awful sins we should commit.

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But we must hear conscience when it speaks. If we always stop when conscience says stop; if we always *hear* it, by the help of the Holy Spirit, it will keep us from sinning. But if we get into the habit of not doing what conscience tells us to do, after a while we shall not hear it at all; our conscience will become hardened, and we shall be ready to commit any sin, however great.

In the town in which I live there is a boy now in gaol for breaking into a shop at night, and stealing money. This boy once went to a Sunday-school, and perhaps had as faithful a conscience as any boy that reads this paper. But he commenced doing wrong in little things. His conscience used to say to him, "Robert, that is wrong; you ought not to do that." But he did not obey his conscience. He went on doing worse, until, as I said, he is now in gaol for stealing money. Remember, that you always get up when the alarm-clock wakes you. Whenever your conscience tells you to do anything, *do it;* and whenever it tells you to stop, *stop!*

A LIVE BOOK.

THE Bible is very old, but it is as fresh and youthful as ever. Where is there a live book on science of fifty years' standing? But the Bible grows young as it grows old. The better people understand it, the more they love it; the more they trust and are benefited by it. It is a book of our day, adapted to our times; its teachings cannot be improved; its influence is greater than ever before. It is a live book. It is quick and powerful.

Perhaps the little reader will request father or mother to listen to the reading of this little piece.

A WAY in, but no way out, is one of the greatest calamities connected with the dark dungeon of hell.

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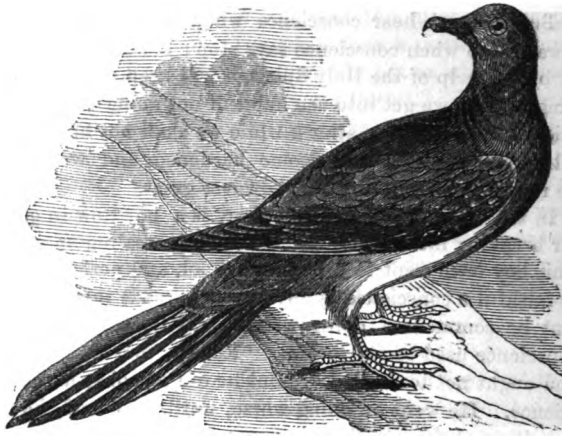

THE PASSENGER PIGEON.

THIS extraordinary bird, whose powers of flight are almost incredible, is a native of America. It is well its powers of flight are so great, as otherwise, in consequence of its great numbers, it would devour all the grain crops in its locality. Pigeons have been killed in New York with Carolina rice still in their crops. As their digestion is very rapid, these birds must have flown three or four hundred miles in six hours, or about a mile a minute. In the breeding season the overwhelming multitudes of these pigeons that settle on the spot are almost incredible. Wilson says, "Not far from Shelbyville, in the state of Kentucky, there was one of these breeding places which spread through the woods in nearly a north and south direction, was several miles in breadth, and was said to be upwards of forty miles in extent! In this tract almost every tree was furnished with nests, wherever the branches could accommodate them. The pigeons made their first appearance there about the 10th of April, and left it

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altogether with their young, before the 25th of May. As soon as the young were grown, and before they left the nests, immense parties of the inhabitants, from all parts of the surrounding country, came with waggons, axes, beds, and cooking utensils, many of them accompanied by a greater part of their families, and encamped for several days at this immense nursery. Several of them informed me that the noise in the woods was so great as to terrify their horses, and that it was difficult for one person to hear another speak, without bawling in his ear. The ground was strewed with broken limbs of trees, eggs, and young pigeons, which had been precipitated from above, and on which herds of hogs were fattening. Hawks, buzzards, and eagles were sailing about in great numbers, and seizing the young pigeons from their nests at pleasure, while from twenty feet upwards towards the tops of the trees, the view through the woods presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder, mingled with the frequent crash of falling timber,—for now the axe-men were at work, cutting down those trees that seemed to be most crowded with nests, and they contrived to fell them in such a manner that in falling they might bring down several others, by which the falling of one tree sometimes brought them two hundred young pigeons, little inferior to the old ones, and very fat. The fat of these young ones is often used by the Indians as a substitute for butter or lard."

A few observations on the flight of these birds may be interesting. "A column, eight or ten miles in length, would appear from Kentucky, high in the air, steering across to Indiana. The leaders would sometimes gradually vary their course, until it would form a large bend of more than a mile in a diameter, those behind following the exact route of their predecessors. This would con-

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tinue sometimes long after both extremes were beyond the reach of sight, so that the whole, with its glittering undulations, marked a space on the face of the heavens resembling the windings of a vast and majestic river. Sometimes a hawk would sweep on a particular part of the column from a great height, when, almost as quick as lightning, that part shot downwards out of the common track, but soon rising again, continued advancing at the same height as before. This inflection was continued by those behind, which, on arriving at this point, dived down almost perpendicularly to a great depth, and rising, followed the exact path of those that went before."

PRAY, CHILDREN, PRAY!

Pray, children, pray; in earnest pray;
Pray more than once or twice a-day;
Pray, oft before your Maker kneel;
Pray until you pardoned feel;
Pray to be like the Saviour made;
Pray for his Spirit, help, and aid;
Pray for strength to do God's will;
Pray that love your hearts may fill;
Pray for the poor, halt, and the blind;
Pray to have more of Christ's pure mind;
Pray for the slave; pray for the free;
Pray for the drunkard; pray for me;
Pray for the sinner, and the saint;
Pray for the odd, the strange, the quaint;
Pray for the living, not the dead;
Pray for all whom Christ's blood was shed;
Pray to be lambs safe in his fold;
Pray for the young; pray for the old;
Pray for the heathen; O yes, do;
Pray for all that to idols bow;
Pray for the simple and the wise;

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Pray for all, and not one despise;
Pray to have souls submissive, clean;
Pray for our dear beloved Queen.

N. EGGLESTONE.

I DIDN'T THINK.

HARRY was a bright warm-hearted boy. He wished to make every one happy; but somehow he seemed not only to be often in trouble himself, but to make trouble for those around him. This morning mother said, "Try and be quiet, children, for Aunt Fanny has a headache."

Harry was the first to promise that he would be still. Not ten minutes after, he was romping with Nero, shouting at him, and making him bark. Mother sent Nellie to tell him to be quiet.

"I am sorry," he said; "I didn't think."

In a few minutes he was showing as near as he could, the way lions roar, and bears growl.

"Oh, I didn't think," said Harry.

"But you *ought to think*," said Nellie.

Harry could not help smiling when Nellie said this, she looked so very wise, and she was so much younger than he was.

"I'll take my hat," he said; "and take a walk."

When he was out in the open air, he said to himself—

"What a stupid boy I am. Am I so dull that I cannot remember? No; for I seldom miss my lessons. If I should try, could not I do as mother wishes as well as Nellie? Yes, of course I could. And I *do choose*. I am *bound to get rid of this bad habit*. I will keep thinking and trying all the time. I hope no one will ever hear me say again, 'I didn't think.'"

Harry kept his word. He is often spoken of at home and at school as being a thoughtful boy. That is the right way to do, boys. Take time to think what is your fault, your bad habit, for we all have some fault, boys and girls,

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men and women. Take time to find out what it is, then be brave, be manly in fighting against it, in getting rid of it. You can do it if you try. God will help you, if you ask him.—*Christian Treasury.*

DRINKER, TURN!

THE temperance pledge has been the means of gloriously aiding the cause of truth and religion. Its aim is to cause the drunkard to leave the bowl and turn to nobler pleasures, and he is furnished with aid in his resolves to turn from strong drink away.

The children have shared in the movement, and my young friends are presented with a lengthy pledge written for them :—

"This little band do with our hand
The pledge now sign to drink no wine,
Nor brandy red, to turn our head,
Nor crazy gin, to turn to sin,
Nor whisky hot, that makes the sot,
Nor ale, nor beer, to make us queer,
Nor fiery rum, to turn our home
Into a hell where none would dwell,
Where peace would fly, where hope would die,
And love expire amid such fire;
So here we bid perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate;
O Lord, may thy own strength be given,
And grant that we may meet in heaven.

Such is a pledge for the young, and thousands all through the land are now united in the crusade against the cruel drink. Is there not a need for it? Hear Mrs. Sigourney in her poem—

I saw a little girl
With half uncovered form,
And wondered why she wandered thus,
Amid the winter storm,

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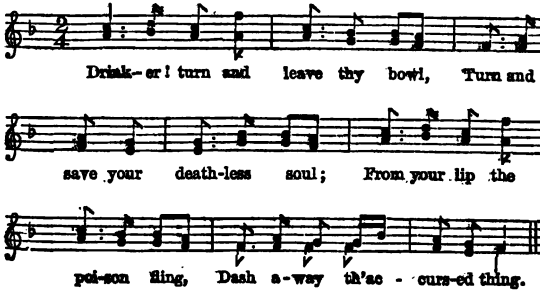
They said her mother drank of that
Which took her sense away,
And so she let her children go
Hungry and cold all day.

But, say some, are not children too young to sign? A little boy came to one of our meetings and desired to join. He was so young, we asked him what was meant by signing the pledge? He said, "It is not to drink any liquor." We asked, "Can't you drink water?" "Oh, yes." "Tea or coffee?" "Oh, yes." "Milk?" "Yes." Then we said "Cider?" The little fellow stood a moment; at last he said, "I do not know if that will make me drunk, but I won't take it." After saying this we took down his name, when all at once he said, "I know it's wrong." "What is wrong?" "Cider. The song says—

"And for ever let us banish
Rum and cider, beer and gin.

"Now, sir, it is in bad company, and I will not take it."

DRINKER! TURN.



Brother, leave the drunkard's glee,
Quickly, quickly turn and flee!
See your sister's swelling breast
Deep with anxious fear distrest.

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Father, turn; your prattler's voice
Bids you seek your fireside joys;
Leave the revel, homeward haste,
And those purer pleasures taste.

Fathers, brothers, husbands, come—
Help to banish from your home
And from earth the deadliest foe
That assails our peace bestow.

THE CHILD AND THE SCEPTIC.

A LITTLE girl was sitting beside a cottage door,
And with the Bible on her knee she conned it's pages o'er,
When by there passed a traveller that sultry summer day,
And begged some water and a seat to cheer him on his way.

"Come in, sir, pray, and rest awhile," the little maiden cried,
"To house a weary traveller is mother's joy and pride."
And while he drank the welcome draught and chatted merrily,
She sought again the cottage door, the Bible on her knee.

At length refreshed, the traveller—a sceptic—he uprose;
"What! reading still the Bible, child? your lesson, I suppose?"
"No lesson, sir, the girl replied; "I have no task to learn;
But often to these stories here with joy and love I turn."

"And wherefore do you love that book, my little maid, I pray,
And turn its pages o'er and o'er the livelong summer day?"
"Why love the Bible, did you ask?—how angry, sir, you look!
I thought that everybody loved this holy, precious book."

The sceptic smiled, made no reply, and pondering, travelled on,
But in his mind her answer still rose ever and anon:—
"I thought all loved the holy book,"—it was a strange reply;
"Why do not I, then, love it too?" he whispered with a sigh.

He mused, resolved, examined, prayed, he looked within, above;
He read, acknowledged it the truth, and worshipped Him, the Love.
A nobler life, from that same hour, the sceptic proud began,
And lived and laboured many a year, a Bible-loving man.

—*London Christian Times.*

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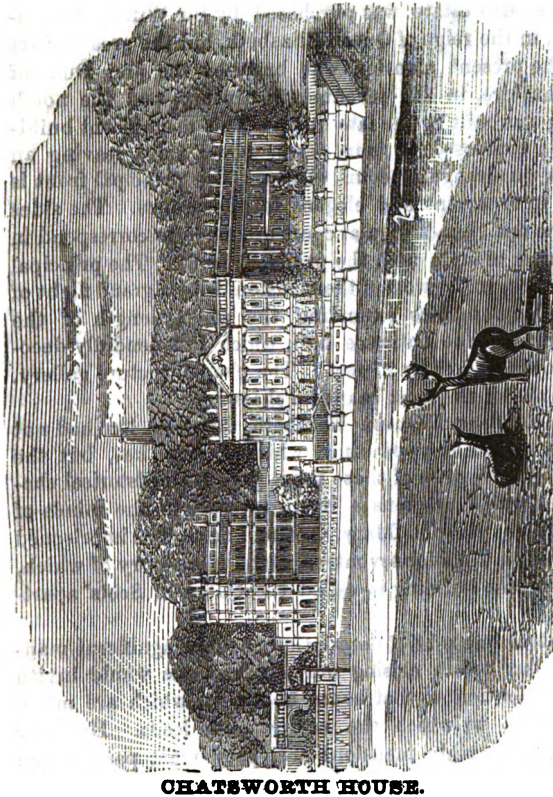

CHATSWORTH HOUSE.

Chatsworth House, near the village of Baslow and Edensor, in Derbyshire, is a splendid mansion, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. It is contiguous to the Derbyshire Derwent, about six miles from Chesterfield, and 141 from London. It is situated in the centre of a beau-

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tiful park, which contains more than 1,200 acres. The Chatsworth estate was purchased by Sir William Cavendish, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but the greater part of the present mansion was built by the first Duke of Devonshire, in the seventeenth century, and the north wing was built by the late duke. This magnificent building is composed of four nearly equal sides, leaving an open quadrangular court within. The principal front is rich in ornament and elegant in appearance. The sides of the open quadrangular court are made to correspond in richness of style with the principal front. The principal entrance, in the west of the mansion, is by a grand flight of steps to a terrace extending the whole length of the building. The entrance hall, which is splendidly decorated, is 60 feet by 27 feet. The chapel, picture gallery, &c., are of the most beautiful character.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, this mansion had not the magnificent appearance which it now has, but the political struggles of those times gave it an historical character which awakens a lively interest in the minds of intelligent visitors. Mary, Queen of Scots, was imprisoned within its walls for seventeen years, in memory of which, part of the building is called the Queen of Scots' apartments.

This is but a brief description of this magnificent mansion, but before closing our remarks, we would invite your attention to that house above, in which are many mansions, to which the narrow path leads. However beautiful earthly mansions are, they must pass away; but this one is "eternal in the heavens." To a share of its glories, "which eye hath not seen," Christ invites you. If at present, my dear children, you are walking in the broad way to destruction, listen to the invitations of your Saviour, who says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Seek a

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preparation for heaven, so that when "the earthly house of this tabernacle dissolves," you may rise to share the blessed realities of the building above. May God help you.

I COULD NOT CHOOSE SIN.

My dear children, God has appointed the preaching of his Word for the salvation of our souls. It is not at all his wish that any of us should go down to the bottomless pit. It is his wish that we should go to heaven. So we read, "Who will have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth." It is by knowing the truth we become the subjects of salvation, for the truth gives us to see what an evil thing sin is, and what a good thing holiness is. But God does not merely set the truth before us,—he uses persuasion. He is a wise and kind Father, and sets before us the good and bad, that we may choose the good and refuse the evil; and many listening to the faithful minister have been led to decide aright in this great matter, as I hope you will do.

"Under the influence of a sermon from the text, 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve,' a young man was led to Christ. In speaking afterwards of his feelings at the time, he said, 'When the objects of choice were so plainly set before me, and I was called to decide between them, I could not choose sin.'"

Now, my dear children, you are called to make the same choice. What say you? Will you choose to be God's children, or will you choose to be the servants of Satan? If you choose God as your portion, then you will have peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, the forgiveness of your sins, and that will be your title to heaven, where you will have pleasures for evermore. If you choose to be servants of sin and Satan, then you will have a troubled conscience in the midst of sinful plea-

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sures, your pathway to eternity will have many thorns, and when you die instead of having holy angels to carry you to heaven, wicked spirits, called devils, will drag you to hell, upon whose gates you will see in letters of fire these words, THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS IS HARD. Then choose the good and the right way, and rise from reading this little piece saying, CHRIST FOR ME!

GIVE ME WATER.

Give me water, give me this,
Take the drunkard's drink away.

GOOD Mr. Inwards in pithy words tells us that the brewers and distillers have set up alcohol; that the drinkers worship it, and the teetotalers will not. That the maltsters make the metal, the brewer makes the instrument, and the publican strikes the blow, while the poor drunkard is the murdered victim. If the drunkards' drinks to be taken away, it must be done by the teetotalers and the Christian Church, and the Bands of Hope must do their part of the work. There is a great effort now making to bring a power to bear on the public houses and beer shops where the cursed drinks are sold, in order to shut up as many as possible, and we must work for this.

My little readers will say, "Well, what can we do?" The other day at the Crystal Palace Festival, some of the young choristers were amusing themselves in the grounds, and saw a man on the grass drunk. Their medals attracted his attention; and he began to dispute the motto, "Wine is a mocker."

The children sang some of their melodies, and tried to persuade him to become a teetotaler. The man wept during the singing. He told them that he had been a teetotaler for three years, during which time he had been much benefited, but had broken his pledge through his companions. He was prevailed upon to put his name

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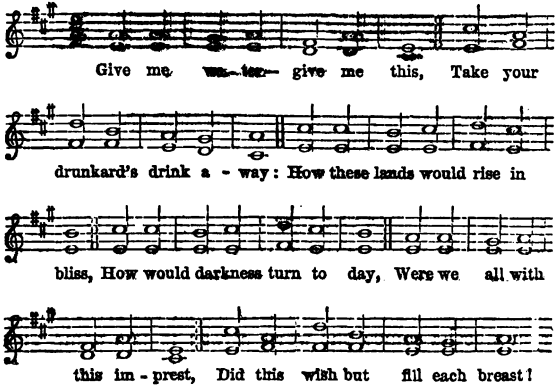
down on a pledge book which was at hand, and before he departed he thanked the young people heartily, saying he did not expect to come here to sign the pledge. "I shall now go home to my wife and children, and tell them, and to-morrow, by God's help, I shall go to my work, instead of going to a public house."

Try if you cannot get your neighbours to leave off drink, and you will hasten the time when intemperance shall be done away.

GIVE ME WATER.



Give me water—when in health
It will joy and peace impart,
Friend of virtues, freedom, wealth,
Solace of a wounded heart.
Britain, see the mountain streams
Sparkling pure in sunlight beams.

Give me water—this alone
From the glorious crystal tide,
How can words its worth make known,
Frisking in its summer pride?
Let me quench my thirst at thee,
Fountain flowing fresh and free.

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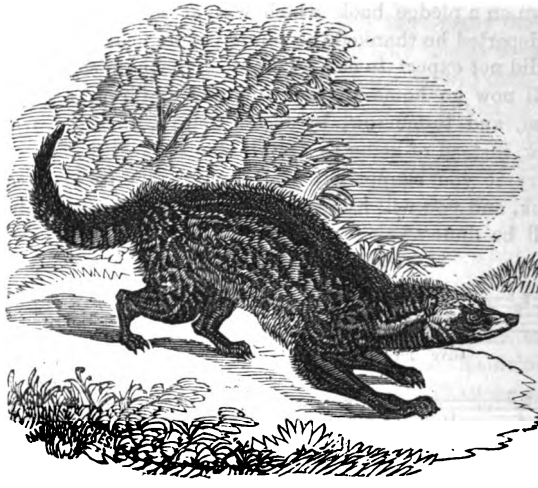

THE CIVET CAT.

THE scientific name of this little animal, is *viverra zibetha*. Viverra was the name given by Pliny to the weasel, but it is now limited to the class to which the civet belongs. From zibetha comes the word civet: it is a name given to that butter-like substance which is produced by the little animal. The civet bears a resemblance to a cat in several respects, and hence the name by which it is commonly known—the civet cat. It appears to be a native of a warm climate, and inhabits India, Guinea, Ethiopia, and Madagascar. It lives generally on uncultivated and barren hills, and feeds upon birds and small quadrupeds, which it takes by surprise. As it pursues its prey by night only, its eyes are formed for seeing in the dark, and gleam like those of a cat. Its length is about two feet, it very much resembles a ferret, and is of very active habits. The little creature is noted for an odoriferous substance or

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scent, which it produces; and which is contained in two small cavities or pouches near its tail. Each cavity is about large enough to contain an almond. The scent is very strong, and smells much like musk. In some parts the animal is kept in a domestic state for the sake of its perfume. It is placed in a box which is long and narrow, and will not allow the civet room to turn round; and the perfume is scraped from its pouches with a spoon or other suitable instrument. When the animal is killed its scent bags are cut off and sold for a good price. This perfume is in considerable demand as an article of commerce both in Asia and in parts of Europe, though not as much now as formerly. It is used in some medicines, as well as for a perfume.

We have known dealers in perfumes call their shops after the name of the Civet Cat. Men can turn almost every thing to account, and it is well to see the hand of God everywhere in providing for our enjoyments. Birds, beasts, fishes, all sorts of creatures, animate and inanimate, has our all-gracious Creator given for the supply of the necessities or luxuries of mankind. Let us be thankful to him, and earnestly strive to glorify him in our bodies and spirits, which are God's.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH ANSWERED.

A GOOD many years ago, there lived in the town of Haverfordwest two maiden ladies, belonging to the Society of Friends. They were pious, godly women, and devoted their whole lives to the service of their divine Master. This they were enabled to do the more easily, as they were possessed of those two great talents, time and money; and nobly they employed them. They had their reward, for their prayers and their alms went up for a memorial before the Lord.

Now I am about to relate a very remarkable circum-

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stance that occurred to the elder sister, showing how God himself condescended, in a most direct manner, to employ her as his instrument to minister to the need of one his saints.

One bleak winter morning, Friend Elizabeth Lewis awoke very early, impressed in a strange manner. She became perfectly convinced in her mind that a poor widow, whom she sometimes relieved, was in great want, and that she ought not to delay one moment in sending to her aid. Though it was still night, she rose immediately, and called her maid—who much wondered what ailed her mistress, that she should be disturbed at such an unseasonable hour—and directed her to go at once and fetch Sally James, who lived near, and whom she always employed on her errands of mercy. While waiting the return of her messenger, she busied herself in collecting together a goodly supply of food and other necessaries, and packing them in a large basket. When Sally James arrived, wondering, like the maid, at being sent for so early, the worthy lady thus addressed her: "Sally, I have it on my mind that old Betty White is in great want. I could not sleep for thinking about her. Take her this basket, and go to her at once."

Betty White was an aged widow, who earned a scanty living by sorting rags at a neighbouring paper-mill. Her daughter some time before had married; both she and her husband had died, leaving two little children quite destitute. The grandmother could not bear the thought of their going to the workhouse, so she took them and managed somehow to support them, till a fortnight previous to the time I am now writing of, when she was taken ill, and not being able to follow her occupation, her little means were soon gone, and starvation stared her in the face. Now was her time of trial, but her faith did not fail her; though she had no food in the house, and

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no visible means of obtaining any, she trusted in the God of the widow and the fatherless, and having put the poor children supperless to bed, she kneeled down and laid her case before the Almighty. She must have passed the greater part of the night in prayer, for when the messenger arrived at her door she heard the voice of the old woman inside, talking very earnestly to some one—as she thought. Softly lifting the latch, she listened, and very much astonished she was at what she heard (for it was from the messenger herself that I had this account). To use her own words, she said it seemed to her as if old Betty was holding a conversation with a visible being, and as if he were replying to her, for she was saying—"That she had worked for those children as long as she was able, till sickness overtook her, and that He had sent that sickness; that now she looked to Him to provide for them; the children were not hers, but some He had sent her to take care of."

Like the patriarch Jacob, she had remained all night in prayer, and when the day dawned, the answer came. No apparent miracle was wrought for her benefit, only a poor old woman like herself stood at the door, but as certainly sent direct by God as if he had commanded an angel from heaven to fly to her aid.

When Sally opened the cottage door, she saw that poor old creature, faint with hunger and cold, kneeling by the miserable bed, where her two grandchildren lay huddled together for warmth. She said nothing, but quickly emptied her basket, spreading the contents on the table. There was abundance of food, enough to last many days, and better still, a message from those good ladies to old Betty, that they would care for her as long as she lived.

Sent by E. NEALE.

ADAGE.—Pride is poverty; humility riches.

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PUSS AND THE CHICKENS.

A TRUE STORY.

On a sunny lawn
One sweet spring morn,
Two clean-looking hen-coops stood,
Where each hen—poor thing,
With a fluttering wing,
Was watching her little brood.

Many chicks there were,
Running here and there,
Looking like balls of gold,
As they ran about,
Some feathers peeped out
For they were a fortnight old.

At the slightest noise,
Or the steps of boys,
The hens both fluttered with fright,
Or clucked in great fear,
If one ventured near,
Or a dog appeared in sight.

The chickens would fly,
At their mother's cry,
For they had learned to obey;
And close by her side,
Her wings spread out wide,
Would shelter them as they lay.

One day, when the air
Was balmy and clear,
A cat walked out of the house,
With a coat so bright,
And a step so light,
It would not have hurt a mouse.

The hens clucked with fear
As the cat drew near,
With a stately step and slow;
While the chickens flew
Just as if they knew
That puss was their mortal foe.

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Puss laid herself down,
For the grass new mown
Was a smooth and pleasant bed,
While the sun's warm light
Made her fur look bright,
And shone on her glossy head.

Very soon the chicks
In their playful tricks,
Looked over to take a peep;
Then they came quite near,
Without any fear,
For pussy was fast asleep.

Every day she came,
And was just the same,
Too gentle to hurt a fly;
So they did not care
When they saw her there,
To run at their mother's cry.

It happened one day
When cook cleared away
The dinner, she took a plate
With some crumbs of bread,
Which she quickly spread
On the lawn just by the gate.

How each mother hen
Called her chickens then!
And hastened them every one—
How they ran and flew
Hens and chickens too,
For fear the crumbs should be gone.

On that very day,
Pussy sleeping lay
Between them and the crumbs of bread;
But they did not stop
Only scrambled up
Right over her back and head.

Puss rose in surprise
And opened her eyes,
This was really rather rude;
Then she sat down again
With her paws tucked in,
And stared at the fluttering brood.

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"Oh, mistress," cried cook,
"Please do come and look,
Ah, whatever shall we do!
There's puss on the grass,
Where the chicks must pass,
Cats will eat chickens I know."

While she spoke, her eyes
Opened wide with surprise,
Just then, with its wings outspread,
A little chick flew
And a moment or two
Stood still upon pussy's head.

It was brave and bold,
But puss was too old
To allow such rudeness as that,
She rose from her place,
With a stately grace,
And seated herself on the mat.

Cook stroked pussy's fur,
It was strange to her
For a cat not to hurt a bird;
But puss did not know
She was wondering so,
She only looked pleased and purred.

"Puss is always the same,
Quite gentle and tame,"
Pussy's mistress said, and smiled,
"Do not think it strange,
Gentle ways can change
Some creatures however wild.

"You may often find
Cats gentle and kind,
And faithful as dogs may be,
They very soon tell
If you treat them well,
And will trust you as Puss trusts me."

Puss never wants food,
And the tiniest brood
Of chickens are safe with her;
Not an angry word
Has she ever heard,
Nor felt blows on her glossy fur."

SUSANNA MARY.

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THE VAMPIRE BAT.

WHAT strange creatures bats are! One hardly knows what to make of them. Indeed naturalists, that is men who study and are well versed in a knowledge of nature, have sometimes been puzzled to know whether they are beasts or birds. Well! what *dull-birds* those naturalists must be not to be able to tell a beast from a bird! Don't you be quite so saucy in speaking of those gentlemen. It often turns out that those who ape a little wit as you have now done in your play upon a word, have more of the dullard in them than those whom they would ridiculously describe. If bats were ordinarily seen in the daylight we should be better acquainted with them than we are, but they don't come out of their holes till about dusk, and moving about with quick and irregular motion we can form only vague conceptions of them. They do not run about the ground on four feet as cats, and dogs,

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and rabbits, and hares do, on the contrary, they fly in the air in the dusk, we believe in search of food. Oh, then, if they fly they must have wings! So they have. Well then, you say, if they have wings and fly they must be birds. Oh, dear no! Well now, not to be too nice about this word bird, we shall say that a bird is a two-legged animal, which is covered with feathers, has wings, and lays eggs. Now, does the bat answer to this description? Very far from it! Instead of being covered with feathers it has a brown fur of a mouse colour, tinged with red; and instead of being an egg-laying animal it brings forth its young alive; it suckles them; its mouth is furnished with teeth; its lungs are formed like those of four-footed animals. The only point on which bats have been considered birds is their possession of wings; but then these wings are merely an extension of the skin all round the body, except the head, which, when the animal flies, is kept stretched on every side, by the four inner toes of the fore feet, which are enormously long. Thus they may be regarded as web-footed animals. The description we have given applies to the most common English bat, and which is about the size of a mouse, or nearly two inches and a half long. Their sense of feeling is remarkably fine, for as they fly through the air at dusk they perceive the finest insect with the slightest touch, and seize it as their prey; and it is supposed to be through the great sensibility of their sense of feeling that they avoid beating themselves against objects in their flight.

"A fact was elicited some years ago which would make it appear that bats can live when respiration is suspended, in the manner of toads, from which the external air is excluded.

"A bat was discovered in Selkirkshire, in 1821, in the centre of a large wild cherry tree; it was of a bright scarlet colour, and not only alive but *lively*; for as soon

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as it was released from its narrow prison, it took wing and escaped. In the tree was a recess found sufficiently large to contain the bat, but all around the recess the wood was perfectly solid and sound, and free from any fissure through which atmospheric air could reach the prisoner."

It is only in the evenings of fine weather that bats turn out. They have not strength to make way against a strong wind, and wet or damp weather would moisten their wings and prevent them from flying.

"It is in allusion to the habits of these creatures that the Scriptures speak of the heathen casting their idols to the moles and the bats; that they should be buried as moles in the earth; as senseless objects of worship, which their deluded devotees have cast out of their sight as a forgotten and unclean thing."

There are many species of bats, and some of them of enormous size. There is a species called the *Vampire bat* of New Spain. It has a leaf-like appendage attached to the upper lip. The tongue is capable of considerable extension, and is furnished at its extremity with a number of teats, called papillæ, by which it is said to suck its food. These animals grow to a great size; some, after having been killed, have measured two feet between the tips of the wings. They attack horses and cattle, and sometimes even man, during the night, puncturing the skin, and sucking the blood. They are said to have large canine teeth; four cutting teeth above, the same below; sharp black nose; large naked ears; talons very crooked, strong, and compressed sidewise; no tail; the head of a dark irony colour; the body is more or less diversified in colour. These bats inhabit Guinea, Madagascar, and all the islands thence to the remotest in the Indian ocean. They fly in flocks, and perfectly obscure the air with their numbers. They live on fruits, and are so fond

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of the juice of the palm tree that they will intoxicate themselves with it till they drop; at least so says the "London Cyclopædia." The same authority tells us that some have been found which have measured from tip to tip of the wings five feet four inches. Goldsmith speaks of their sucking the blood of human beings while asleep, but this is denied by others. In those countries where these offensive bats exist, as the human population and Christian civilization extend, they with many other noxious creatures will gradually become extinct; and this is one way in which, among thousands of others, the gospel will prove a blessing to mankind.

"MYSELF WILL SEE ME."

ONCE in a Sabbath-school a very little girl repeated the twenty-third Psalm very well, and so pleased a visitor who was present and heard her that he kindly took a shilling from his pocket, and said, "This is for your little lesson, my child."

The child's eye flashed with delight on what she never perhaps had in her possession before, and she clasped her hands tightly over her prize.

"Now," said her teacher, "I see a great many shops open in this street, though it is God's day. You must on no account spend that money in any of them to-day, but keep it till to-morrow. You understand, I shan't be with you to see you, but there is One who will see you, and find out at once if you break the Sabbath day."

The little one was silent, but kept looking up in the speaker's face with a dark thoughtful eye.

"Who will see you?" he asked after a pause.

"Myself will see me," said the child in an instant.

She would disdain to lie or deceive, even when alone. She could never disgrace herself, though it was only in her own eyes.—*Early Days.*

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GOD IN THE HEART.

A POOR wounded boy was lying in a hospital. He was a soldier, but a mere boy for all that. The lady who watched by his bedside saw that death was very near, and placing her hand upon his head, she said to him :—

"My dear boy, if this should be death that is coming upon you, are you ready to meet your God ?"

The large dark eyes opened slowly, and a smile passed over the young soldier's face, as he answered—

"I am ready, dear lady ; for this has long been His kingdom :" and as he spoke he placed his hand upon his heart.

"Do you mean," asked the lady, gently ; "that God rules and reigns in your heart ?"

"Yes," he answered ; but his voice sounded far off, sweet and low, as if it came from a soul already well on its way through the "dark valley and shadow of death." And still he lay there, with his hand above his heart, even after it had ceased to beat, and the soldier boy's soul had gone up to its God.

LINES BY PRINCESS AMELIA.

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed, and talked, and danced, and sung;
And proud of health, of beauty vain,
Dreamt not of sorrow, care, or pain;
Concluding in those hours of glee
That *all the world* was made for me.

"But when the day of trial came,
And sickness shook my trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er.
And I could dance and sing no more,
It then occurred how sad 'twould be
Were *this world only* made for me."

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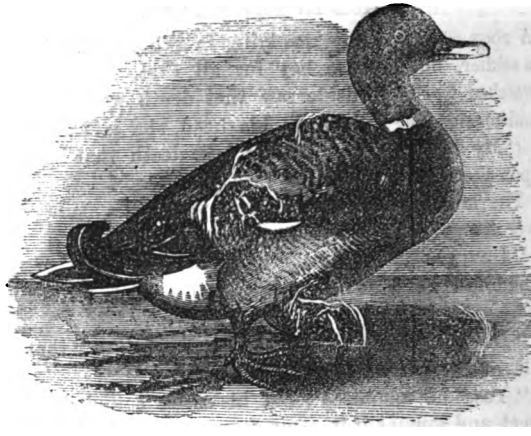

THE MALLARD.

THIS name is given by Shakespeare to the drake of the wild duck, but it is commonly given to that stock from which it is supposed our tame breed has been produced. It would be tedious to attempt to name all the varieties of ducks which exist. The tame duck is that with which we are most commonly acquainted in this country. It is easily reared. Though hatched by a hen, which frequently happens, they are led by their instincts to their favourite element, water, and often to the no small astonishment and terror of their would-be mother who resorts to every expedient in her power to induce them to withdraw from the water.

Goldsmith remarks that, this serves as an incontestable proof (or illustration), that all birds have their manner rather from nature than education, and afterwards adds, —"All the arts possessed by man are the result of accumulated experience: all the inferior animals are self-taught, and scarce one acquired by imitation. The lower

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animals will reach the highest perfection of their nature without instruction or education, of which, properly speaking, they are incapable." It is not so with mankind. Children may be instructed and educated, and good children will always be ready to receive sound instruction, and to be educated in the fear of the Lord. If they put themselves in opposition to this they put themselves on a level with the beasts of the field.

The wild duck differs in many respects from the tame, and there is also a greater variety of them. The feet of the tame duck are yellow, those of the wild duck black. There are two main divisions of the wild duck, namely Sea-ducks and Pond-ducks. The latter are supposed to be natives of England. Among the varieties of this bird Goldsmith enumerates the following as having sprung from the Mallard,—the Eider Duck, the Velvet Duck, the Scoter, the Tufted Duck, the Scaup Duck, the Golden Eye, the Sheldrake, the Pintail, the Pochard, the Widgeon, and lastly the Teal. These ducks keep together in flocks in winter, fly in pairs in summer, bring up their young by the waterside, and lead them to their food as soon as they are out of the shell. Their nests are usually built among heath or rushes, not far from the water, but sometimes for protection they resort to other situations. In the temperate, or moderately warm regions, they are careless in the construction of their nests, but in the colder climates they take the greatest care. They form a hole to lay in, shelter the approach, line it with a layer of long grass and clay, within that another of moss, and lastly a warm coat of feathers or down. The Eider duck takes the down from her breast and lines her nest with that, that her eggs may be sheltered from the cold. Being capable of flying and swimming they cross the German Ocean to this country in great numbers. They resort to marshy districts. "The ducks flying in the

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air are often lured down from their heights by the loud voice of the Mallard from below. Nature seems to have furnished this bird with very particular faculties for calling. The wind-pipe where it begins to enter the lungs opens into a kind of bony cavity, where the sound is reflected as in a musical instrument, that is heard a great way off. To this call all the stragglers resort; and in a week or fortnight's time, a lake that before was quite naked, is black with water-fowl that have left their Lapland retreats to keep company with our ducks that have never stirred from home." It is interesting to watch these birds in a lake to which they have resorted. They seem perfectly restless; "now they are pursuing one another, now screaming, then up all at once, then down again; the whole seems one strange scene of bustle, with nothing to do." In the night season they enter the meadows and ditches near the lake in quest of food, where great quantities of them are taken by decoys.

"AS RICH AS LORD BRACO."

Lord Braco was a Scotch judge of the last century, and a great miser. One of his farmers seeing him one day pick up a farthing, said :—

"I would give a shilling, Lord Braco, to have a sight of all the gold and silver which you possess."

"Well, man," his lordship replied, "it shall cost you no more."

The shilling was laid down at once, and his lordship fulfilled his part of the bargain, exhibiting to his tenant a considerable number of iron boxes filled with gold and silver coin.

"Now, my lord," said the tenant; "I am as rich as you are, after all."

"How do you make that out?" asked his lordship.

"Because I see the money, my lord; and you have have not the heart to do anything more with it."

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O COME, COME AWAY.

THIS hymn is one long known and loved. It opens firmly, and gives a hearty invitation to all, both young and old, to abstain from the inebriating cup. It breathes throughout a manly strain—something noble and firm—a true rallying cry.

O my young friends, how drink holds the people around us in slavery. See men who can scarcely pass by a public-house with money in their pockets but they must spend it, and women crowding round the ginshop doors; and would that were all, but sad it is that boys and girls are often found within the low beershop or gay public-house. O how it enslaves them. The second verse has a very pretty thought; it is this—

"With sweet songs of love
We'll calm each angry feeling.

How different this to the shouts and songs of the public house. The pothouse roarers sadly spoil the music and the words when they sing—

"Britons never shall be slaves."

Let it be our purpose to use the songs of Zion, and the carols of the Band of Hope to please and bless those around us. Learn to sing sweetly, and take pains to sing the tune correctly. You can if you try. And better still, learn well the words, for they will come again to you when you need them. How pleasing to hear at home and abroad,

"Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round the hearth."

After the clear truths of the first two verses, we now come to the resolve, and the pithy truth is told.

"Don't taste a drop,
Oh touch it not."

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Why, because if you do not use strong drink it will never deceive you. The lovers of strong drink forget that what a man soweth that shall he also reap.

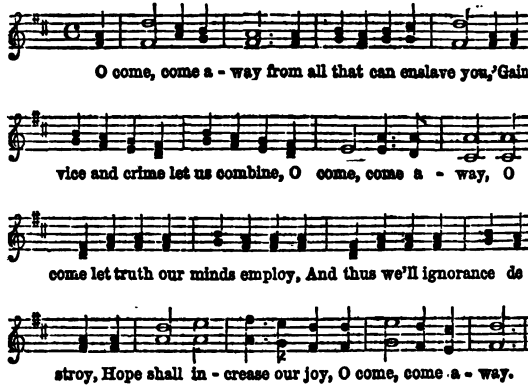
Come then, little reader, with me, let us

"Drink the pure and crystal stream,
And put your trust alone in him
Who from sin can redeem;
O come, come away."

What a pity that the cry "O come, come away," is not heard outside every liquor shop in the wide, wide world, and that men would hear and obey.

"Then we might hope the happy world would soon be free
From vile intemperance."

O COME, COME AWAY.



O come, come away,
From all that can enslave you;
'Gainst vice and crime let us combine;
O come, come away.
O come let truth our minds employ;
And thus we'll ignorance destroy;
O come, come away.

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With sweet songs of love
  We'll calm each angry feeling,
And ne'er let wrath disturb our path,
    O come, come away.
O come, let wisdom still increase,
And war of every kind shall cease,
And men shall live in peace;
    O come, come away.

No strong drink we'll use,
  Then it can ne'er deceive us;
Don't taste a drop,
  O touch it not,
    But come, come away.
Come, drink the pure and crystal stream,
And put your trust alone in him
Who from sin can redeem;
    O come, come away.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Some years ago there lived in one of our northern seaports a gentleman who kept a large Newfoundland dog. It was a beautiful animal, with a fine intelligent looking head, and noble and majestic bearing. The gentleman had an office in the town, and the dog used to accompany him every morning to business. On their way they had to pass a house where a noisy little Scotch terrier was kept. No sooner did the gentleman and his dog draw near the house than out ran the terrier, barking as fiercely as though it would worry the great dog. The Newfoundlander used to march majestically past, disdaining to notice the impudent little cur. One morning, however, the antics of the terrier were so annoying as to be unbearable, and the great dog turning suddenly upon it seized it by the back of the neck, and ran with it in its

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mouth to the edge of a jetty close by, and very coolly dropped it into the water. Some boatmen rescued it, and placed it once more on terra-firma, but the dipping had cured it of its impudence. What a pity but some of the open-mouthed windbags around us could be similarly dipped.

DEW.

You have all seen the beautiful drops of dew sparkling on the grass and flowers. But have you ever wondered what these drops of dew really are, or what is the cause of them? I will tell you. The air by which we are surrounded has the power of holding moisture, *i.e.*, it can hold water in such a form that we cannot see it. This moisture is brought into the air by the sun causing vapour to rise from pools, rivers, lakes, and the sea. The warmer the air is the more moisture it can contain. Now the grass, and leaves of trees, and other objects upon which the sun has been shining become cold sooner than the air around them; then, when the air which is full of moisture comes in contact with these cold objects it loses its power to hold moisture, the little particles of vapour which we could not see in the air fall out upon the leaves of the trees, and upon the grass and flowers in little drops of water and these drops we call dew. If you have ever been in a chapel when it was very full of people you may have seen the walls quite wet; well, this wet on the walls was formed just by the same cause as the dew on the grass. The air in the chapel had been filled with moisture by the breath of the people, and when the warm air touched the cold walls the moisture came out of it and fell on to the walls in drops of water. S. M.

PROVERB TENDERED TO ALL.—Be thankful for one good thing and you will perhaps get another.

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THE CASSOWARY.

THE cassowary (cas-so-wā-ry) is one of the largest birds in the world, being inferior only to the ostrich. It is a native of the southern parts of the East Indies. It was first brought to Europe by the Dutch from Java. One of the kings of that island presented them with one as a great rarity, from which it may be inferred that there are not many birds of this kind even in those parts of the world to which it belongs. Goldsmith, after having given a description of this bird, says:—"It has the head of a warrior, the eye of a lion, the defence of a porcupine, and the swiftness of a courser." One would then, think, that it must be a terrible bird, and in several respects this is perfectly correct. The head, like that of the ostrich, is small, but it has certain peculiarities which give it a very

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formidable appearance. The common cock has its head crowned with a comb, but the cassowary has a helmet of horny substance, black in front and yellow behind. It is very hard like the horn of an ox, and consists of several plates laid the one over the other. The ball of the eye is large, measuring about an inch and a half in diameter, the colour is a bright yellow. At the bottom of the upper eyelid there are a few hairs over which there is another row of black hairs. The lower eyelid is also furnished with plenty of hair. The helmet on the head and the general appearance of the eye give the bird a fierce and formidable look; add to these the fact that the beak is so constructed that it can be opened very widely, and at once it will be seen that the appearance of this large bird is of a threatening character.

From the extremity of the bill to the claws it measures about five or six feet. Its legs are two feet six inches high from the belly to the claws, and are covered with feathers and scales of various shapes; they are also very thick, strong, and straight. The feathers of this bird are also remarkable. "They are generally double, having two long shafts, which grow out of a short one, which is fixed in the skin. Those that are double are always of an unequal length, for some are fourteen inches long, particularly on the rump, while others are not above three. The beards that adorn the stem or shaft, are from about half way to the end, very long, and as thick as horsehair, without being subdivided into fibres." The wings are so short that they are covered with the feathers of the body, and hence are not seen.

Although the cassowary appears as if formed to act as a terror to others, it is by no means hostile and fierce in its disposition. If it is attacked, it resorts to a method of self-defence which is remarkable for a feathered animal; instead of its bill it makes use of its legs, and kicks with

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extreme force and rapidity, and runs against its pursuer, beats him down, and treads him to the ground.

Strange tales are told of the voracity of the cassowary, as if it had no instinct to guide it to appropriate food. It, however, generally feeds on vegetable substances, and frequently will swallow a whole apple.

My young friends cannot fail to be struck with the wisdom and power of God displayed in the creation of the varied forms of animal life. Nothing is too great for our heavenly Father; and he supports all his hands have made. The eyes of all look up unto him, and he satisfieth their wants in due season. He is infinite in all his attributes, and if we love and serve him he will make all things work together for our good.

NAUGHTY WILLIE.

"WILLIE," said Mrs. Price, to her little boy, "I want you to run to the post-office, and put this letter into the box."

"I don't want to go," muttered Willie, with a sulky look; "send Johnny."

"You are older than Johnny," said his mother, "and you must go."

"Because I am the oldest I am to go of all the errands," said Willie.

He then snatched the letter from his mother's hand, and started with it to the post-office. He had not gone far before he met two boys, who invited him to join them in a game at marbles; he did so, and when he was tired of playing with them he went to post the letter, but when he got to the post-office the box was closed.

"Were you in time for the post?" asked his mother, as he entered the house.

"No," replied Willie.

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Her eyes then filled with tears, and looking sorrowfully into his face she said, "My Willie is a naughty boy."

The next day Willie's mother was very ill. She never came down stairs again. She lingered in great pain for a few days and then died.

As Willie stood beside her coffin, and kissed her cold lips, he said within himself, "I am sorry I ever grieved my poor mother; if I could call her back to life, I would never cause her pain again."

My dear young friends, you know not how soon your parents may be called to leave you. Obey them now, and then when their eyes are closed in death you will not have to mourn over having caused them pain. C. FINCH.

THE LITTLE WORKER.

CLOSE by one of the beautiful mountains in the north of England, a picturesque village stands on an eminence, overlooking a wide bay, or arm of the sea, where lived a little girl, who at the age of fourteen, was led to take a deep interest in the children of her village home. At her invitation, they willingly gathered around her in an old shed, when she taught them hymns and told them of their childish faults. It was like "playing at school," but her influence was wonderful. The sad doings of drink were made known to her, and her heart was moved with pity for the poor drunkard. She heard of the Bands of Hope, and went to one, when she was delighted by the children singing—

"Sign the pledge, drunkard," &c.

On her return home she told her little scholars this new lesson, and got several, with the consent of their parents, to promise never to take any intoxicating liquor.

Then for a time she left home to attend a boarding-school, but there, with the assistance of two young friends, she opened and regularly carried on a Sunday

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School in one of the cottage kitchens, where about fifty children were taught hymns and Bible lessons. She also started a Band of Hope, which met on a week day evening, when about forty met weekly to be instructed on the temperance question. The consent of parents was sought in every case before the children's names were taken, and the children fully instructed in the meaning of the total abstinence pledge.

To all our scholars we would say :—Imitate this youthful teacher. Go and do likewise. Are you lovers of Jesus? Are you Band of Hope members? Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

H. PORTNALL.

THE BOY'S RESOLVE.

I WOULD like to have ruddy cheeks, and bright eyes, and strong limbs, but they say that strong drink dims the eye, and whitens the cheek, and enfeebles the frame, therefore I will not drink at all. I would like to have a clear mind, so that I may think on great things, and serve God, and do good to others, and prepare to die; but they say that strong drink clouds the mind, and often destroys it, therefore I will not drink at all. I would like to have a peaceful heart, and a quiet conscience, so that I may be happy while I am here, but they say that strong drink fills many a heart with misery, and implants in many a conscience a sting, therefore I will not drink at all. I would like to go to heaven when I die, that I may dwell with Jesus in glory for ever, but they say that strong drink keeps men from entering into heaven, and casts them down to hell, therefore I will not drink at all.

When are little folks like the letter B? When they are in bed.

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THE GLUTTON.

THE glutton inhabits those regions which lie towards the North Pole, as the northern parts of North America, the north of Europe, and Siberia. Naturalists have differed as to the class to which this animal belongs. Goldsmith regards it as a weasel, as did Linnæus before him, but differing from other weasels chiefly in its greater size. It is said to measure three feet in length. Its body is thick as well as long; its legs are short. Its fur is soft, for which it is held in high estimation. It is black along the back, and of a reddish brown on the sides, and of a beautiful gloss. Its tail, too, is bushy like that of a weasel. It is not formed for swift running on the ground; its legs and claws fit it for climbing trees. It is a carnivorous or flesh-eating animal, and as it is incapable of running down its prey it has to resort to stratagem; it creeps upon it in its retreat, or waits in ambush, and then

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springs upon it by surprise. It is also said that it will climb a tree, and from that dart down upon a deer or other animal, which it never leaves until it has entirely consumed it. It is for its reputed voracity it has acquired its name, but many accounts of its greediness are said to be very much exaggerated. Goldsmith, however, says that if it once darts upon an elk or rein-deer, it sticks its claws between their shoulders, and firmly keeps its place, from which the animal cannot dislodge it even with its horns. Terrified, it flees with indescribable speed, rubbing itself against the largest trees, and tearing down branches with its expanded horns; still the glutton holds on, eating the neck of its prey, and digging its passage into the great blood vessels that lie in that part. When attacked by dogs the glutton will defend itself with vigour, and often prove itself more than a match for its antagonists. The name given to this creature is an odious one, but it is sometimes very properly applied to human beings. I hope none of my young friends will ever merit the name of either glutton or drunkard. When we are healthy and strong it is a great blessing to have plenty to eat, but if we do not cease to eat when we have had enough, then we become degraded creatures. Such animals as the glutton devours become shy of the place where he is known to be lurking, and will withdraw to other parts of the country. So when we know where our great enemy lurks, that is Satan, we ought to keep from such places, for he goes about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.

WATER.

WATER is the fittest drink for all ages and temperaments, and of all the productions of nature or art, comes nearest to the universal remedy so much sought after by mankind, and never hitherto discovered.—*Hoffman.*

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"WE COME."

Our little hymn this month begins very prettily—

"We come to-night a little band
Of temperance girls and boys,
Believing that to take strong drink
Is every way unwise."

I might even go a little farther and say to you that it is very silly and foolish to take strong drink to make us strong, for God, when he chose Samson to show his strength on behalf of his ancient people the Jews, chose him a Nazarite from his birth. A great poet even says—

"'Tis madness to suppose
Strong drink the chief support of health,
When God chose Samson to be
His mighty champion, strong beyond compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook."

Let me give you a few passages from the good old book, the Bible; let us hear what God says to us by his holy prophets—"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." "Who hath woe, who hath sorrow, who hath contentions, who hath babblings, who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Here is enough to show us that the use of strong drink is foolish, and we know that it maddens. How often do you see men and women who have been drinking these drinks stupid, quarrelsome, or mad, and doing what they would never else have done.

Let me fix this truth on your mind, to encourage you that young and old can do without—

"If they will only try."

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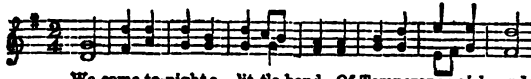
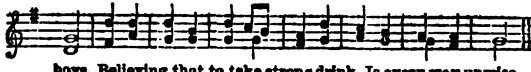
Oh, this little word "try" is a fine word. There was a little boy once who said that he belonged to the "try" company, and was determined to succeed in doing right. We sometimes sing—

"Though at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again;
In the total abstinence cause,
List as many as you can,
Try, try, try again;
On the safe teetotal plan
Try, try, try again;
That our army may embrace
Every member of our race
Emptying the drunkard's place,
Try, try, try again."

WE COME TO NIGHT.





"And though some may not think with us,
'Tis very sure and plain,
That those are in the safest path
Whose motto is 'Abstain.'

"Some say that drink will make them strong,
But we don't think it can,
Samson such liquors never drank,
He was the strongest man.

"Some say that they a little take
Or very soon they'd die,
But young and old can do without
If they will only try."

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POLITENESS IN CHILDREN.

LITTLE Alfred's mother had taken pains to instruct her baby boy in some of the simple forms of politeness and hospitality, and though not three years old he used to put his lessons in practice. One day a dear friend of his mother's called, and he ran at once to bring a chair for her, inviting her to sit by the fire. Then he brought a foot-stool for her feet, and asked her to let him take her bonnet.

"I wish you would stay to dinner," he lisped, "and stay all day, and stay for ever."

Though it may not be necessary to express yourself quite as strongly as dear little Allie did, yet such a cordial hospitality is always pleasant to the receiver when it is felt to be sincere. Children cannot learn too early to welcome the chance guest, and do what they can for his comfort, even at the cost of self-denial.

I know little girls that can wait on a visitor in their mother's absence with as much propriety as young ladies —can answer questions put to them clearly and directly, and always politely; and it is a pleasure to be a guest where children thus behave.

If you are not trained as you should be in these matters at home it is a great pity, but still you may learn much from well-behaved children of your acquaintance. Every lovely, kindly grace is worth cultivating, and will add much to your happiness and usefulness when you are older. A rude, ill-mannered person, is shunned and disliked in every circle, and unless the opposite habits are formed early in life they are seldom formed at all.—*Presbyterian.*

THE WORST PUNISHMENT.

"YOU do not look as if you had prospered by your wickedness," said a gentleman to a wicked man one day.

"I *haven't* prospered at it," cried the man, feelingly;

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"it is a business that don't pay. If I had given half the time to some honest calling which I have spent in trying to get a living without work, I might be now a man of property and character, instead of the homeless wretch I am." He then told his history, and ended by saying—"I have been twice in prison, and I have made acquaintance with all sorts of miseries in my life; but *I tell you my worst punishment is in being what I am.*"

WHAT EARLY PIETY ACCOMPLISHES.

1. Forms the habits.
2. Protects against temptations.
3. Strengthens the best affections.
4. Purifies thought and speech.
5. Draws out love for parents.
6. Brightens the home circle.
7. Endears relatives and friends.
8. Gives character more decision.
9. Instils reverence.
10. Teaches love for the sanctuary.
11. Leads to a study of the Scriptures.
12. Inclines the heart to earnest prayer.
13. Repels evil companions.
14. Makes life more conscientious.
15. Helps in the choice of a vocation.
16. Encourages activity.
17. Transforms duty into pleasure.
18. Induces self-sacrifice for others.
19. Saves from bitter reflections.
20. Crowns the evening of life with peace.
21. Lights up the dying hour with joy.
22. Robs death of its sting, and the grave of its victory.

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GATHER THEM INTO THE FOLD.

Open the door for the children,
  Tenderly gather them in,
In from the highways and hedges,
  In from the places of sin.
Some are so young and so helpless,
  Some are so hungry and cold,
Open the door for the children,
  Gather them into the fold.

Chorus.

Gather them in,
  Gather them in,
Open the door for the children,
  Gather them into the fold.

Open the door for the children,
  See! they are coming in throngs;
Bid them sit down to the banquet,
  Teach them your beautiful songs.
Pray you the Father to bless them,
  Pray you that grace may be given;
Open the door for the children,
  "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Chorus.

Open the door for the children,
  Take the dear lambs by the hand;
Point them to truth and to Jesus,
  Point them to heaven's bright land.
Some are so young and so helpless,
  Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children,
  Gather them into the fold.

Chorus.

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THE OSPREY.

"WHY write of birds?" says a little reader; "and what can be learnt from them?"

Oh, if you did but know one thousandth part of the wisdom of God in creation, you would not have asked such a question. Everything in nature has its use, and that use is a wise one. Some birds, for instance, destroy putrid matter upon land, and so purify the atmosphere for the benefit of man; such birds are vultures and others. Some destroy putrid matter in water, and thus contribute their share to the good of the human family. Not only so, were living fish to multiply too extensively, they must die for want, and thus poison the element essential to their life. But Providence has otherwise arranged; and hence some fish multiply to be the food of others; some

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to be the food of birds; and all to be more or less subservient, in some way, to the benefit of man.

It follows, therefore, that the Osprey, sometimes called the Sea Eagle, at others the Fishing-hawk, was created for a wise purpose, and that, in conducting its fishing, it is really fulfilling the will of its Creator. Without stopping to name the colour of this bird, I may remark that its length is about three feet, or three and a half, and about seven feet from tip to tip of its wings. Its claws are half-circular, and thus well adapted to hold fast its prey when once seized. Its strength is such that when its watery prey is scarce, it can avail itself of hens, geese, lambs, and kids, which it carries off with apparent ease, and devours them at pleasure. When these are its victims it seems to be the enemy of man; and hence it is pursued by him and destroyed.

Let us select a few traits of the bird which are instructive:—

First. Its legs being unencumbered with feathers, are suited to active motion when fishing: we should do the work allotted to us by God, without needless weights and impediments. Children, strip off sin, and run with patience the race that leads to glory.

Second. The Osprey builds its nest on the sides of rivers near its fishery, and thus studies convenience. What a lesson! Let us be handy for our work, whatever that work may be, and let us have everything in order, that it may be seized for use just at the time and place when and where it is required.

Third. The *industry* of the Osprey should teach us to be diligent in every good word and work; we should learn as soon as possible to live by our own industry, and not lounge away our time like drones, depending on the industry of others.

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Fourth. In following its *instinct* only, it occasionally becomes the enemy of man by destroying his poultry and kine; and then has to forfeit its life as the price of its folly. It can exercise no higher discrimination than *instinct*, for, unlike us, it has not a rational soul. Much more, then, is expected from us than from the Osprey. By the exercise of *reason* we may foresee the dangers that beset our path, and escape them; and what reason fails to supply is made up to us in the word of God. Let this word be loved by us, read by us, and observed by us—then shall we live wisely, happily, and safely in this world, and shall hereafter live with God in his kingdom of glory and felicity for ever.

Much more might have been written about the Osprey, but I take my leave of you for the present by turning your attention to the cut, and leaving you to improve it as you best can. J.

THE DYING CHILD.

Little Miss Lee was ten years old. She lay on her death-bed. She was the pet and flower of the household; it was hard to part with her. The golden hair, the loving blue eye, the bird-like voice, the truthful, affectionate, pious child. Between this child and her father there had always existed not a relationship merely, but love of congenial natures. He fell on his knees by his darling's bedside and wept bitter tears. He strove to say, but could not, "Thy will be done." It was a conflict between grace and nature such as he had never before experienced. His sobs disturbed the child, who had been lying apparently unconscious. She opened her eyes and looked distressed.

"Papa, dear papa," she said at length.

"What, my darling?" answered the father.

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She then asked in faint, broken tones, "How much do I cost you—every year?"

"Hush, dear, be quiet!" he replied in great agitation, for he feared delirium was coming on.

"But please, papa, how much do I cost you?"

To soothe her he replied, with a shaking voice, "Well, dearest, perhaps ten pounds. What, then, darling?"

"Because, papa, I thought maybe you would lay it out this year in Bibles for poor children to remember me by."

With what delicate instinct had the dying child touched the strings of comfort. A beam of heavenly joy glanced in the father's heart—the bliss of one noble spirit mingled with its like. Self was forgotten, the sorrow of parting, the lonely future. Nought remained but the mission of love, and a thrill of gratitude that in it he and his beloved were co-workers.

"I will, my precious child," he replied, kissing her brow with solemn tenderness; "yes, I will do it every year as long as I live. And thus my Lillian shall yet speak, and draw, if God shall bless the means, many after her to heaven," he added, after a long pause.

The child's very soul beamed forth in a long, loving, smiling gaze into her father's eyes, and still gazing she fell asleep. Waking in a few minutes she spoke in a loud, clear voice, and with a look of ecstasy,

"Oh, papa, what a sweet light! The golden gates were opened, and crowds of children came pouring out; oh, such crowds! And they ran up to me, and began to kiss me, and call me by a new name. I can't remember what it was, but it meant 'Beloved for my Father's sake.'"

She looked upward, her eyes dreamy, her voice died into a whisper, "Yes, yes, I come! I come!" and the lovely form lay there untenanted of the lovelier spirit. John Lee rose from his knees with a holy triumph on his

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face, saying, "Thank God, I am richer by another treasure in heaven."

Reader! learn all the lessons taught by this article, and meet little Miss Lee in "the midst of the Paradise of God."

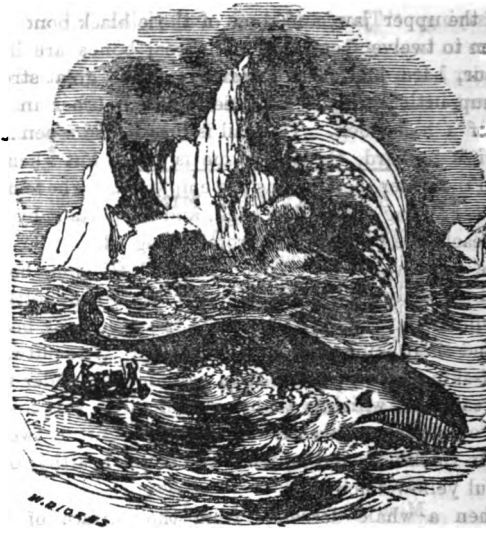
H. Pourtnall.

THE SAVIOUR MINE.

Lovely Jesus, Lamb Divine,
Precious Saviour, Thou art mine;
Mine to whom I must confess,
Mine to sanctify and bless,
Mine Thou art, though vile I be,
Mine when bound, to make me free,
Mine to pardon and to save,
Mine to make me honest, brave,
Mine to give me words to speak,
Mine to strengthen when I'm weak,
Mine to teach me and to guide,
Mine to take away my pride,
Mine to call me by my name,
Mine to share my grief and shame,
Mine when sick to give me health,
Mine when poor to give me wealth,
Mine to give me clothing, food,
Mine to make and keep me good,
Mine to seek me when I roam,
Mine in death to take me home.

N. Hemmingway.

When pride is at home in the heart, humility is abroad.



THE WHALE.

"THIS is the largest of all animals. In the frozen ocean the great Greenland whale usually measures from fifty to eighty feet in length; but in hot climates some are found which are one hundred and fifty feet long. The head is fully one-third the size of the fish. The eyes are small, but the mouth is extremely wide, and the under lip is broader than the upper one. The tongue is composed of soft spongy fat, and is sometimes eighteen or twenty feet in length, and nine in width.

"The throat is small for so large a fish, being seldom more than four inches wide. In the middle of the head are two holes through which it spouts up water to a great height, and with considerable noise. It is sharp-sighted and quick of hearing. What is called whalebone forms

part of the upper jaw, and some of these black bones are from ten to twelve feet long. The real bones are light in colour, hard, and full of marrow. Two great strong bones support the upper lip, meeting each other in the shape of a half-moon. The tail is broad, and when the fish swims forward, the tail alone is used, but when it turns in the water the two fins are employed. The female carries her young one on her back, and supports it by the fins on each side to prevent it from falling off.

"The whale varies in colour; the back of some being red and the belly white. Others are black, some mottled, others quite white. Their colours in the water look beautiful, and their skins smooth and slippery. The outward or scarf-skin is not thicker than parchment; under this is the real skin, which is about an inch thick, this covers the fat or blubber, which is about from eight to twelve inches in thickness, and is, when the fish is healthy, of a beautiful yellow colour.

"When a whale descends from the surface of the water, it first lifts its head, then plunging beneath the waves, raises its back, goes slowly down, throws its tail out of the water, and then disappears.

"Whales are shy and timid, being furnished with no other instruments of offence or defence except their tails. As soon as they perceive a boat approaching they generally plunge under water; but sometimes when in danger they will run against a boat, and dash it to pieces with one stroke of the tail. The whale fisheries, both in the North and South Seas, are those to which we are indebted for these useful articles, whale or train oil, whalebone and spermaceti. The northern fishery is the most important, to which many ships are sent out every year. Every ship has six or seven boats, each of which is provided with one harpooner, one steer at the rudder, one to manage the line, and four seamen as rowers. In each

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boat there are also two or three harpoons (strong stout darts), spears, and six lines, each 120 fathoms in length, fastened together. So soon as the men in the boat discover a whale they approach it, and immediately strike a harpoon, with a line fastened to it, deeply into its body; and on the whale diving into the deep, the line is permitted to run out, great care being taken to prevent its rapid motion from setting fire to the wood. After some minutes the wounded fish is obliged to return to the surface of the water for breath. Fresh harpoons are then struck into its body, and by continual plunging and bleeding it becomes exhausted, when a long spear is thrust into its breast, which soon kills it. The carcass is then towed to the ship, and fastened alongside; then the men get upon the animal's back, with iron spurs in their shoes to prevent them from slipping, and cut out large square pieces of fat, called blubber, which are hoisted into the ship, and these cut into smaller pieces, and then thrown into the ship's hold; and after being left there for three or four days to drain, they are taken up and cut into still smaller pieces, and put into casks. The whale bones are preserved entire, and hoisted on deck, and there left till the men have time to scrape and clean them. The two large upper jaw bones are cleaned, and fastened to the shrouds of the ship, and tubs placed under them to receive the oil which they discharge.

"Whales are sometimes seen in numbers together sporting about near the surface of the sea, and spouting up the water like a fountain, to the height of thirty or forty feet. They seldom swim along above four miles an hour; but in some instances have been observed, when alarmed, to rush along at the rate of twelve miles an hour. They feed only on the smaller kinds of fish as their throats are not sufficiently wide to admit of their swallowing large substances, and they are not furnished with teeth to grind food into small pieces.

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"Whales are seldom found in the Mediterranean sea, into which Jonah was cast; and for this reason, as well as the circumstance of their having throats too narrow to admit a man, it is concluded that this was not the fish which swallowed Jonah. The book that bears the name of that prophet does not state that it was a whale, but says, 'Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights,' Jonah i. 17. We are not informed what particular kind of fish it was, but the Greek translators have rendered the word 'whale' at Matt. xii. 40. But this word must be understood as applicable to some great fish, probably the shark or dog-fish, which could swallow a man, and both of which are inhabitants of the Mediterranean sea." J.

THE NEW DRESS.

Alice found an old herb-woman one day resting under the cooling shade of a tree outside the garden-gate.

"Do you want anything?" asked Alice.

"Yes, dear child," she answered. "I want a new dress."

"A pretty calico?" asked Alice.

"That will too soon fade," answered the poor herb-woman.

"A black woollen?" asked Alice.

"That will too soon wear out," answered she.

"A silk?" asked Alice.

"I have nothing fit to wear with it," answered the herb-woman, and Alice thought as much.

"A plain a beautiful plaid?" asked the child.

"That will too soon go out of fashion," answered the herb-woman.

"Do you care much about the fashion?" asked Alice.

"I want the dress to last me a thousand years or more!"

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"Oh!" exclaimed Alice, drawing back, for she half thought the poor woman was crazy, "do you expect to live so long! A thousand years is a great, great while, and you are pretty old now."

"I shall live longer than that!" said she.

"I will ask my my mother," said the little girl, much puzzled, "if she knows what dress would suit you; and perhaps she'll buy it for you."

"Your mother is not rich enough to buy it, dear child," said the old woman.

"My *father* is rich," said she.

"Not rich enough to buy me the dress I want," answered the old woman.

"Do you want to dress like a queen?" asked Alice.

"No; but I want to be dressed like a king's daughter."

"The old herb woman is crazy," thought Alice to herself; "she talks so queer. I don't know where you will get such a dress," said she aloud; something that will never fade, never wear out, never go out of fashion."

"And never get soiled or spoiled," added the herb-woman; "wear it when and where you may, it will always keep white and shining."

"Oh!" was all Alice could say. Then she added, "*I* should like such a one, I am sure. Could a little girl have one? But a little girl would outgrow hers."

"No," said the herb-woman; "the dress would let itself out so as to suit you always!"

The child was lost in wonder. "Will you please tell me what it is, and where I can get one?"

"It is the garment of salvation, the robe of righteousness, which Jesus Christ has wrought out for you and for me, dear child," said the old woman, tenderly. "Christ came to take away the poor rags of our sins, and to put on us his pure white robe, and make us fit to be the

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children of God, the great King, and live in his palace for ever. Would you not like to live there, dear child?"

"Yes," answered the child. "I always wanted to be one. Will he give *me* a heavenly dress, do you think?"

STUDY TO BE QUIET.

You could scarcely imagine a greater difference than that between Susan and Mary in their ways about the house. They were sisters, and had their share in the household work of a busy family.

Susy took care to make herself heard as she went about. Such a clattering as there was of plates and cups, when she went to lay the table. Such a ring of the fire-irons given out whenever she handled them. Then her glib tongue kept time to everything else. She could not do anything without talking a great deal about it.

With Mary it was quite different. She said far less than she did. There might not be such a girl in the house, for all you would know unless you happened to see her, She was always busy, and always quiet. Now, though whatever Susy did was seen and known of all the house, every one knew that quiet Mary accomplished twice as much. If any one wished for valuable help, he always went for it to the quiet worker, rather than to the bustling talker.

What a blessing Mary was in a sick room. There, of all places, quiet places are most important. Her quick eyes seemed to take in at a glance all that should be done, and then she went quietly to work and did it. Nobody could lay the pillows so evenly, or spread the covers so nicely. It was she who found the fresh white napkins for the little stand, and filled the prettiest vase with sweet flowers every morning. The simplest breakfasts she brought up were sure to look inviting to the invalid, she had taken such pains in placing them neatly upon

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the little waiter. But the patient rather dreaded the entrance into his room of the bustling Susy, for with the kindest intentions she was always noisy, and in a flutter of some sort.

Now it was not altogether a natural difference between these two sisters, though, no doubt that was great; but Mary had obeyed the injunction, "Study to be quiet." It was not easy to move gently always, and keep her tongue in subjection, especially when things occurred to try her patience. But she studied to do so, because she knew it was well pleasing in the eyes of her Saviour. She was trying to walk in His footsteps, and to learn of Him who was meek and lowly in heart.

If you would learn to be a successful, quiet worker, you must go to the same great teacher.—*Presbyterian.*

MY DEAR CHILD.

Hearken, O my child, my dear,
Jesus now invites you near,
Wants to write your name above,
Wants to fill your soul with love,
Then you must not run to play
Saying, "Jesus, go away!"
Little brother, O be wise,
Start and journey to the skies,
Now repent, for Christ is nigh,
'Ere to-morrow you may die;
Little sister, do not say,
"Saviour, come another day;"
When another day has come
God may then have sealed your doom;
Many sudden deaths there are,
Death from you may not be far.

N. Eggleston.

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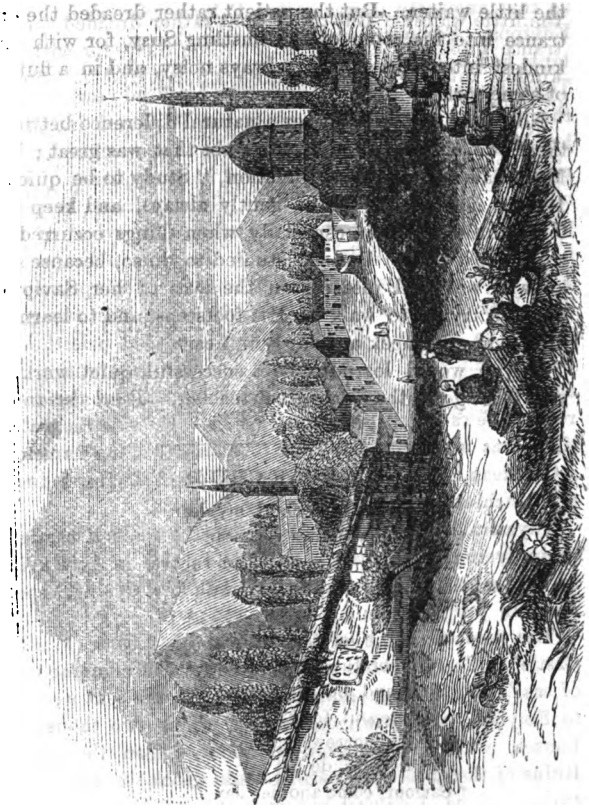

THYATIRA.

THYATIRA was one of the many Macedonian colonies established in Asia Minor after the destruction of the Persian empire by Alexander. It lay on the northern border of Lydia, about twenty-seven miles from Sardis on the left of the road from Pergamus leading to the former

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city. Whitney (Hand-book of Bible Geography) informs us that anciently it was called Pelopia, Semiramis, and Euhippa. Some writers suppose that the original inhabitants had been distributed in hamlets round about when Thyatira was founded. Nearly two hundred years before the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ it passed into the hands of the Romans. Thyatira must have suffered very much in the changes it experienced in consequence of the military struggles between the Grecian and Roman powers, but it seems to have experienced a revival of its former prosperity under Vespasian the Roman Emperor. The inhabitants were addicted to idolatry; their principal deity was Apollo; he was worshipped as the sun-god under the surname Tyrimnas, and a special priesthood was attached to his service. Another superstition is supposed to have been introduced by some of the corrupted Jews of the dispersed tribes. Outside the walls there was a temple dedicated to Sambatha, the name of a Chaldean Sybil, symbolically called Jezebel. Her seductive teachings are referred to Rev. ii. 20-23.

Thyatira was noted for the extensive trade it carried on in dyeing. A reference is made to this in Acts xvi., 14. It seems to have excelled in the art of dyeing, especially in purple.

The modern name of the city is Ak Hissar (White Castle). The place has a reputation for the manufacture of scarlet cloth, large quantities of which are sent weekly to Smyrna. The town consists of about two thousand houses, with a population of about fifteen thousand. Ruins of the ancient city still remain which serve to illustrate portions of its past history.

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THE BAND OF HOPE BOY.

I am a very little boy,
And only five years old,
But this I know—that little boys
Must do as they are told.

I am a laughing little boy,
I like a bit of fun,
I like big boys to clap their hands
And boys to have a run.

I am a sober little boy,
I've never tasted beer,
Nor drink of any kind that makes
The silly folks feel queer.

I am a roving little boy,
I went off for a trip,
And sailed right out of sight of land,
All in an iron ship.

It is a funny story this,
As you have never read,
For when the sleep got in our eyes,
We went *down-stairs* to bed.

But then there came into my nose
A nasty, dirty stink;
My mother said it all arose
From people taking drink.

And so I wished the drink were drowned
In that deep rolling sea,
And all the folks teetotalers were,
Like brother Will and me.

I am a hopeful little boy,
I've joined a hopeful band;
Please pray that all of us with joy
At God's right hand may stand.

GRETHA.

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THE STORK.

THIS bird was known to the ancient Israelites, and the name which they give it means favour, kindness, mercy, goodness. It is very fond of its young, and will defend them even to death; but there is also this good feature in the character of the stork, that it shows very great kindness to the old and feeble of its own kind.

A missionary who had visited Africa tells a tale about two young men, Africans, who took their aged mother away from her home, and left her alone in the wild waste country to die. The missionary found her in this very sad condition, and asked her if she was not afraid of the lions coming to eat her. She said, "No," and taking up

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DOTH SCRIPTURE SPEAK?

Doth Scripture speak of temperance men?

Yes it does, and one feature of every Sunday School Band of Hope should be to give a knowledge of Bible teaching on Temperance, and of the good and great who lived of old.

Of the sons of Jonadab, the sons of Rechab, there is a delightful account in the book of Jeremiah, which you all ought to learn. They were obedient to their father's commands, they did not drink wine; and blessed by the prophet of God, when he declared that Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before him for ever, they have remained through more than 2,000 years the same people, in the midst of the shifting nations.

Many years ago, I attended a church to hear a very noted man. He had been a Jew, then a Christian, and a traveller in the Eastern Countries where the Jews had lived. When passing through Arabia, he came upon a people living in tents, and who boasted of being "Sons of Rechab." They do not drink wine, but though surrounded by Mahomedans, have still the Book of the Prophet Jeremiah among them, and glory in their name of Beni-Rechab, or sons of Rechab.

It is wonderful how God blesses those who obey their parents in that which is good and right, and if your parents are teetotalers, it is a strong reason for your obedience in the same good resolve.

Another beautiful instance is that of the prophet Daniel, of whom we also sing in this hymn. When pressed by Melzar, whom the prince of the eunuchs of the King of Babylon, had set over Daniel, to drink wine, he and his friends declined, and they were found to be better without. No miracle this, for if young people wish to keep good countenances, they had better keep from strong drink. You have often seen how the use of alcohol

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disfigures men and women's faces, without thinking of the blows and bruises they get through their quarrels and falls. Well, my little friends, without saying anything of John the Baptist—

These inspired examples tend,
To guide and cheer us now.

DOTH SCRIPTURE SPEAK.

The sons of Jonadab were true,
Unto their temperance vow;
God blessed them, and their children do,
Enjoy the blessing now.

So Daniel and his friends decline,
The king's rich gifts to share;
On water and on pulse they dine,
And yet were strong and fair.

Paul also was a hearty friend,
Unto the Temperance vow;
And these inspired examples tend,
To guide and cheer us now.

THE WAY TO CONQUER.

"I'LL master it," said the axe, and his blows fell heavily on the iron; but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

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"Leave it to me," said the saw, and, with his relentless teeth, he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down or broken; then he fell aside.

"Ha! ha!" said the hammer, "I knew you wouldn't succeed; I'll show you the way;" but at his first fierce stroke, off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft small flame. But they all despised the flame; but he curled gently round the iron, and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is that heart that can resist love.—*Child's World.*

LINES BY REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE.

THE following lines were written by that holy man on the blank leaf of a book which he had given to a little boy of his congregation:—

"Peace be to thee, gentle boy!
Many years of health and joy;
Love your Bible more than play,
Grow in wisdom every day.
Like the lark on hovering wing,
Early rise, and mount and sing;
Like the dove that found no rest
Till it flew to Noah's breast,
Rest not in this world of sin,
Till the Saviour take thee in."

Reader, learn the above lines and inwardly digest them. Live them out in your life, and then when death shall overtake you, Jesus will receive you, and you will enter into that "rest, which remaineth for the people of God."

H. PORTNALL.

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